WINDOWS OF HEAVEN

A BOOK OF GOSPEL SONGS

BY

I. S. FIELD.

NATIONAL EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY,
9 West Lexington Street, Baltimore, Md.

41
107
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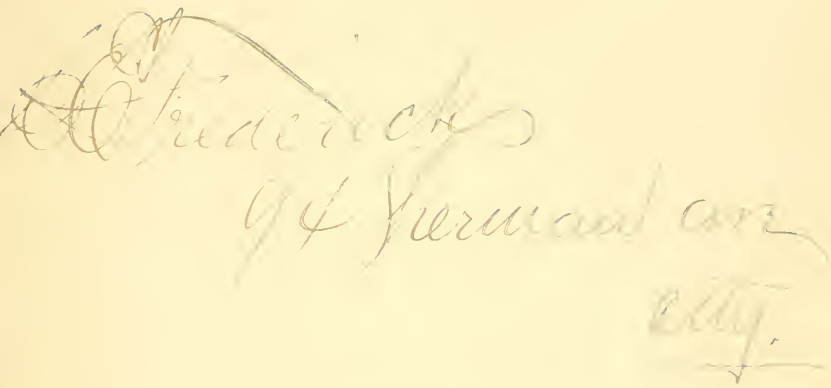
Division SCC
Section 5855



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PRINCETON
JUN 2 1921
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

NEW EDITION.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN:

HYMNS NEW AND OLD

FOR THE

CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL AND HOME.

COMPILED BY

REV. H. M. WHARTON.

"Prove me now, saith the Lord of hosts; if I will not open the Windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

REVISED BY I. S. FIELD.

NATIONAL EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY,

9 WEST LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

1896.

PREFACE.

THIS book has been prepared for me and under my supervision. In my opinion, it contains the best collection of Gospel Hymns in existence. So, without hesitation, I send it forth among the people, with the prayer that God will open the Windows of Heaven, and pour out rich blessings in their hearts.

H. M. WHARTON.

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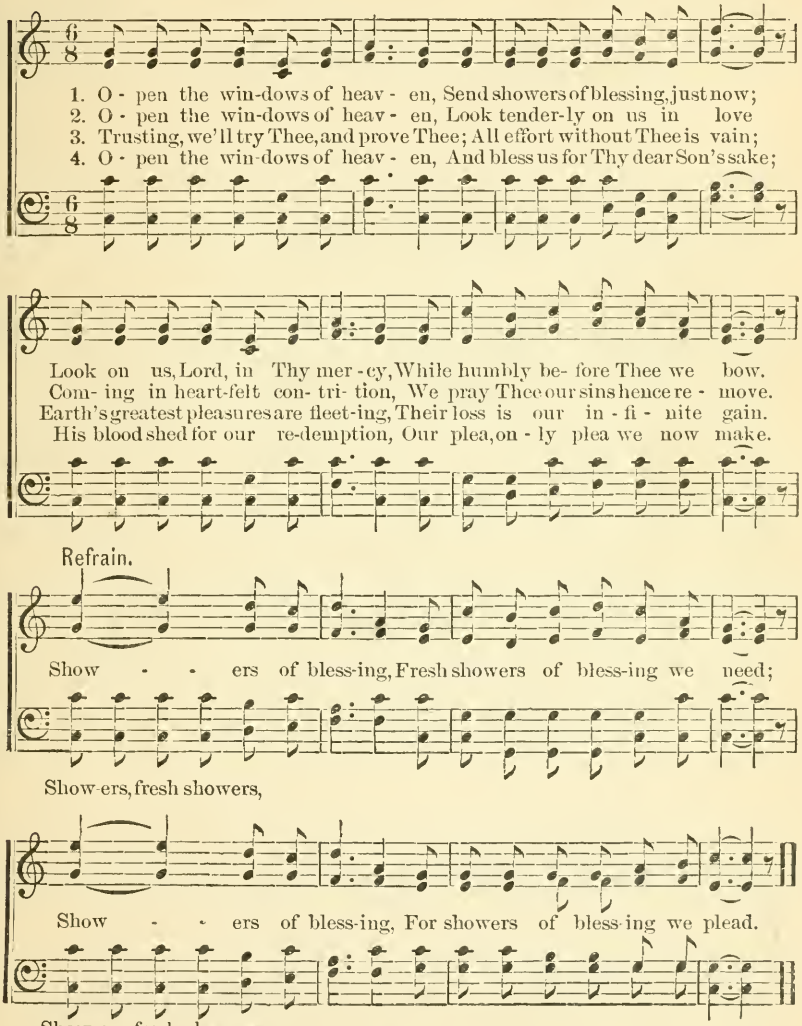
WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

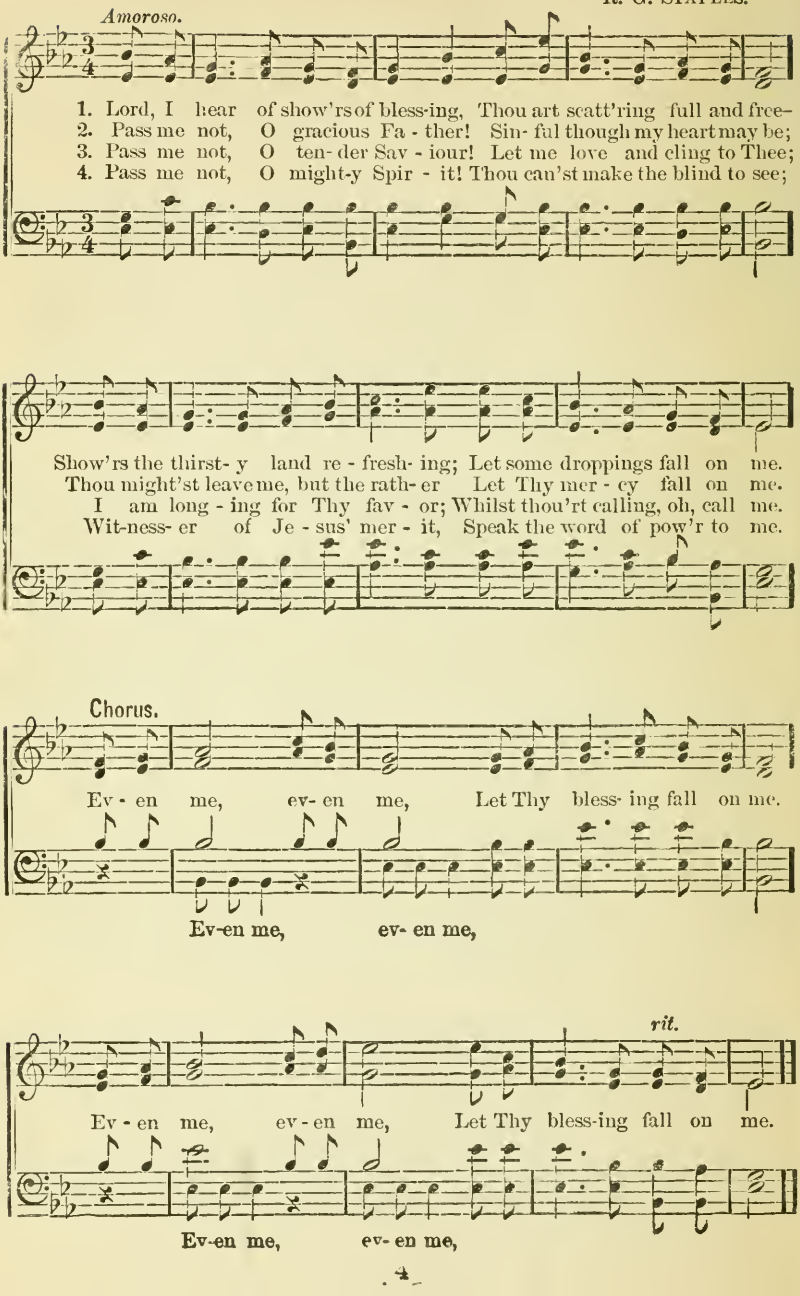
No. 1. OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.



No. 2. SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

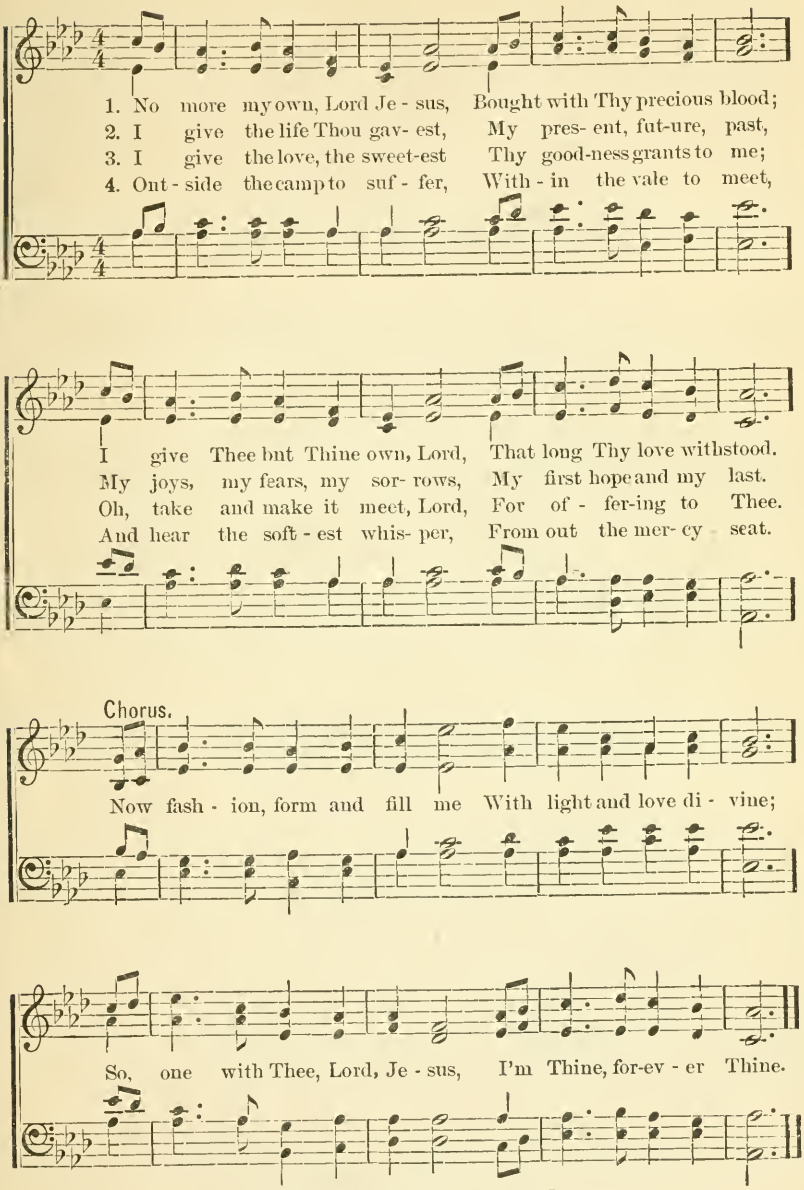
R. G. STAPLES.



No. 3. I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—Cant. 11: 16.

W. W. BENTLEY, by per.

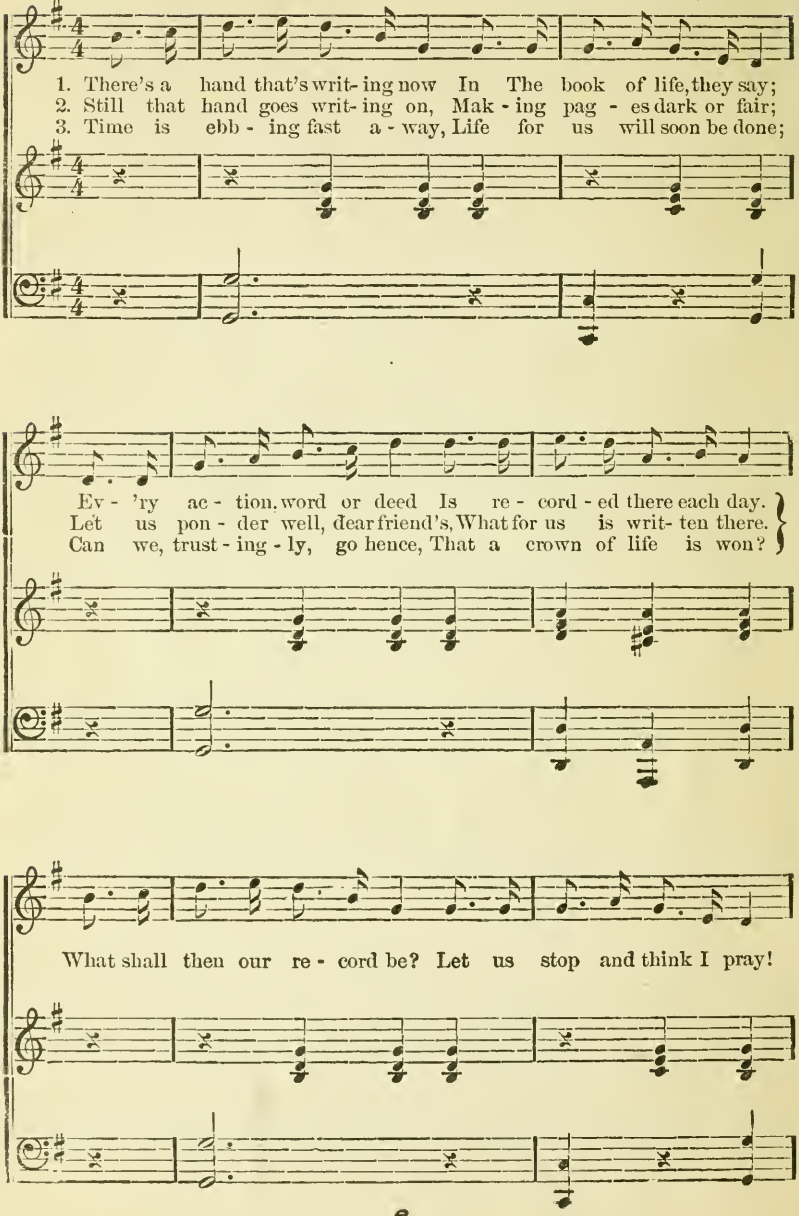


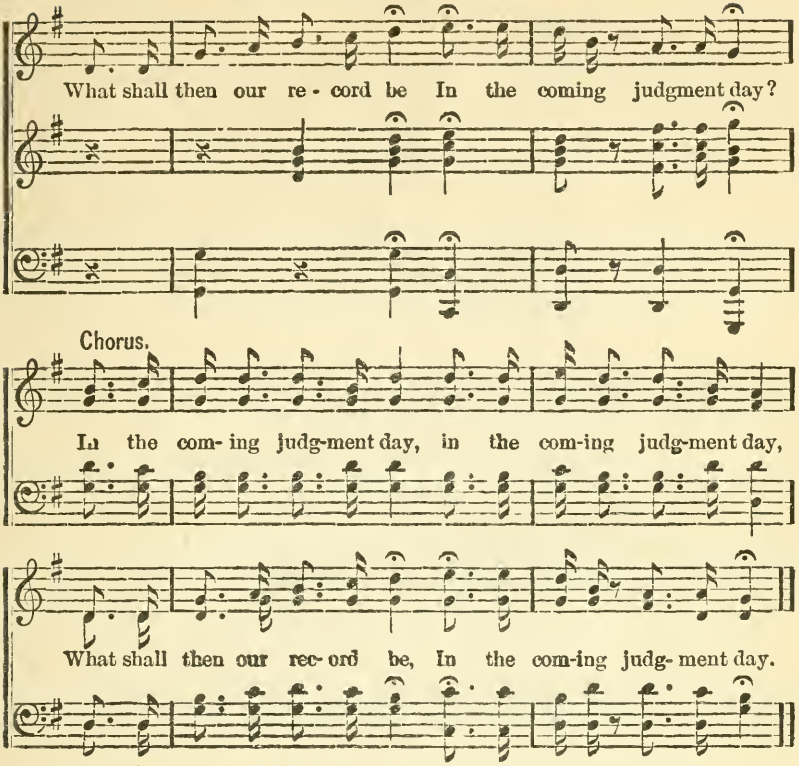
Copyright, 1886, by WARREN W. BENTLEY.

No. 4. WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE?

SOLO AND CHORUS.

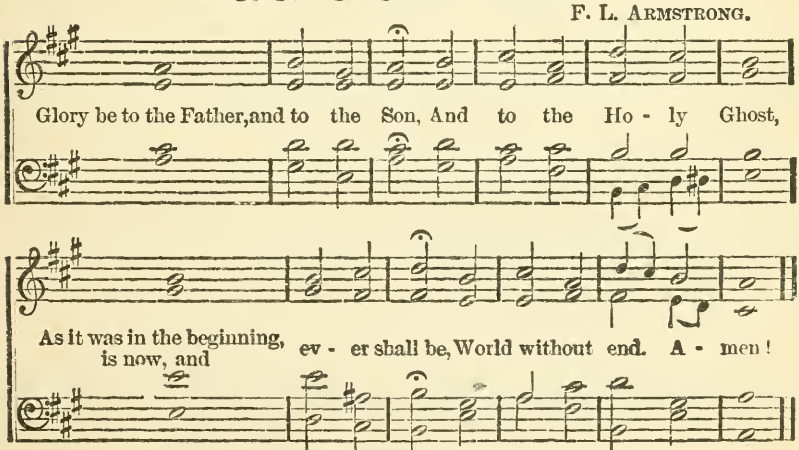
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.





No. 5. GLORIA PATRI.

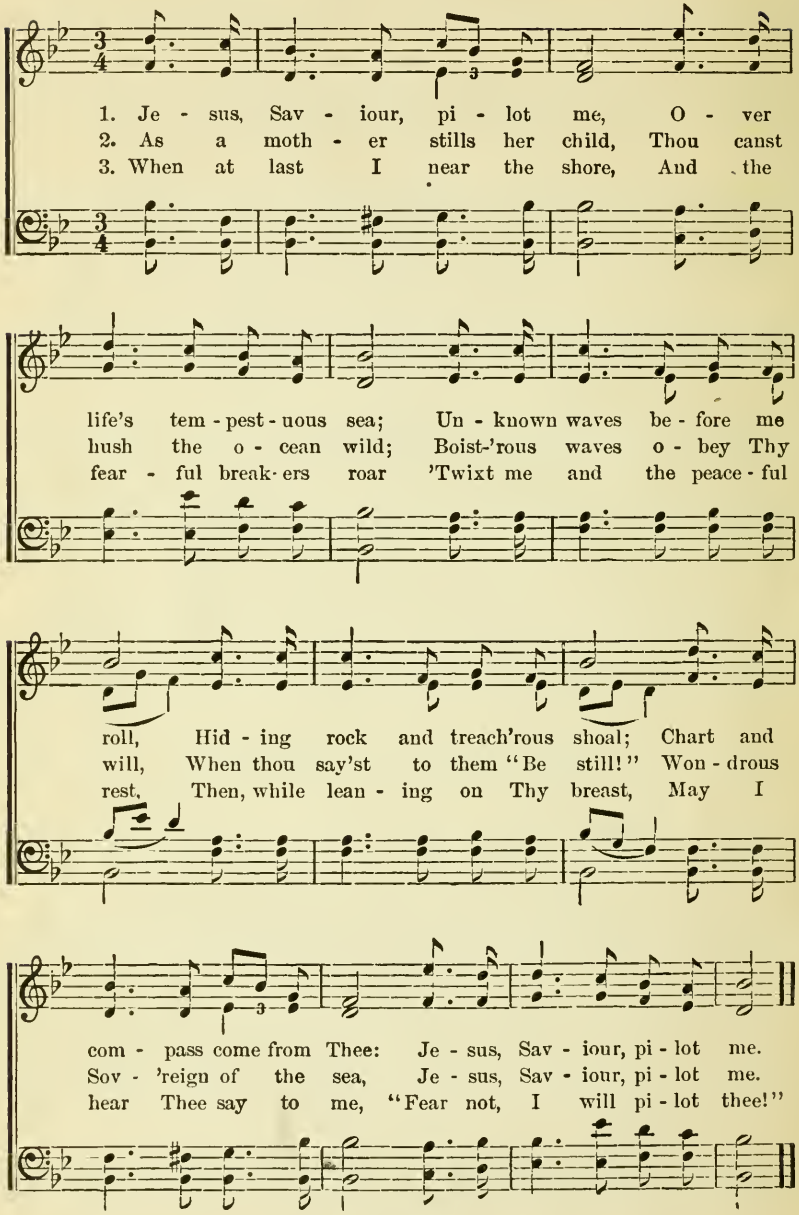
F. L. ARMSTRONG.



No. 6. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

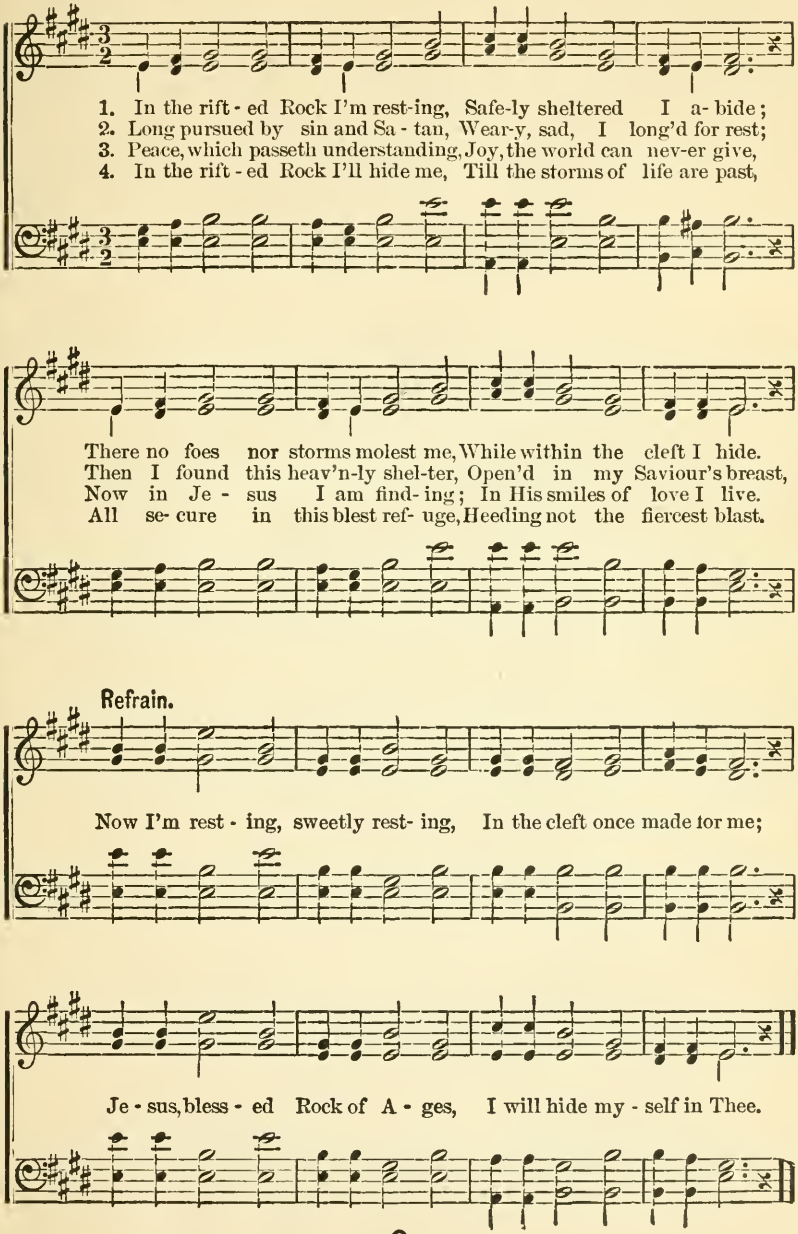
(PILOT, 7s 6 lines.)

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



No. 7. SWEETLY RESTING.

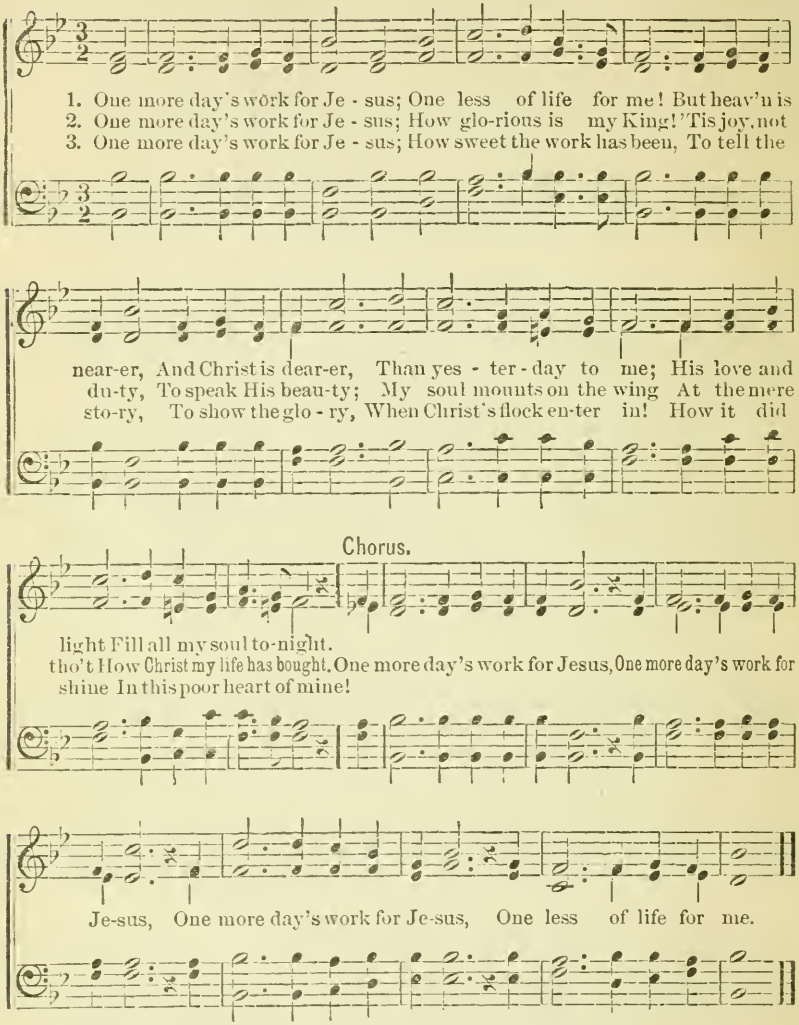
MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.



No. 8. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

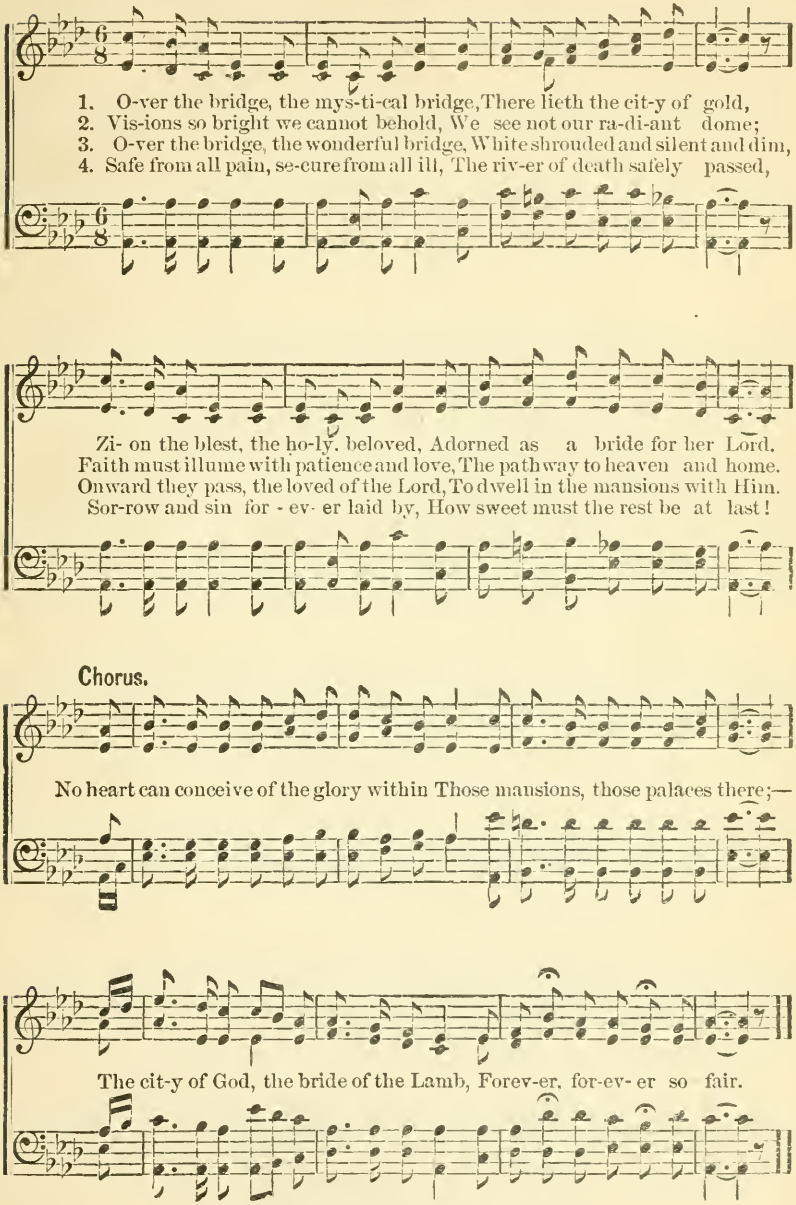


4 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.—CHO.

5 Oh, blessed work of Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—CHO.

No. 9. OVER THE BRIDGE.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. T. C. O'Kane.



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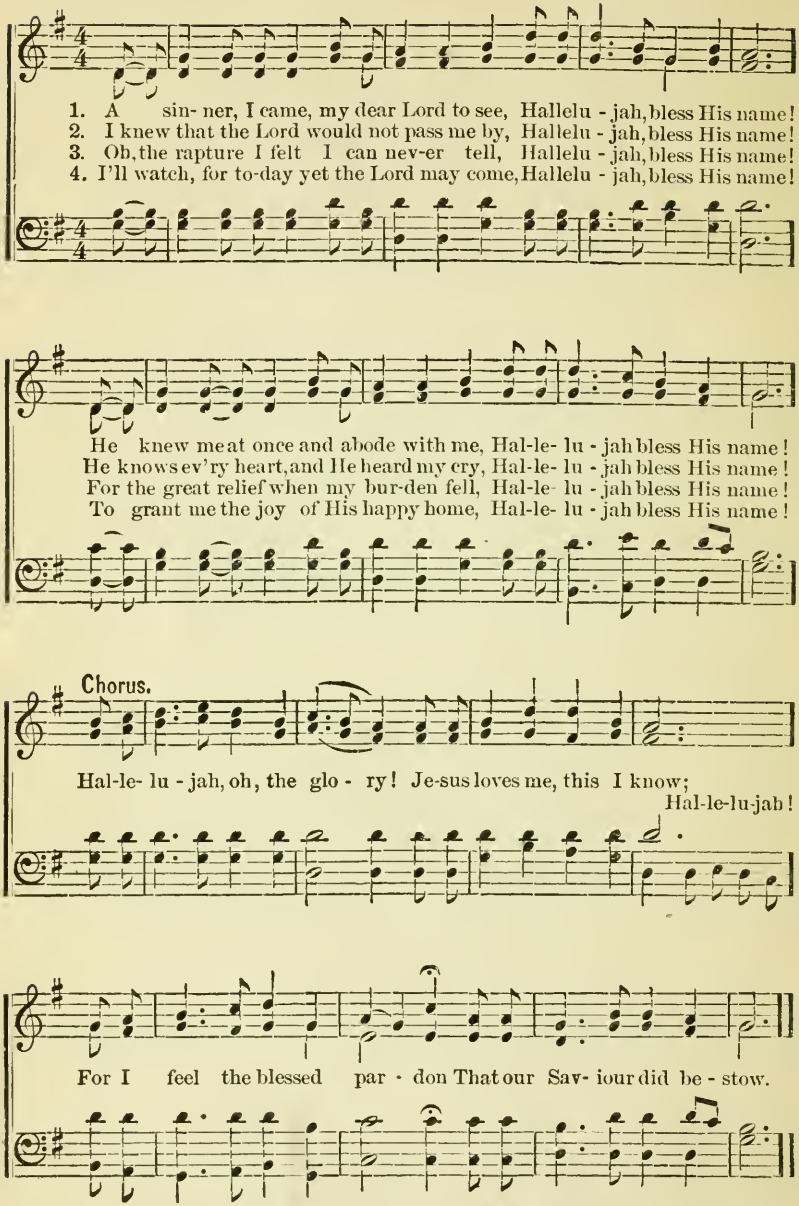
No. 10. HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME!

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



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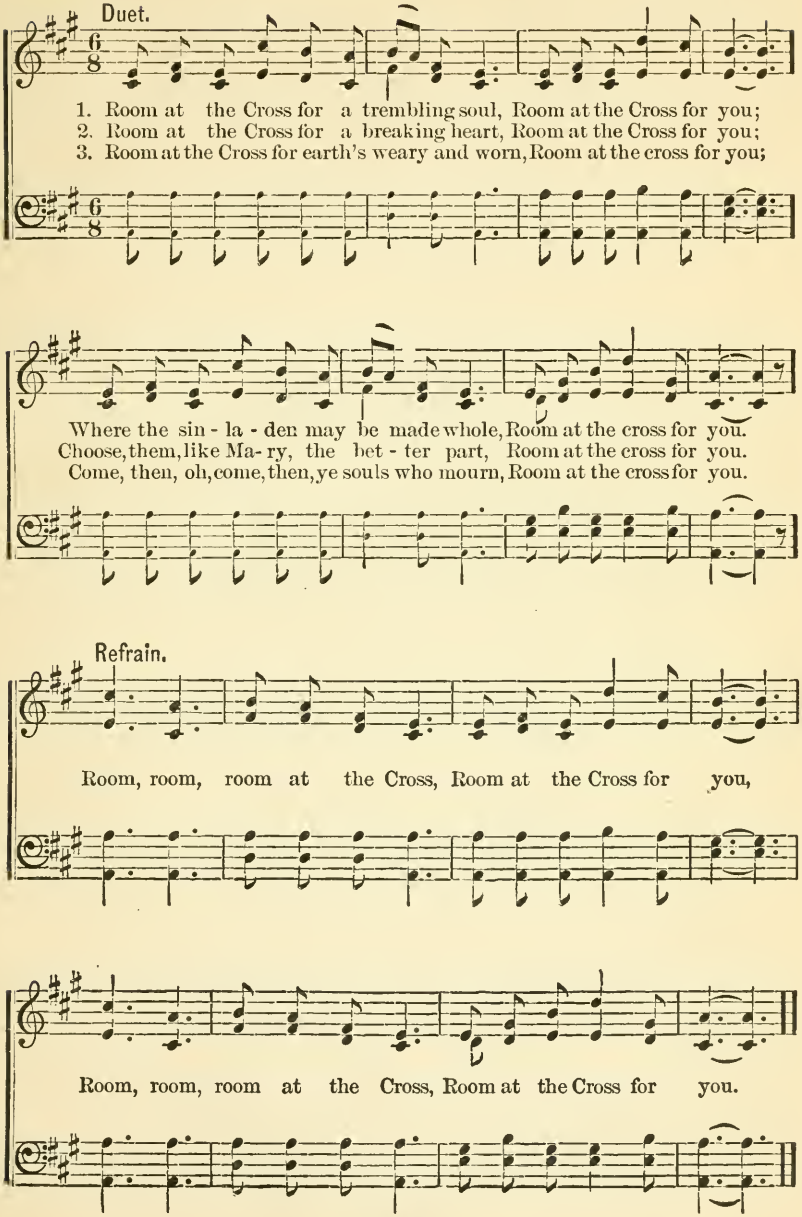
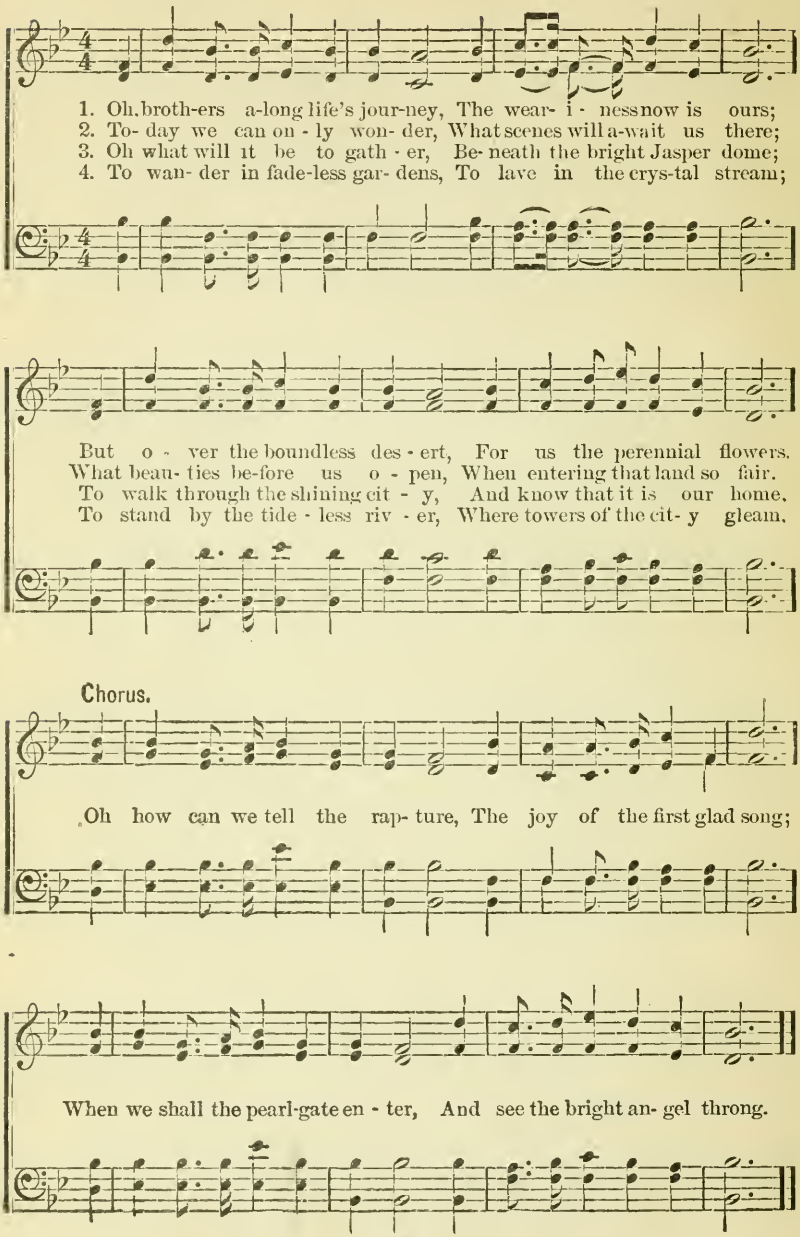
No. 11. ROOM AT THE CROSS.

W. B. B. Wm. B. Blake, by per.



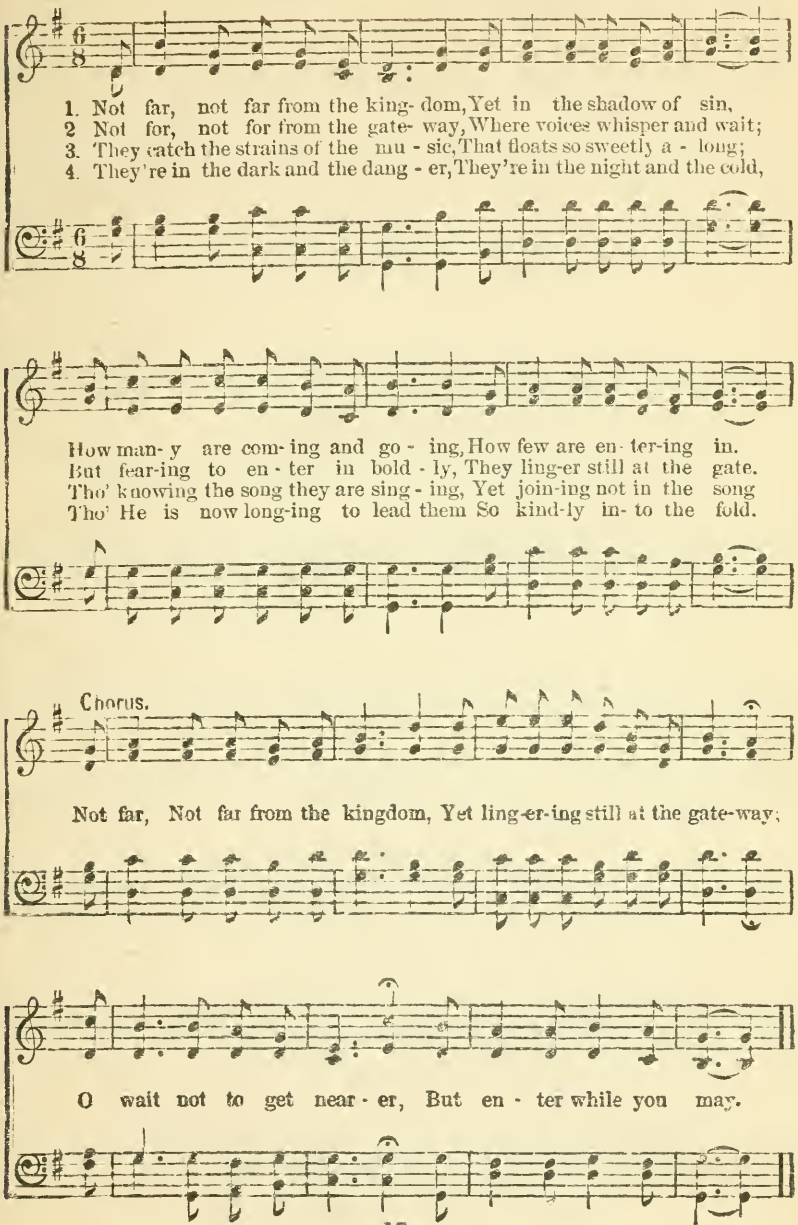
No. 12. THE FIRST GLAD SONG.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior.



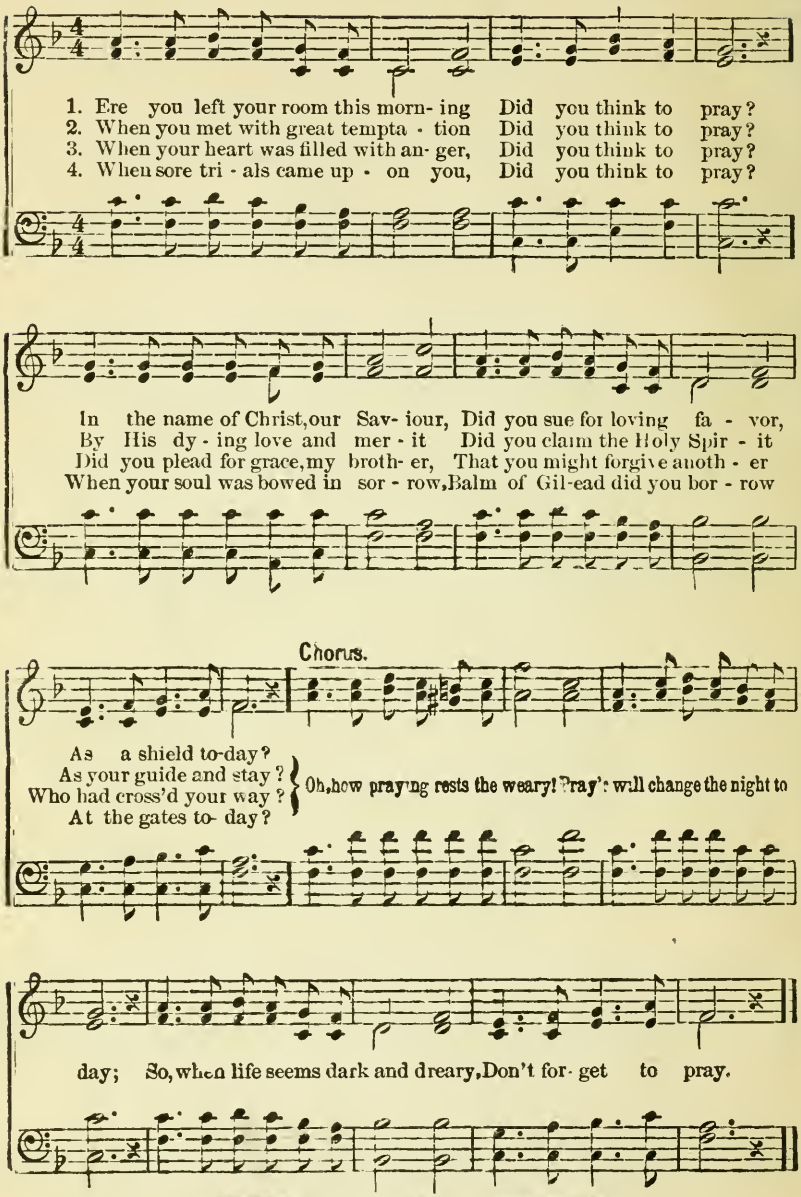
No. 13. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

English. WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.



No. 14. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.



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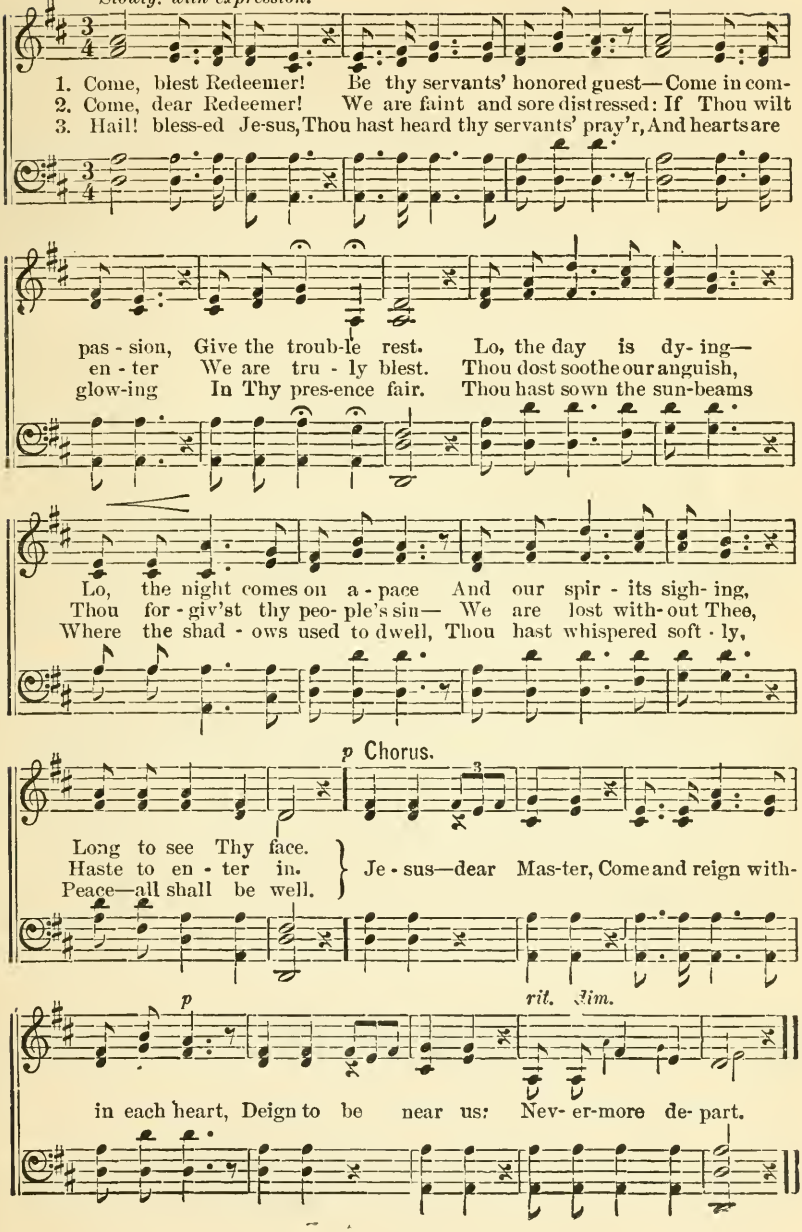
No. 15. COME IN AND ABIDE.

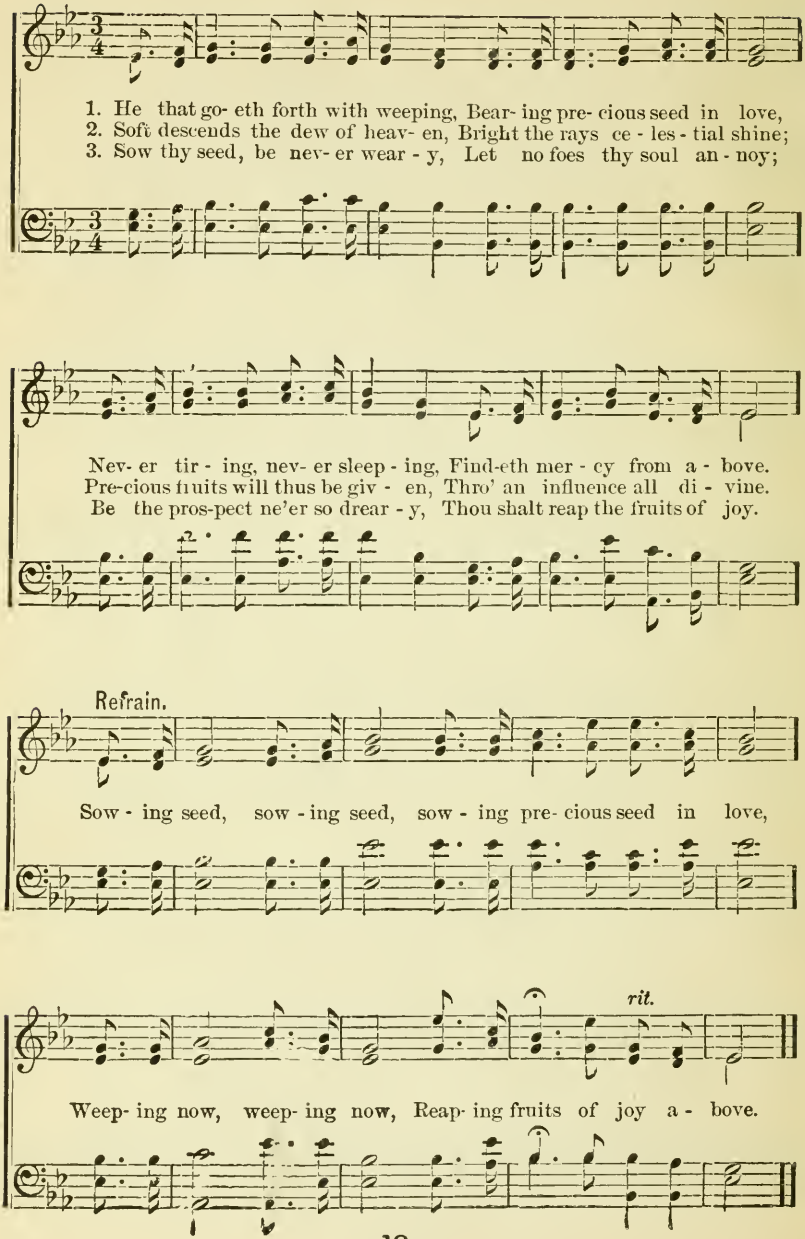
Rev. R. H. PITT, D. D. Arr. by I. S. FIELD.

Slowly, with expression.



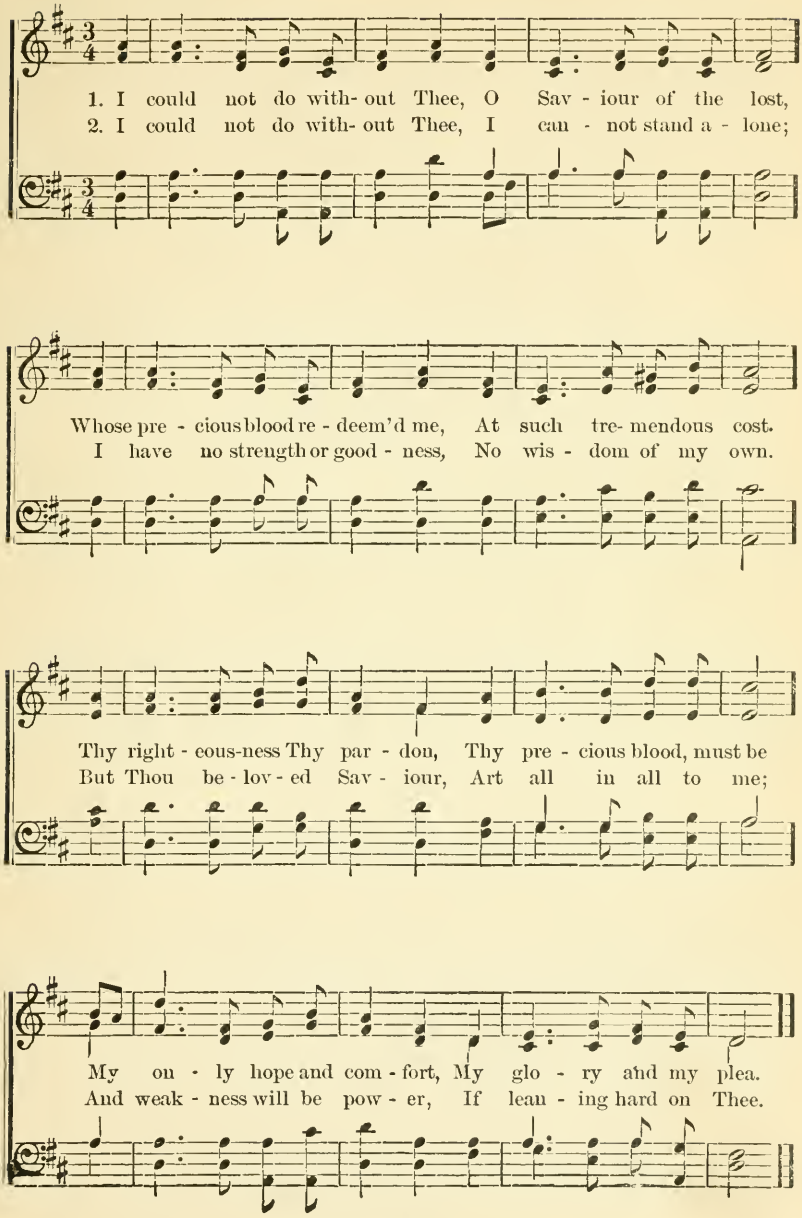
No. 16. He That Goeth Forth With Weeping.

R. G. STAPLES.



No. 17. SAVIOUR OF THE LOST.

F. R. HAVERGAL. J. T. GRAPE.

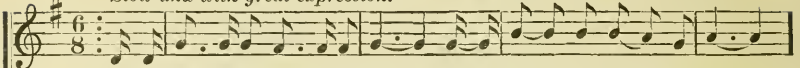


MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

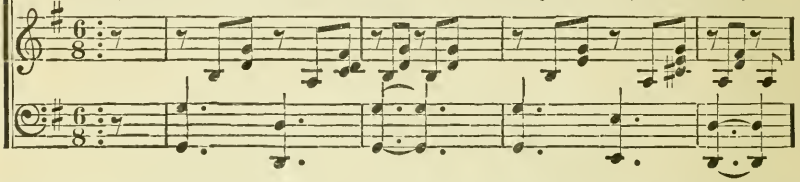
Mrs. M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. WILSON, by per.
Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.

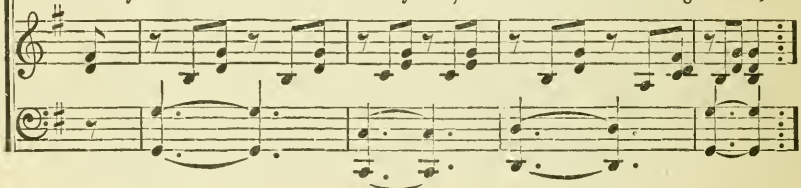
Slow and with great expression.



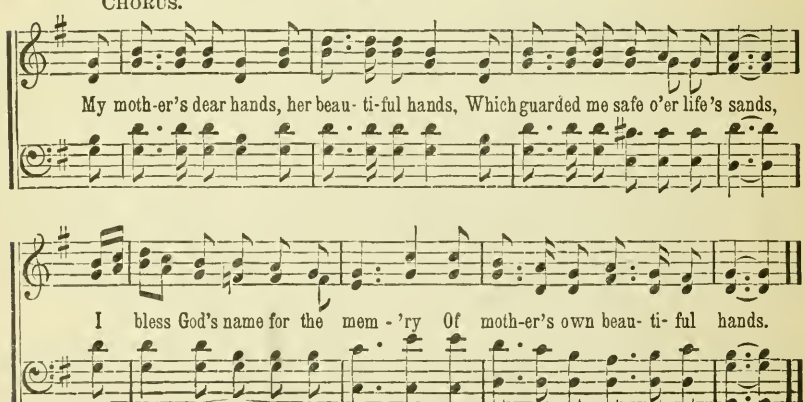
1. { Oh, those beau - ti-ful, beau- ti-ful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
   { Oh, those beau - ti-ful, beau- ti-ful hands! How they cared for my in-fant days!
2. { Oh, those beau - ti-ful, beau- ti-ful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
   { Oh, those beau - ti-ful, beau- ti-ful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
3. { Oh, those beau - ti-ful, beau- ti-ful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
   { Oh, those beau - ti-ful, beau- ti-ful hands! I shall clasp them a-gain once more,



Yet my moth - er's hands were the fair - est And lov - li-est hands of all.
They guid-ed my feet in - to pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rug - ged ways.
They cooled the fe- ver and eased the pain, Me- thinks I can feel them now.
But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.
And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peaceful she lay.
As my feet touch the bank of the heav-'nly land; We shall meet on that shining shore.



CHORUS.

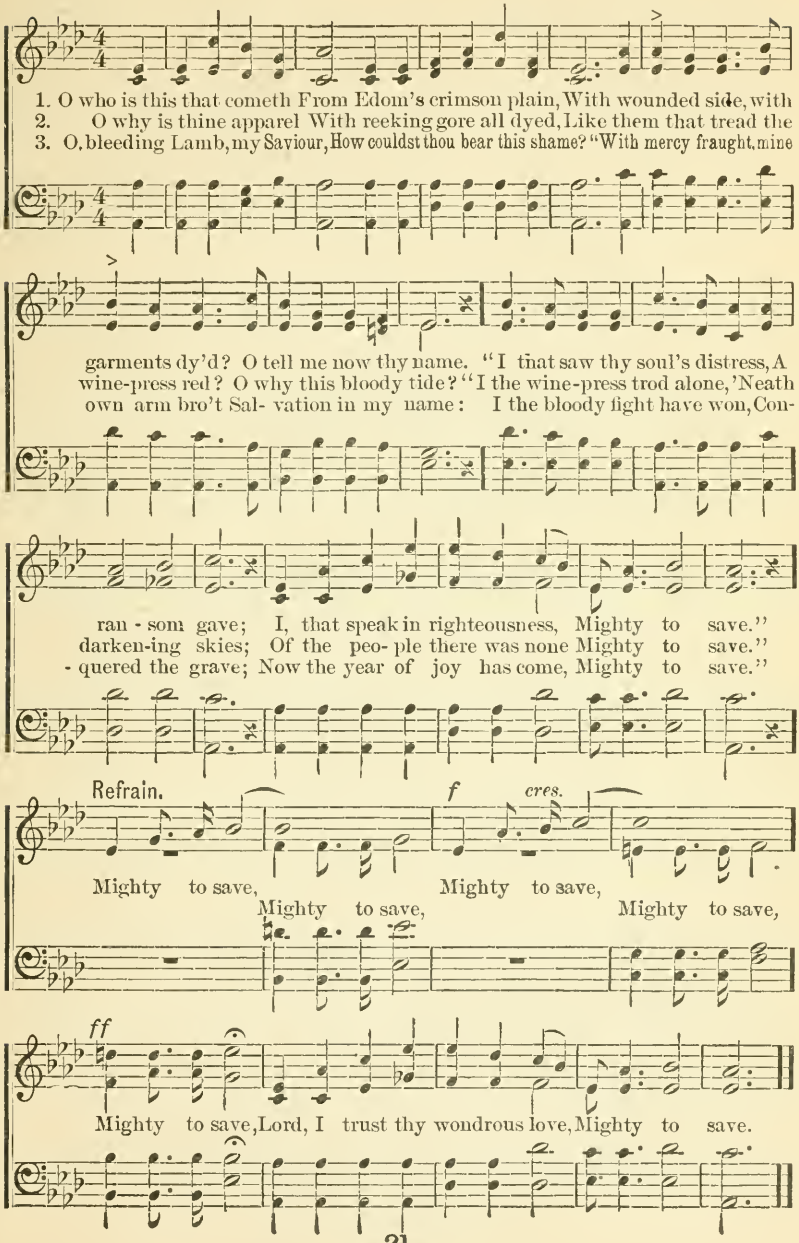


My moth-er's dear hands, her beau- ti-ful hands, Which guarded me safe o'er life's sands,

I bless God's name for the mem - 'ry Of moth-er's own beau- ti- ful hands.

No. 19. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

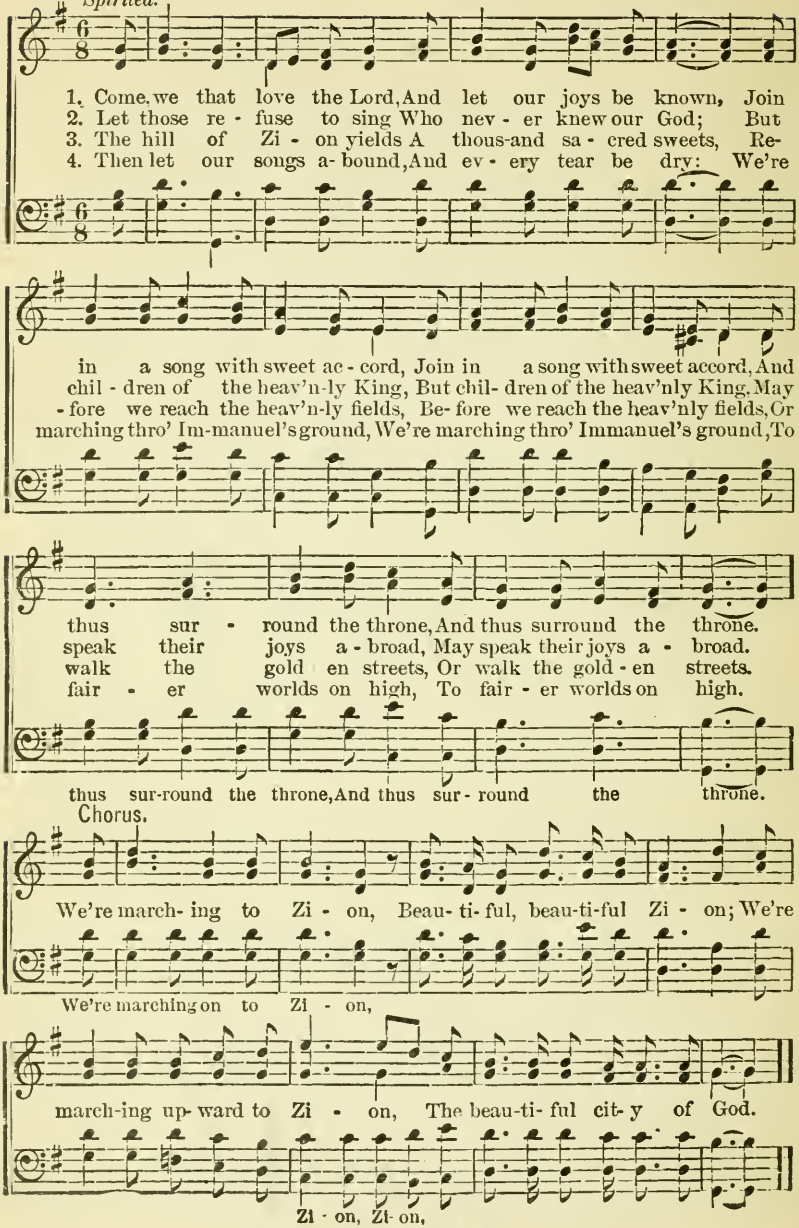
Words by Rev. R. W. TODD. Music by HARRY SANDERS, by per.



No. 20. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY, D. D., by per.

Spirited.



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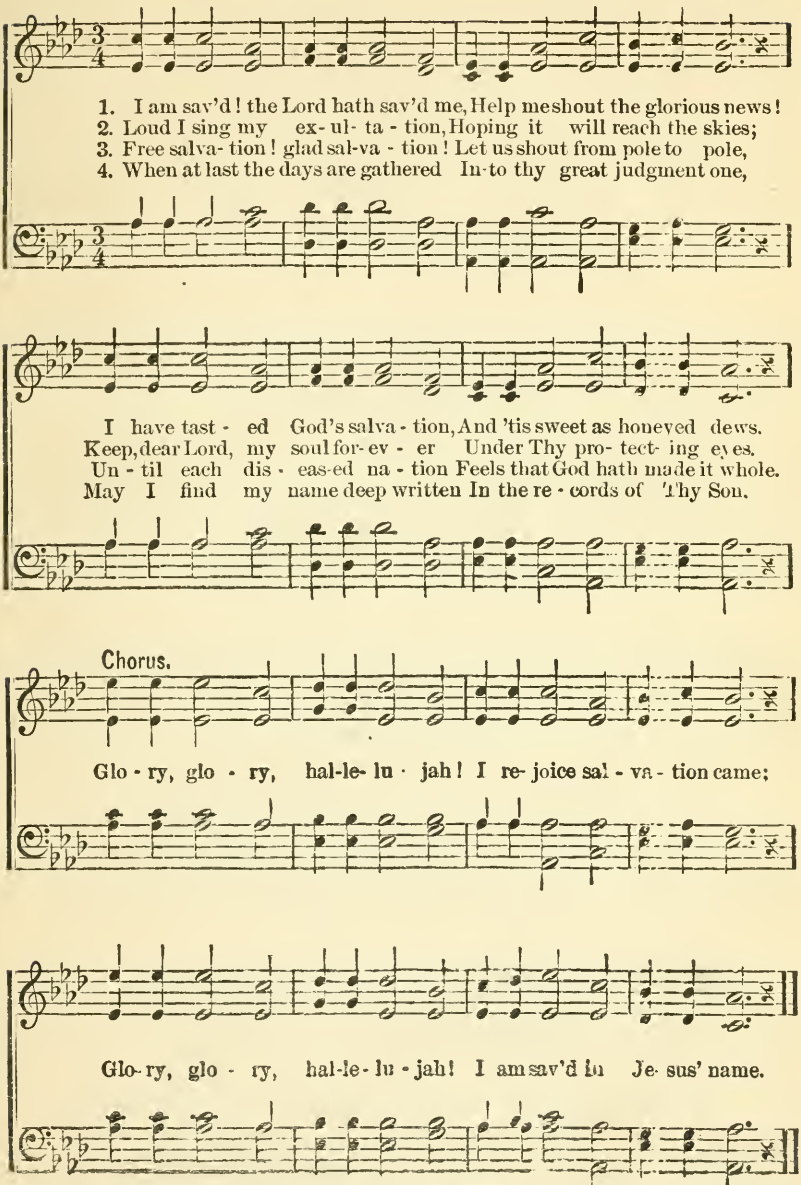
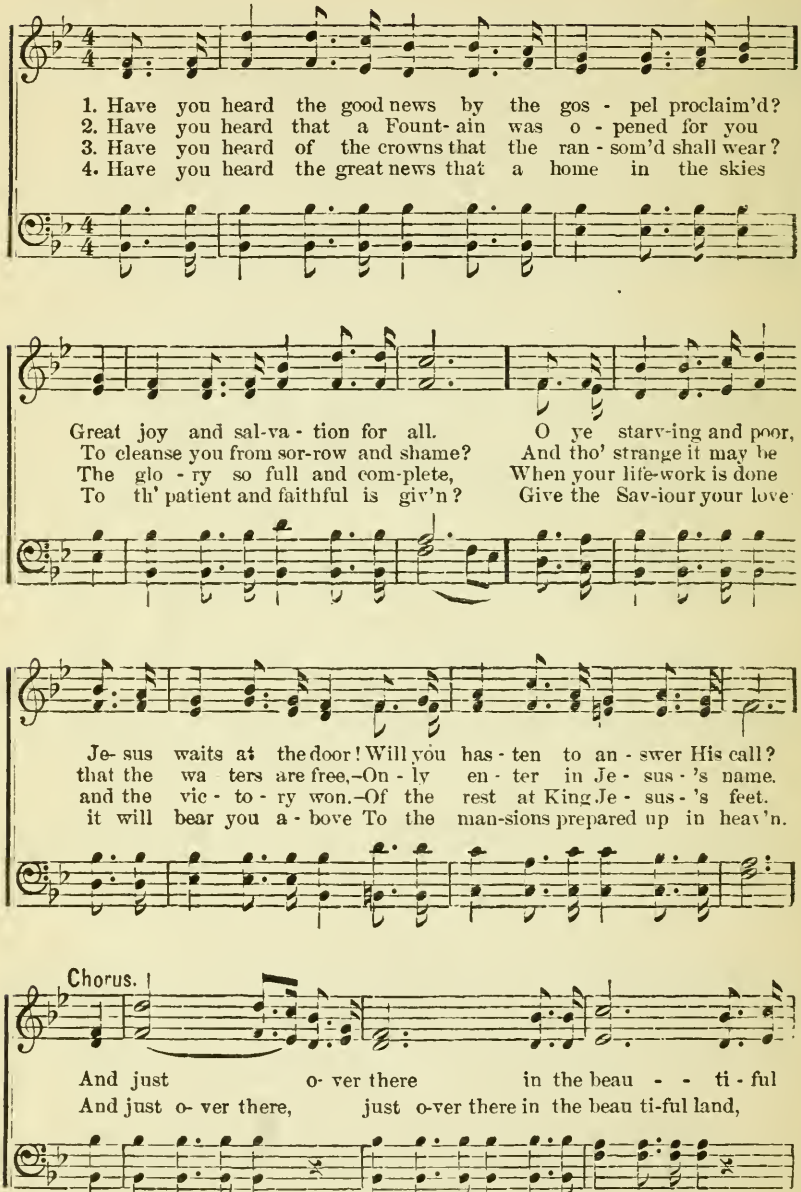
No. 21. I AM SAVED.

Words by Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



No. 22. HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS.

Mrs. MARY E. KAIL. J. H. TENNEY.



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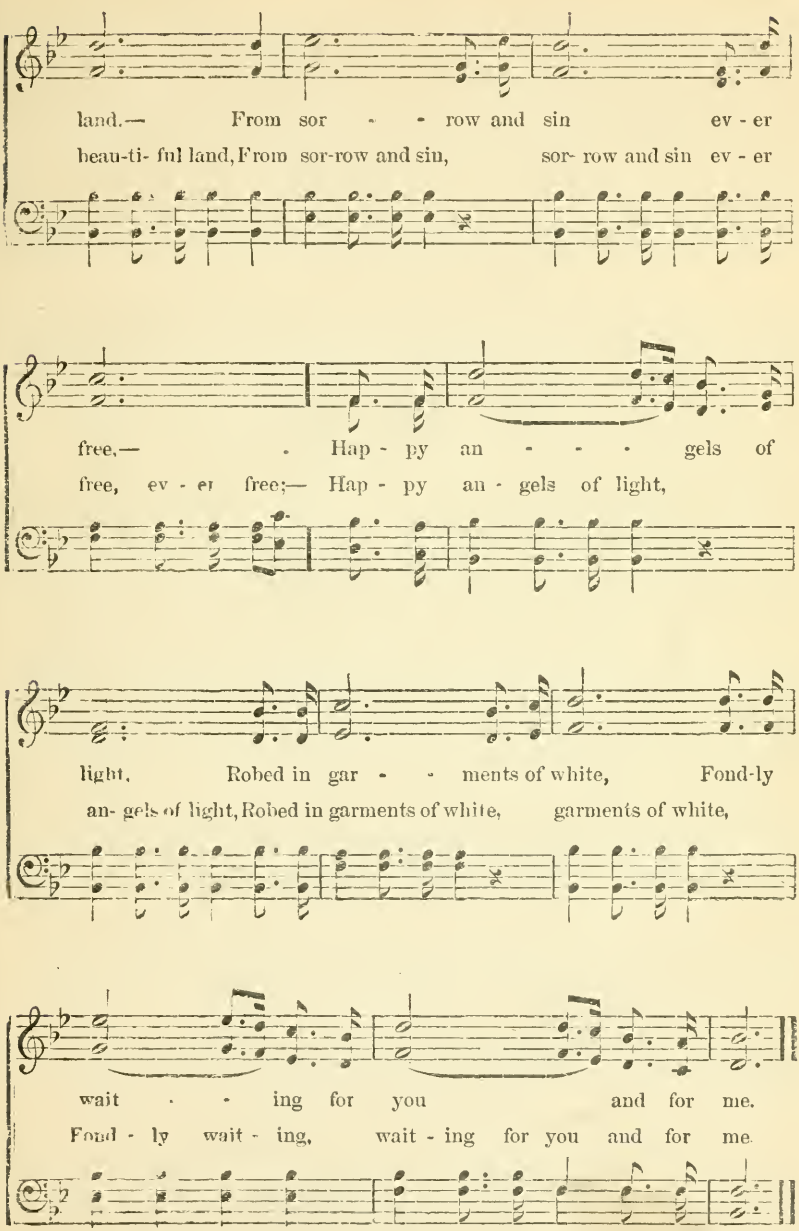
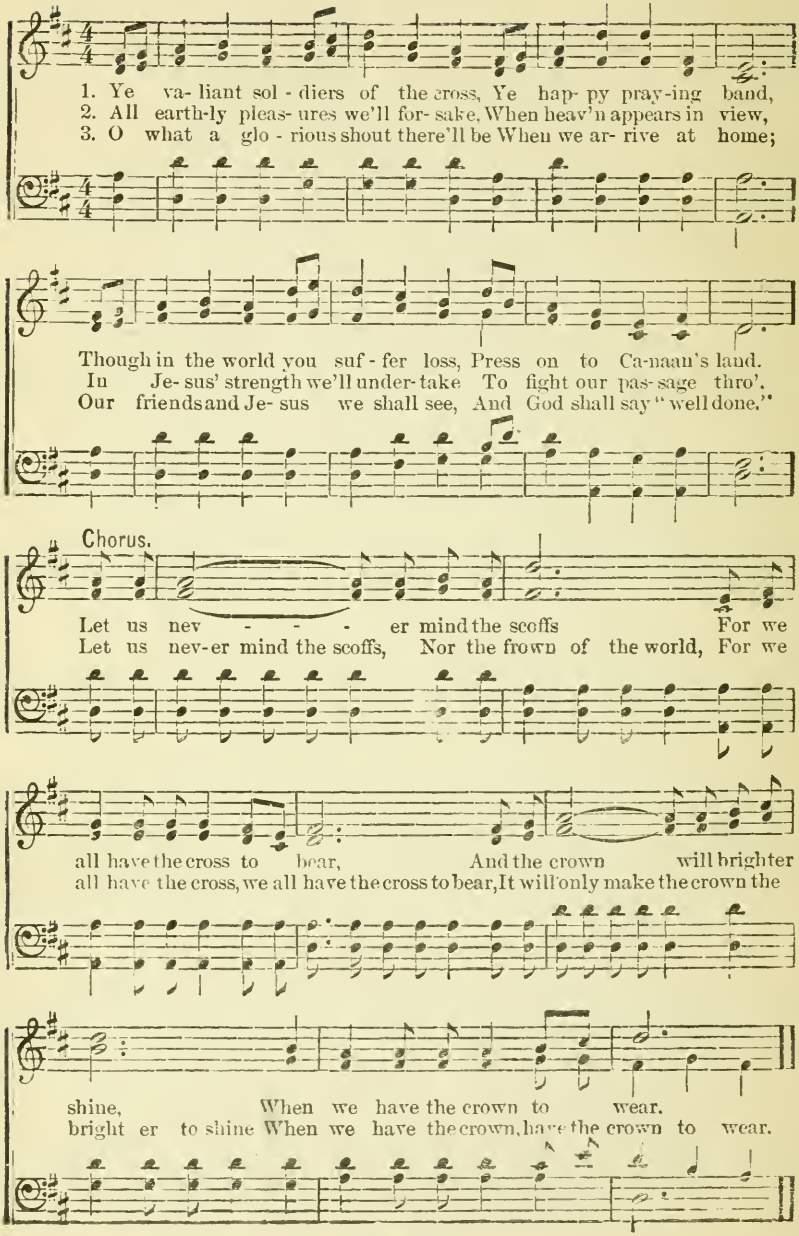

land.— From sor - - row and sin ev - er
beau-ti- ful land, From sor-row and sin, sor- row and sin ev - er
free.— . Hap - py an - - - gels of
free, ev - er free;— Hap - py an - gels of light,
light. Robed in gar - - ments of white, Fond-ly
an- gels of light, Robed in garments of white, garments of white,
wait . - ing for you and for me.
Fond - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for me.

No. 23. SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

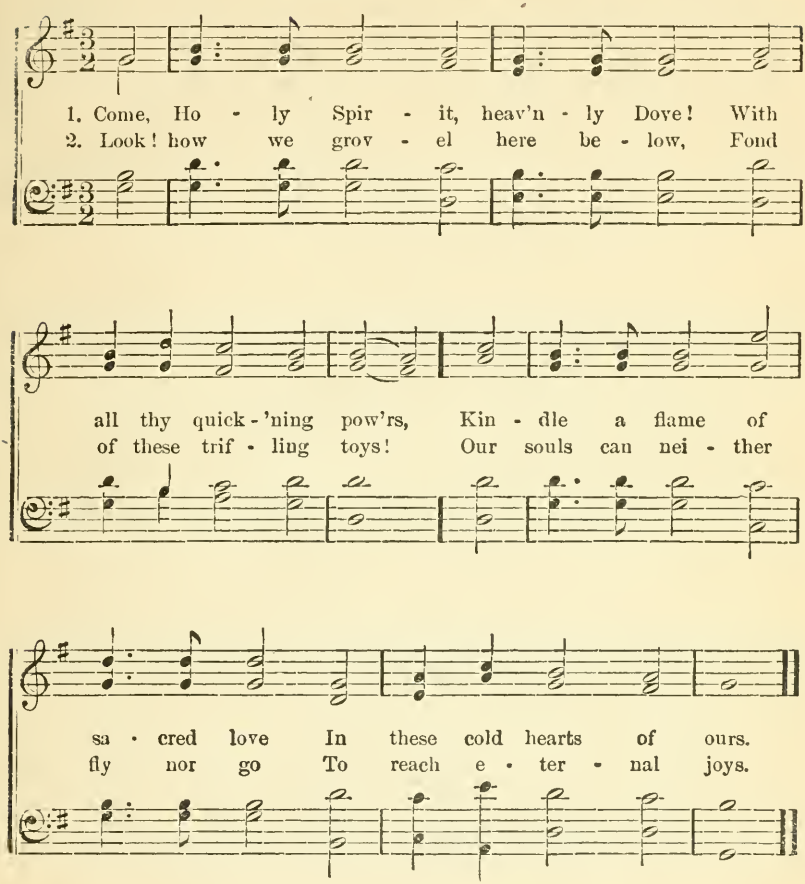
R. G. STAPLES.



No. 24. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.



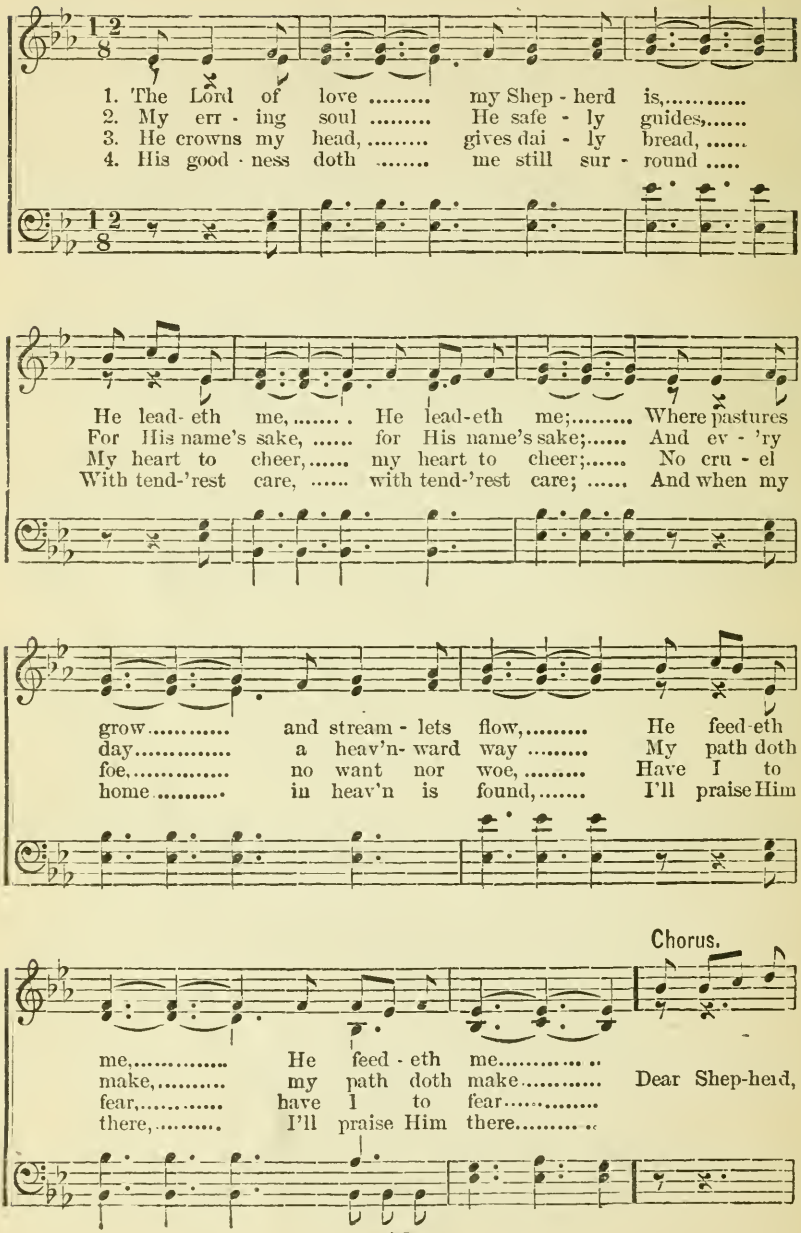
3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so close to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

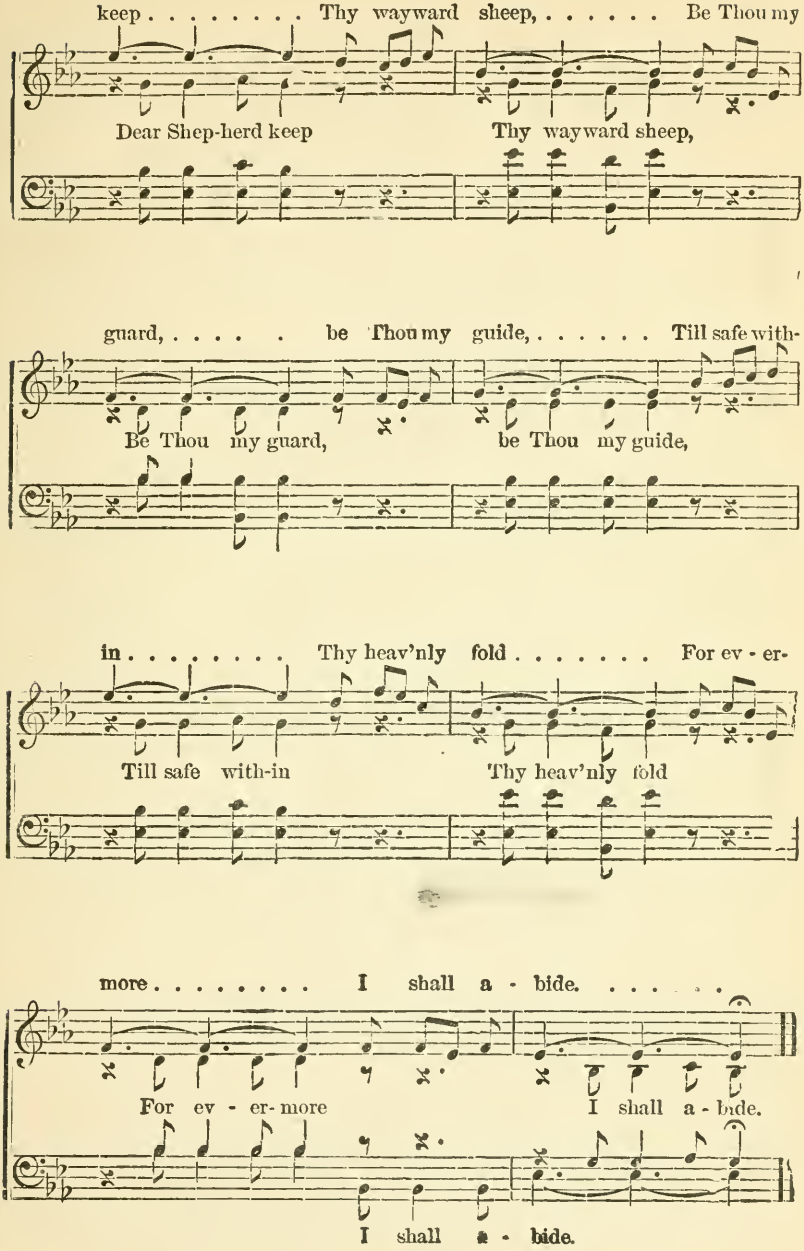
5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 25. HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

W. A. C. WILBUR A. CHRISTY, by per.

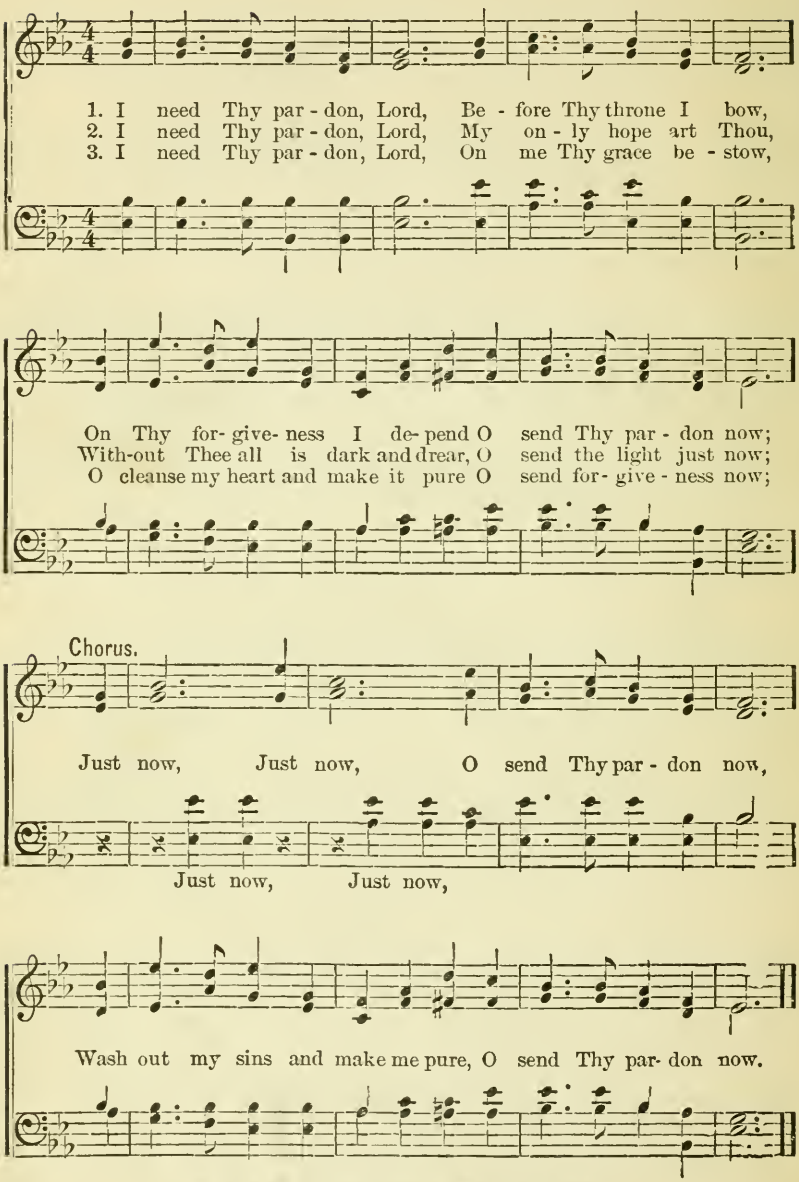


HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.—Concluded.



No. 26. I NEED THY PARDON, LORD.

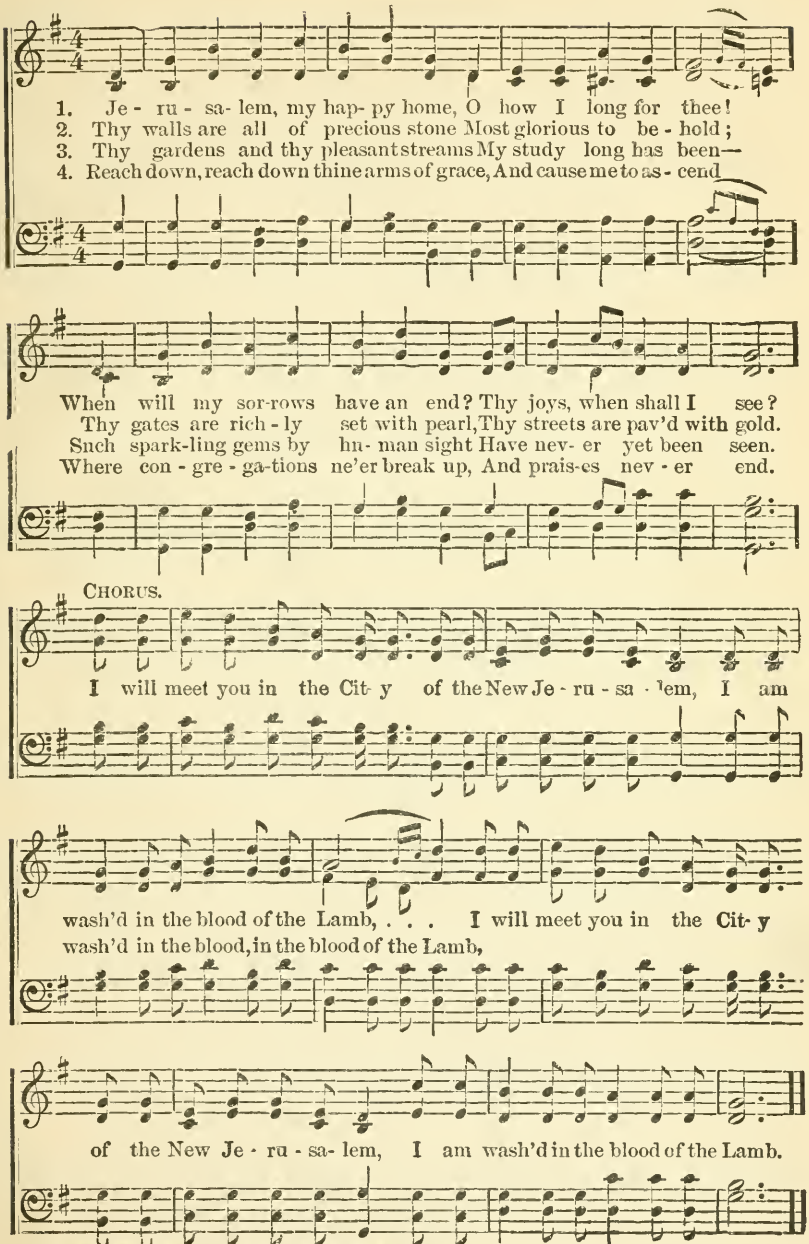
Words and music by W. L. THOMPSON.



By per. of WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., East Liverpool, Ohio

No. 27. MY HAPPY HOME.

Anon. E. O. EXCELL.



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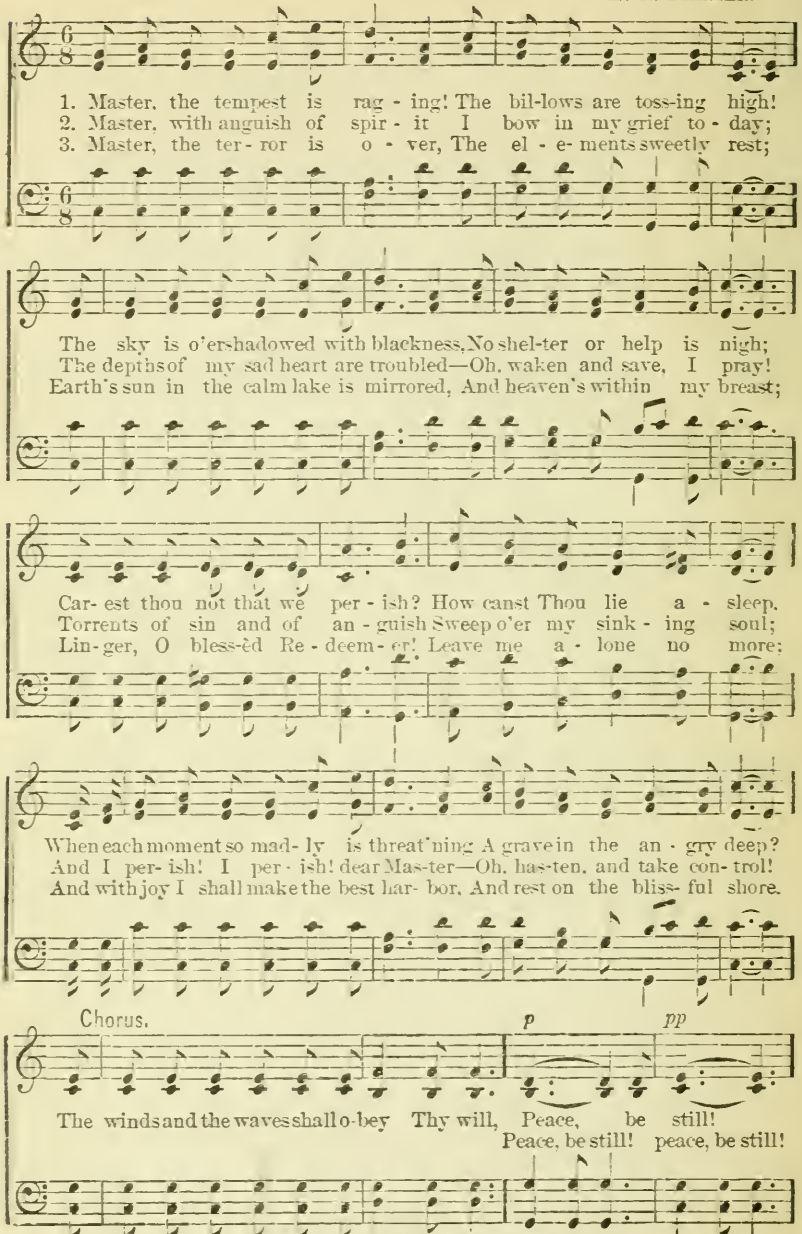
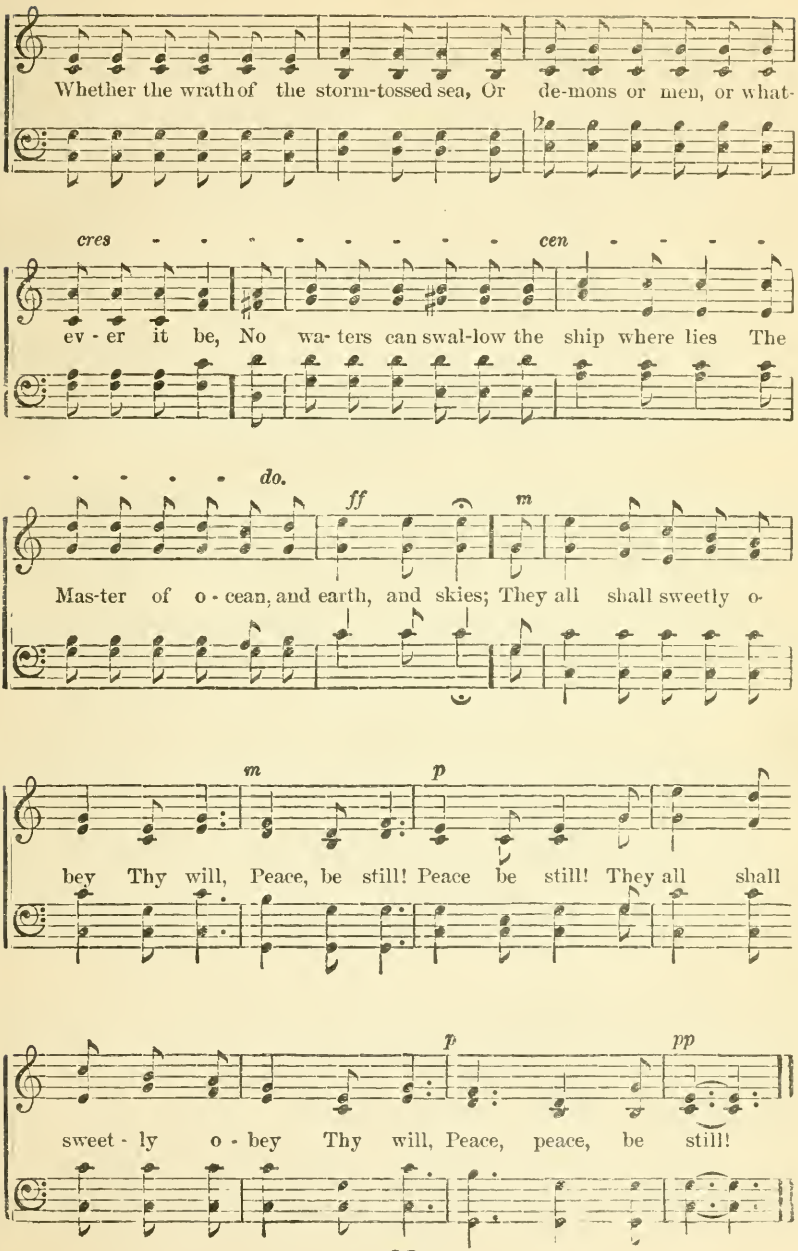
No. 28. MASTER THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

H. R. PALMER.

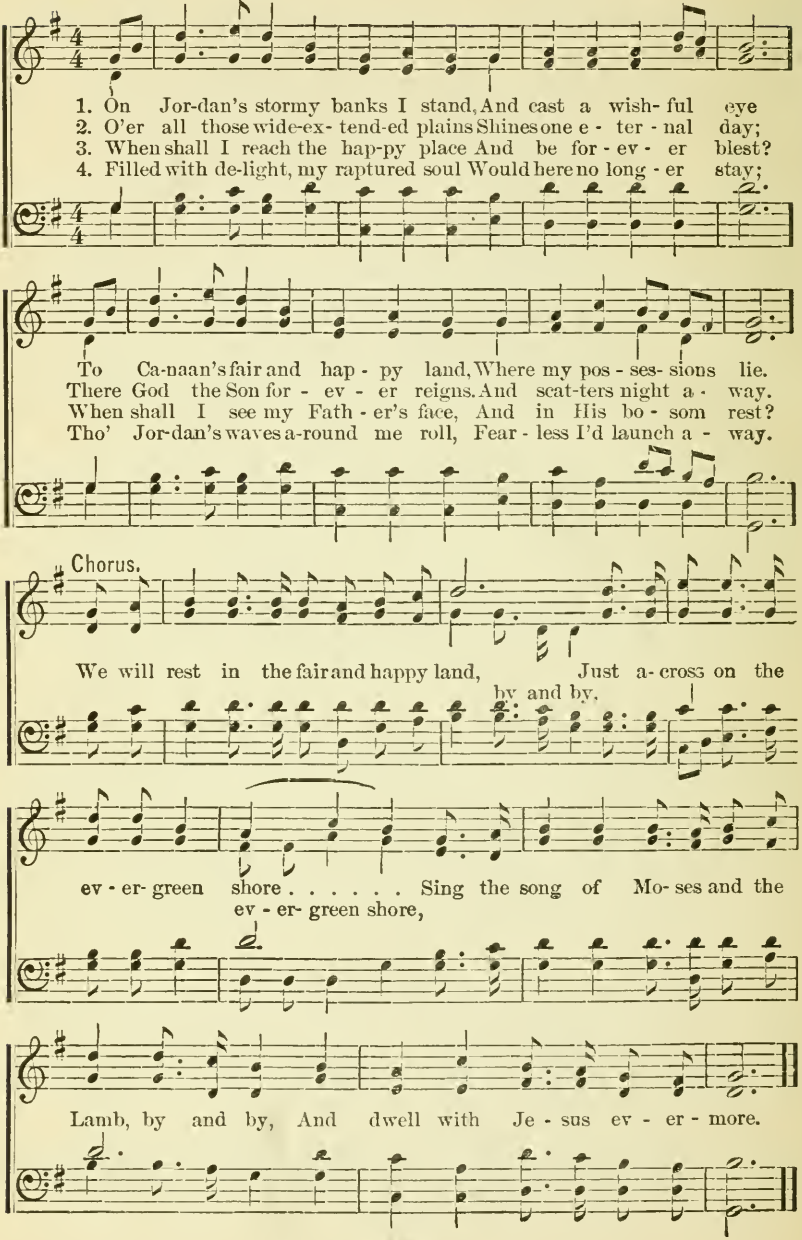


By per H. R. PALMER owner of Copyright.


Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-
cres - - - - - - - - - - cen - - - - -
ev - er it be, No wa- ters can swal-low the ship where lies The
do.
ff
m
Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-
m
p
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall
p
pp
sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

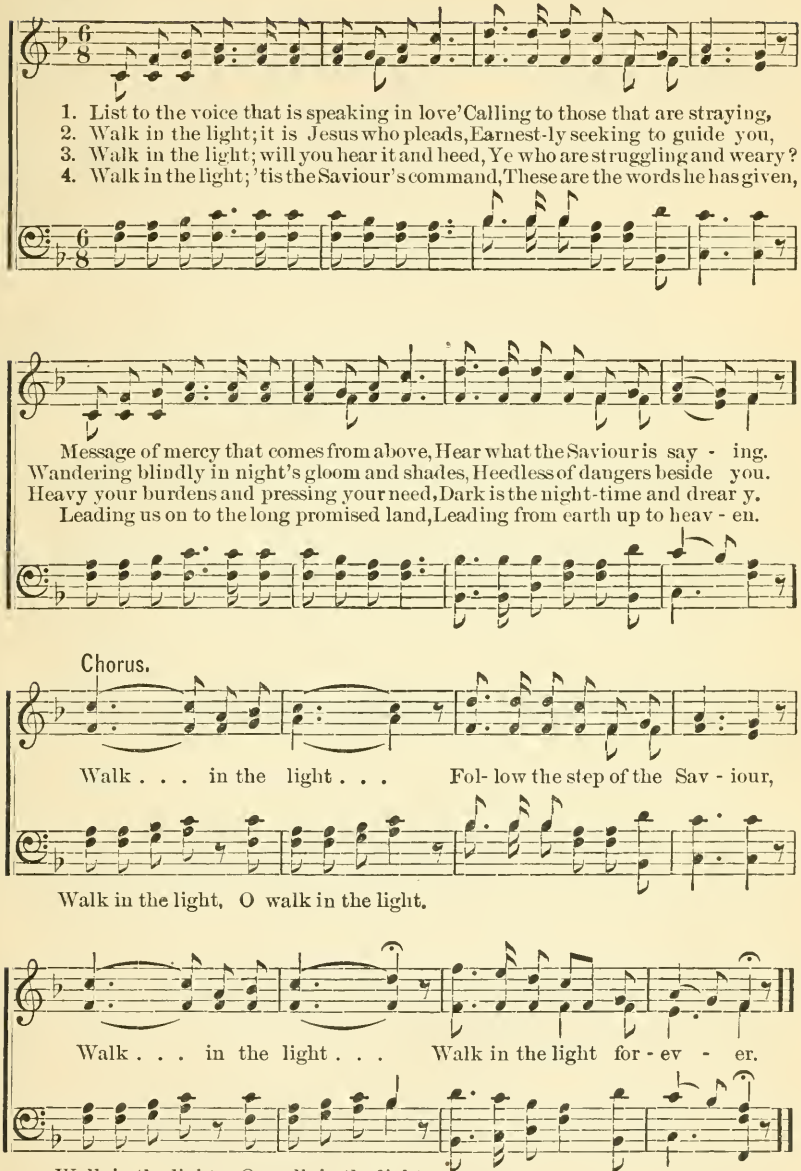
No. 29. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



No. 30. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

W. A. C. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

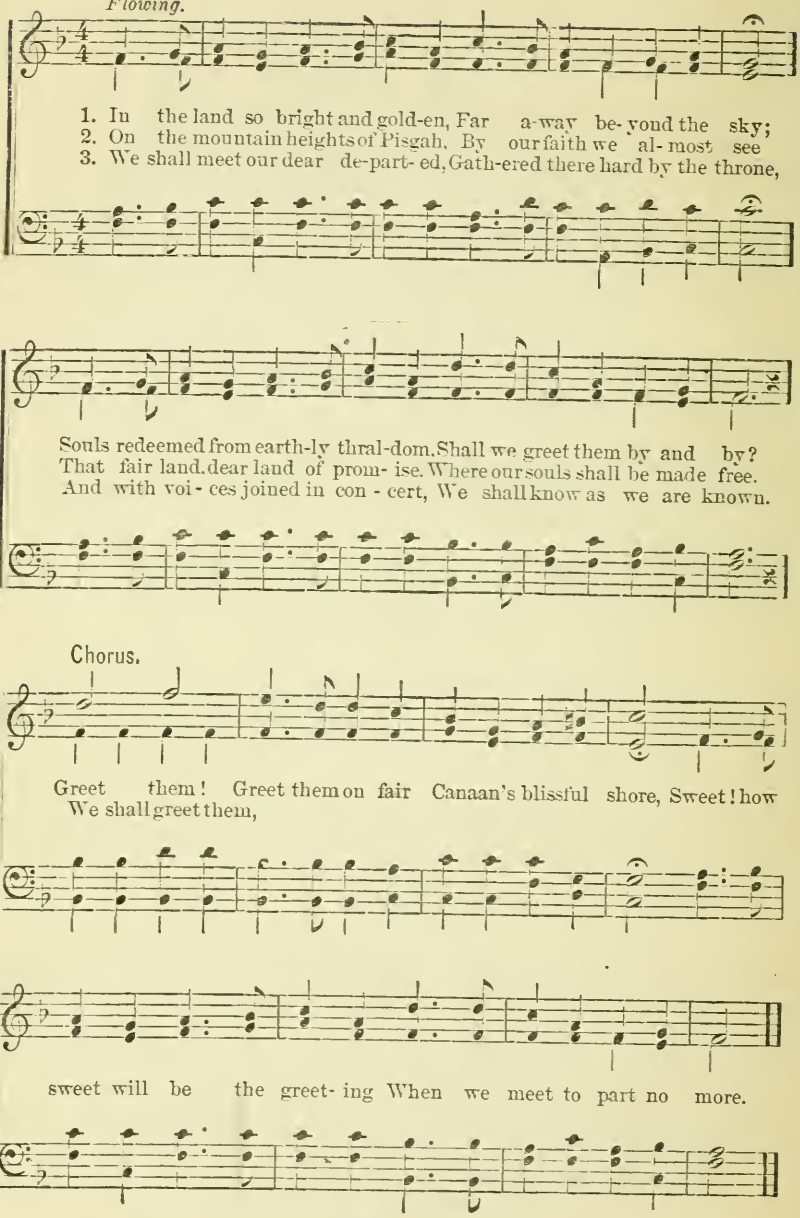


From the "International Lesson Hymnal," by per.

No. 31. WE'LL GREET THEM.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

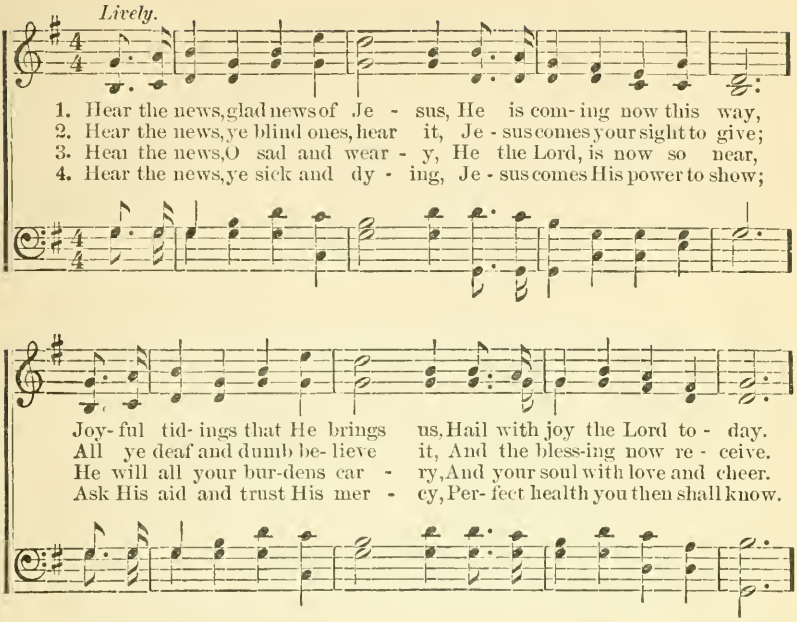
Flowing.

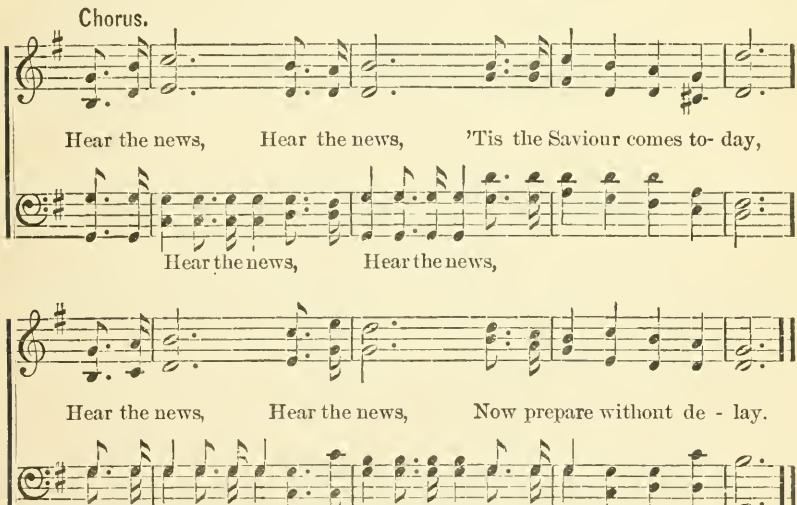


No. 32. HEAR THE NEWS.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL, by per.

Lively.

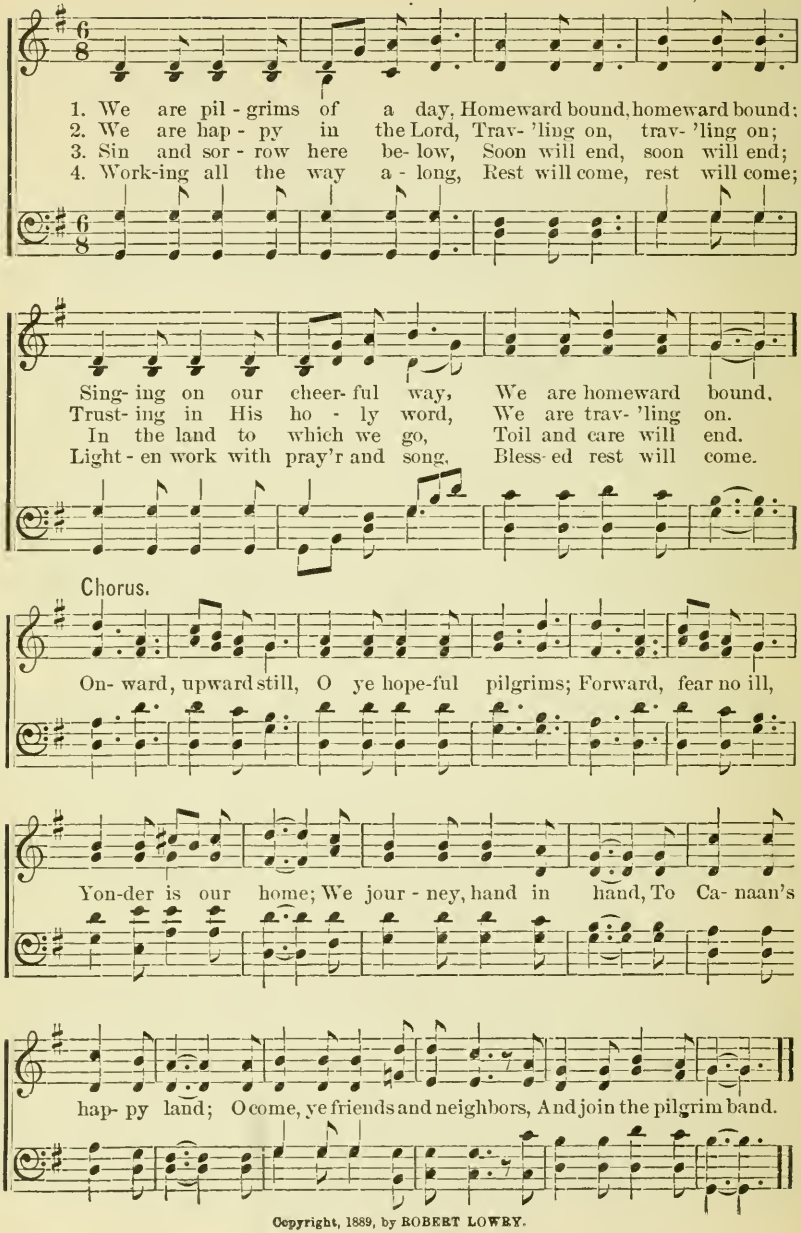




From the "International Lesson Hymnal."

No. 33. WE ARE PILGRIMS OF A DAY.

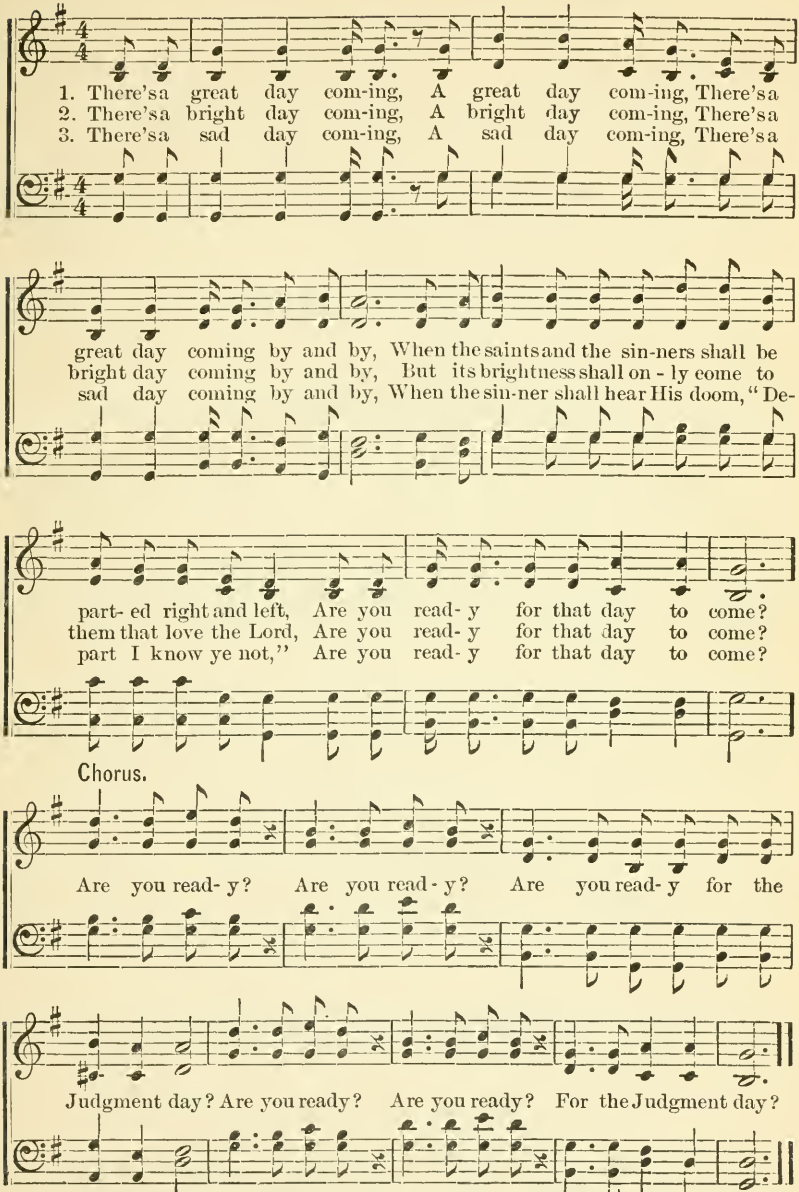
R. L. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



Copyright, 1889, by ROBERT LOWRY.

No. 34. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

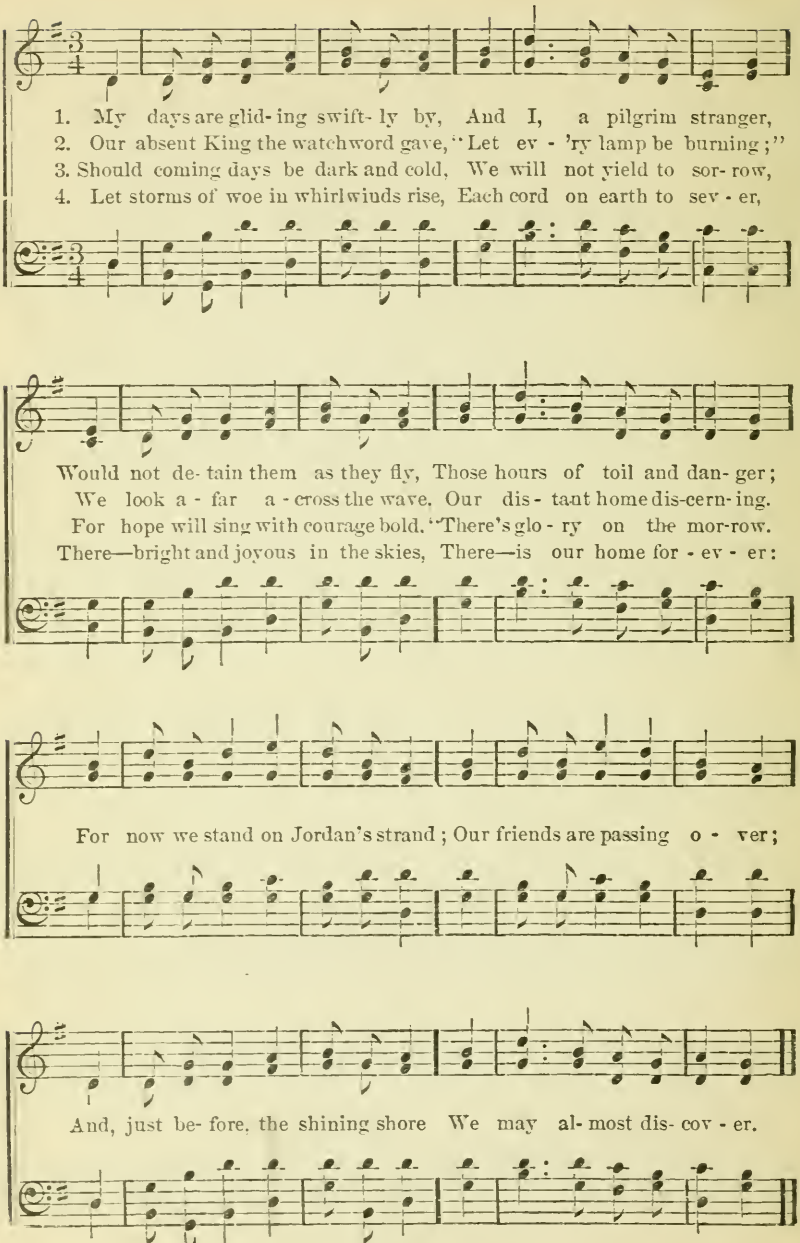
W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.



By per. W. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, Ohio.

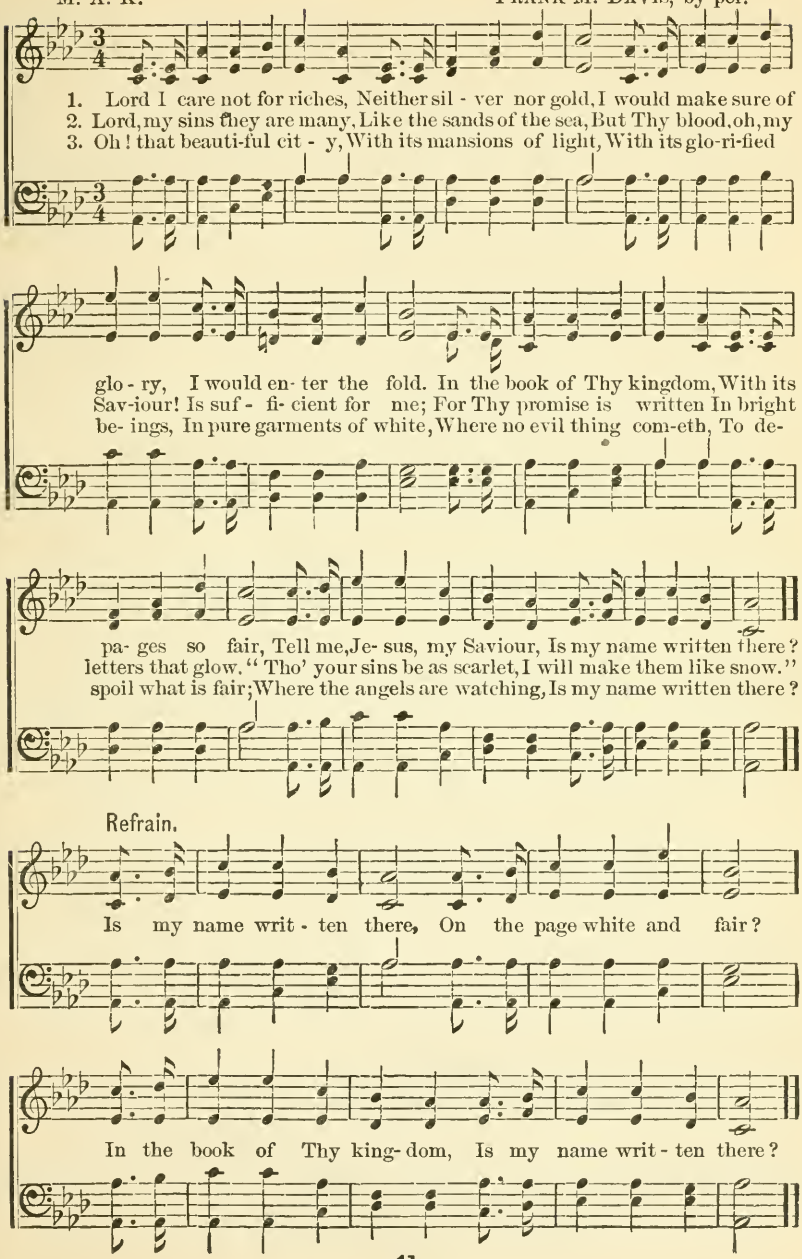
No. 35. SHINING SHORE.

G. F. Root.



No. 36. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

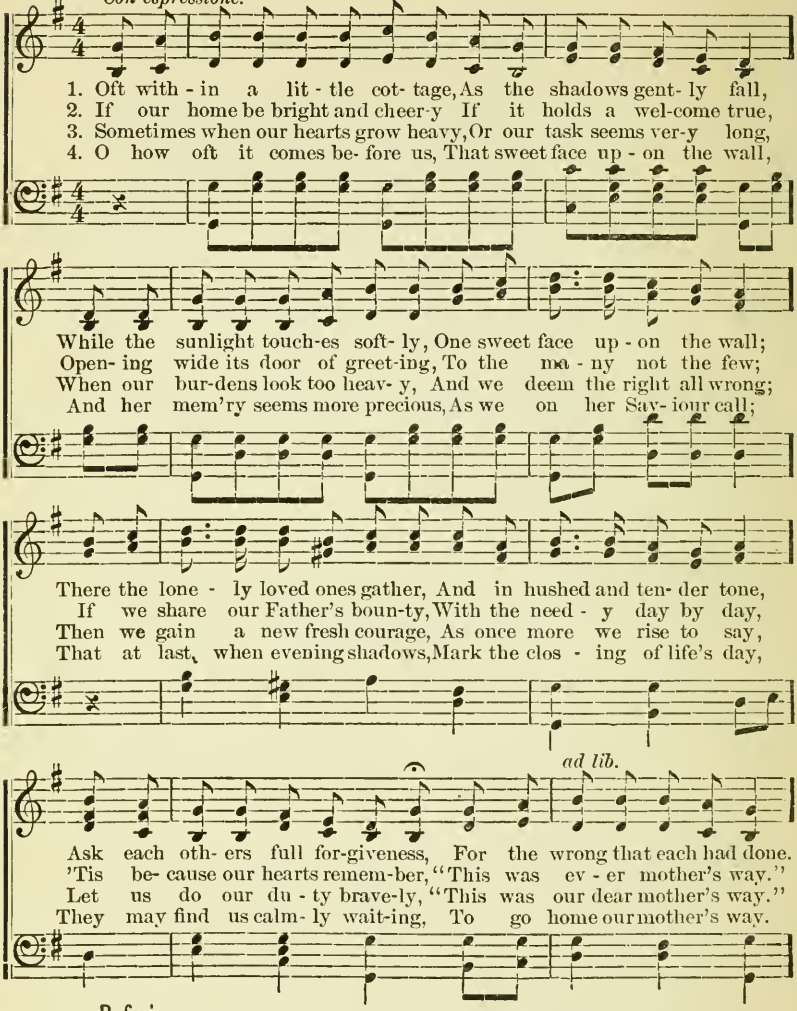
M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



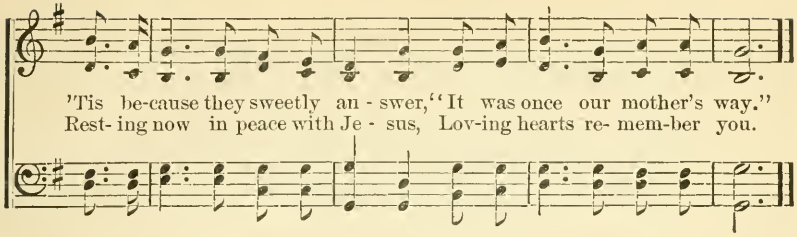
No. 37. OUR MOTHER'S WAY.

Furnished by EL. NATHAN, arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

Con espressione.

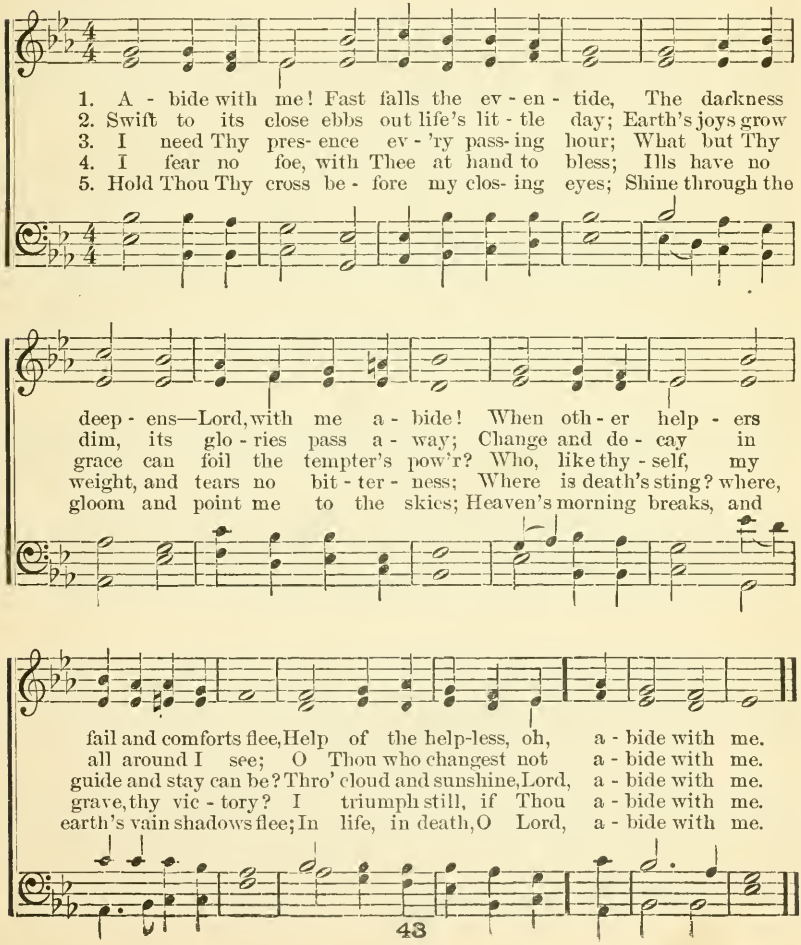


Copyright, 1885, by JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



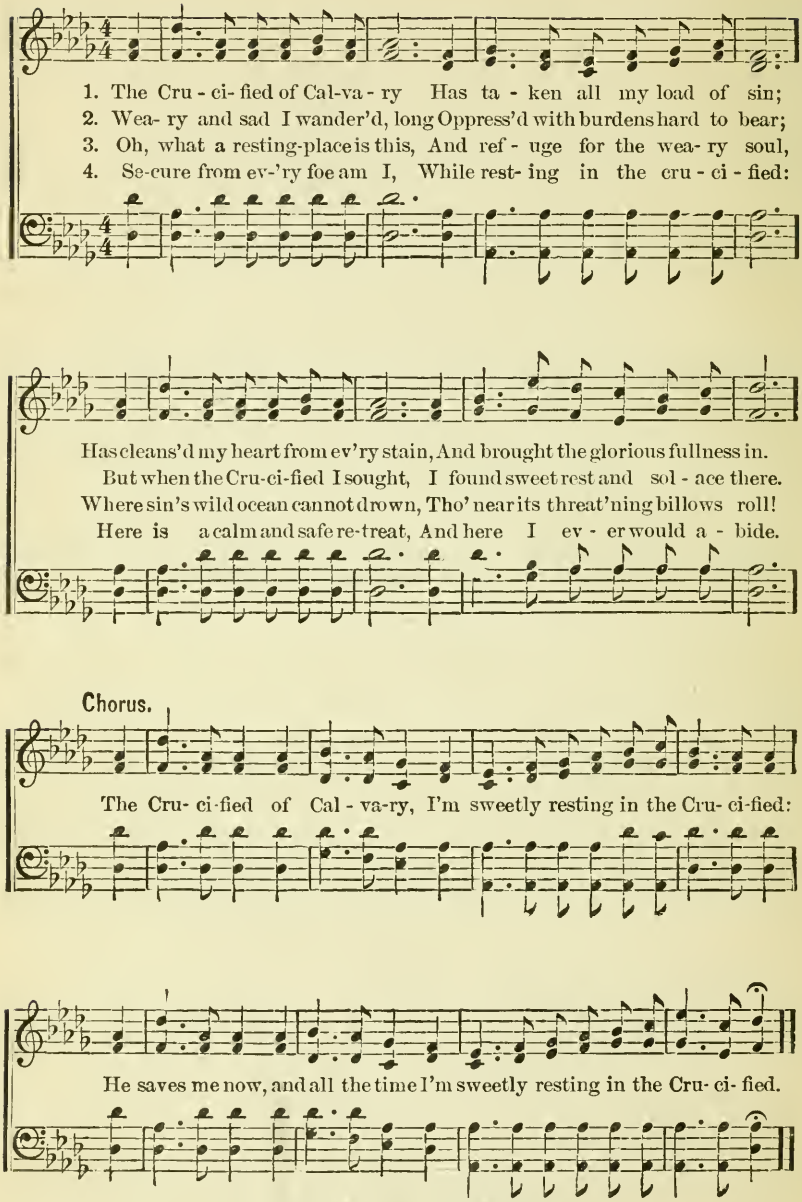
No. 38. ABIDE WITH ME.

Rev. H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



No. 39. I'M RESTING IN THE CRUCIFIED.

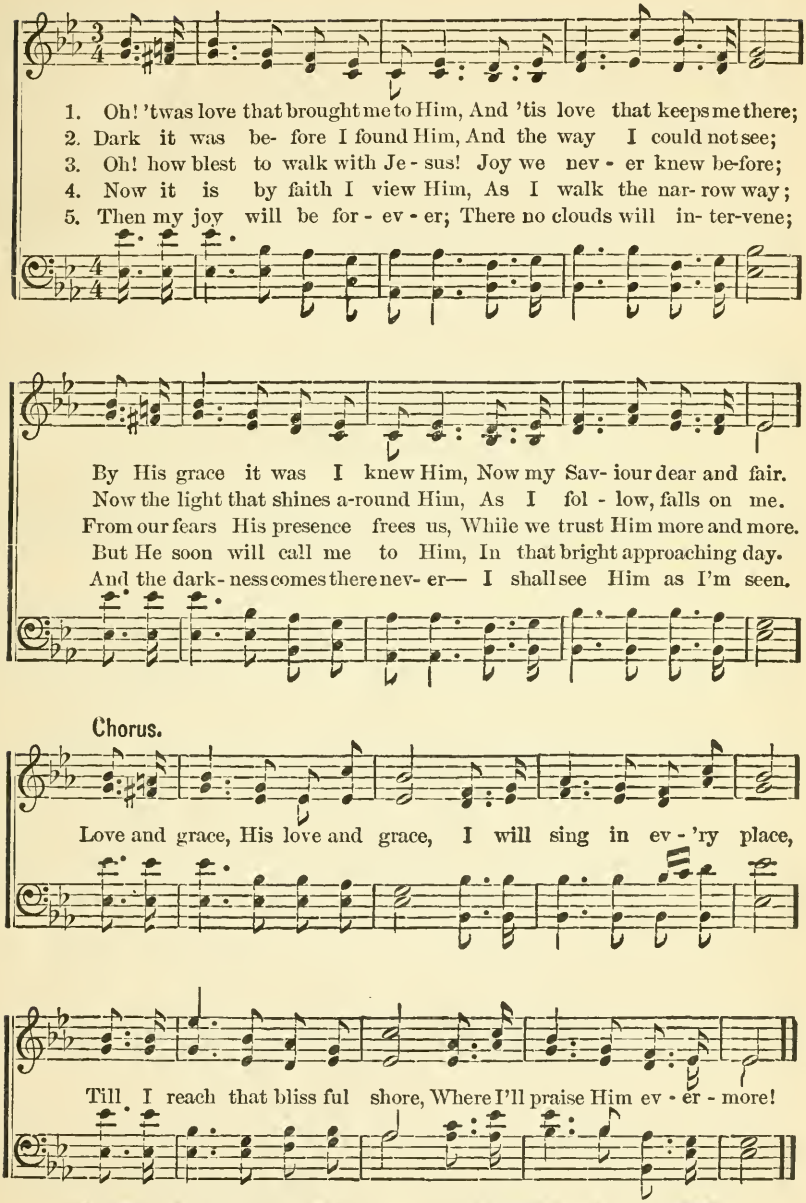
F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.



Copyright, 1886, by F. A. BLACKMER. by per.

No. 40. LOVE AND GRACE.

I. I. L. I. I. Leslie.

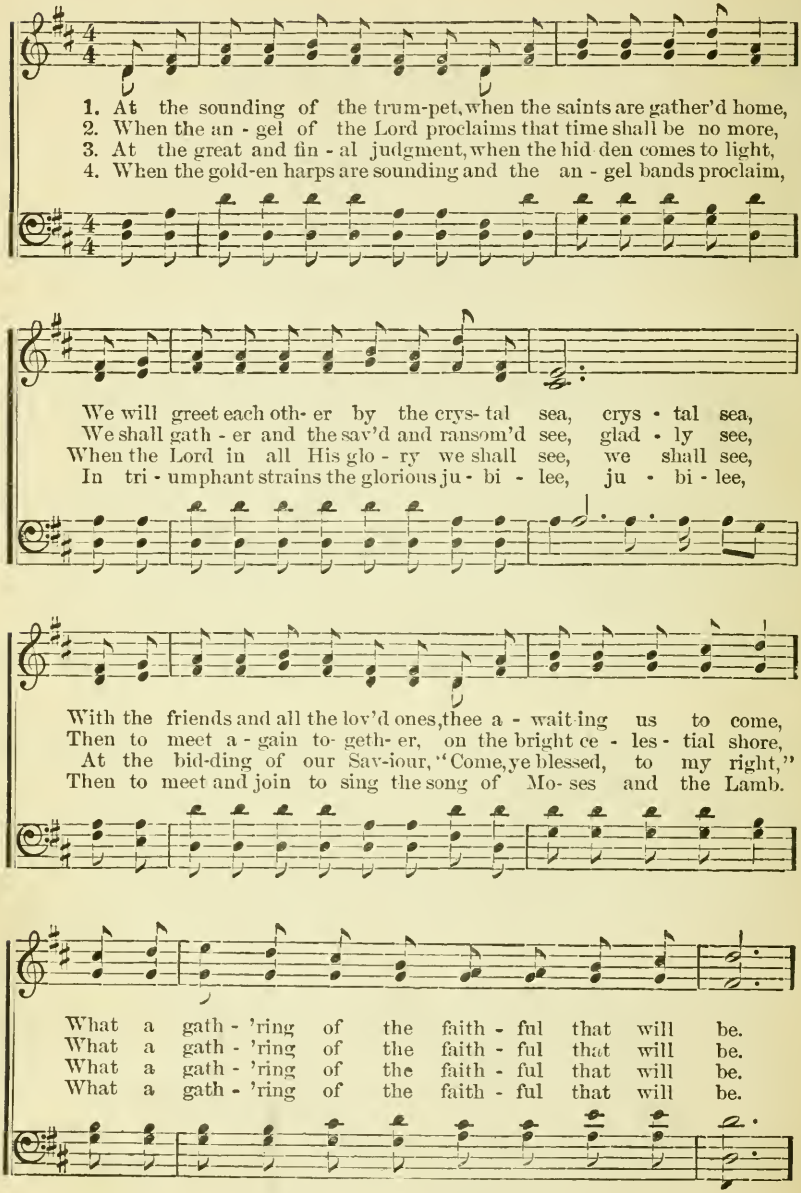


From the "Gospel Awakening," by per.

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. BLACKMER.

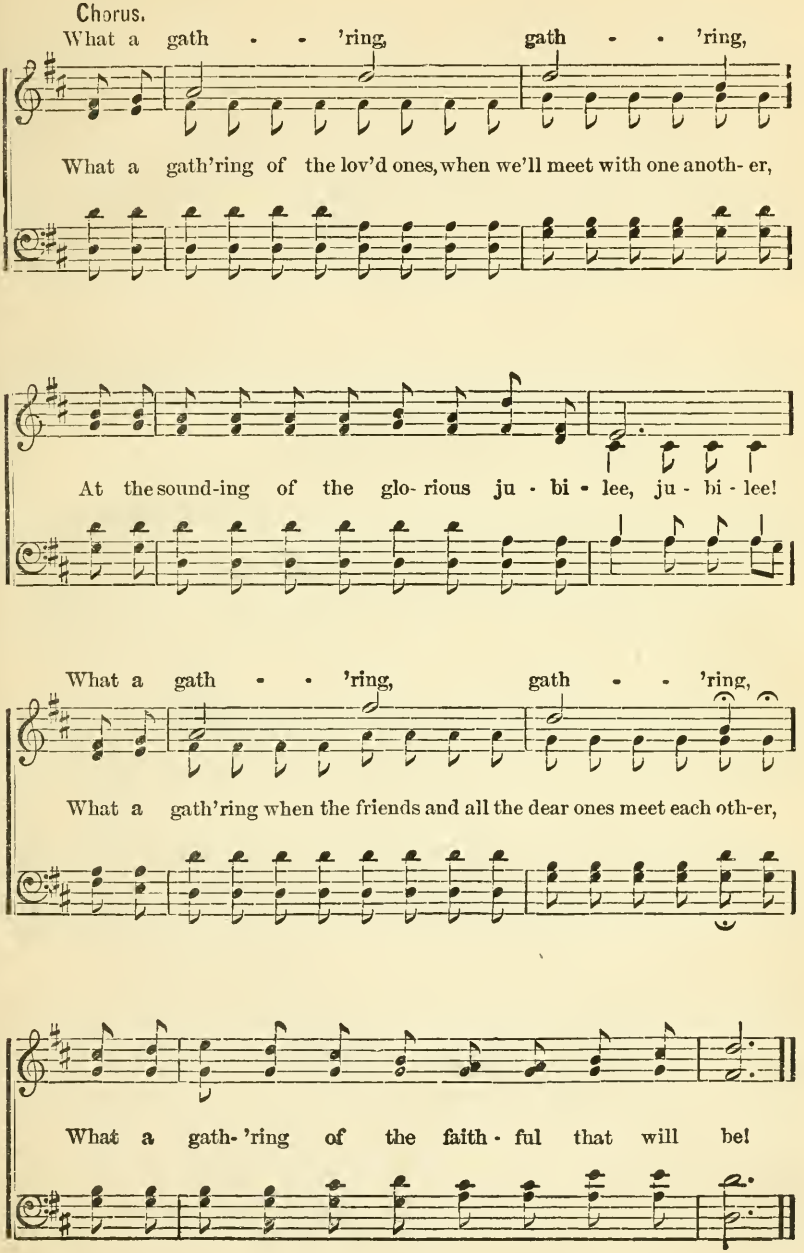
No. 41. WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



By permission J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

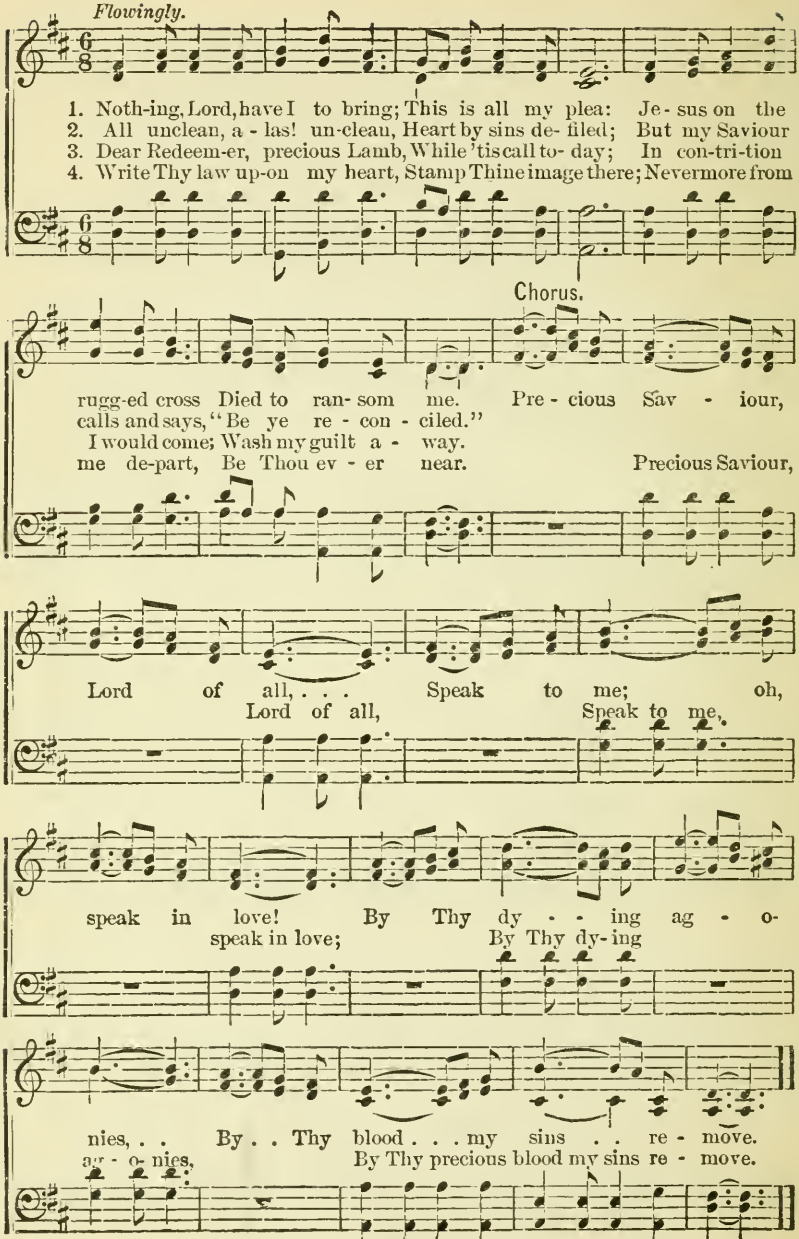
What a Gath'ring That will be.—Concluded.



No. 42. Nothing, Lord, Have I to Bring.

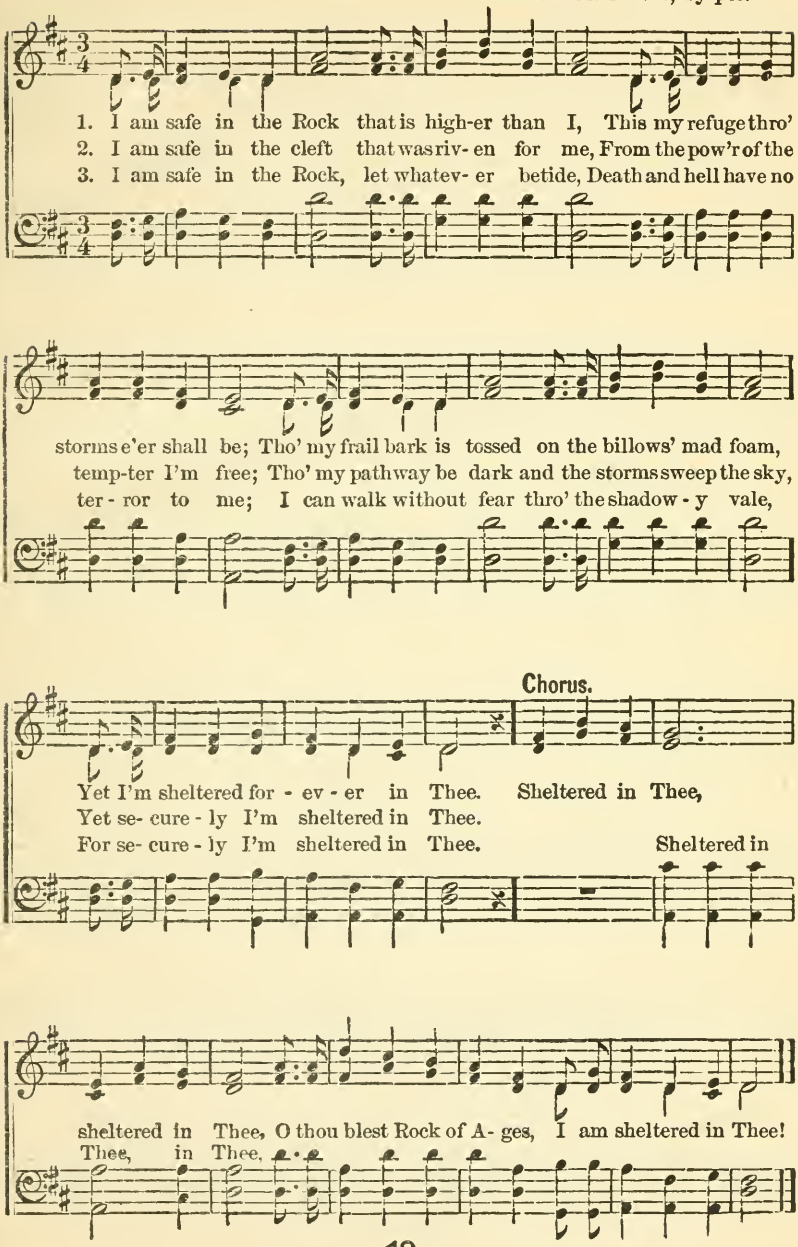
R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

Flowingly.



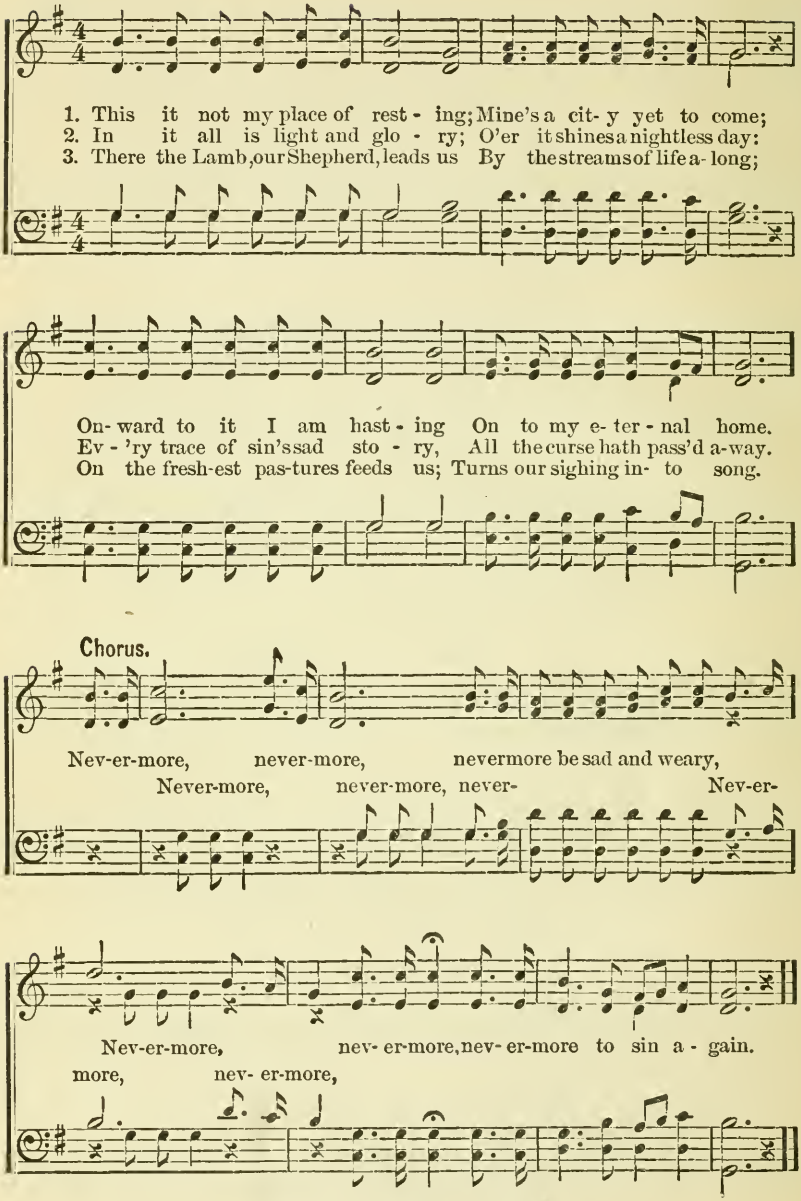
No. 43. I AM SHELTERED IN THEE.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



No. 44. NEVERMORE.

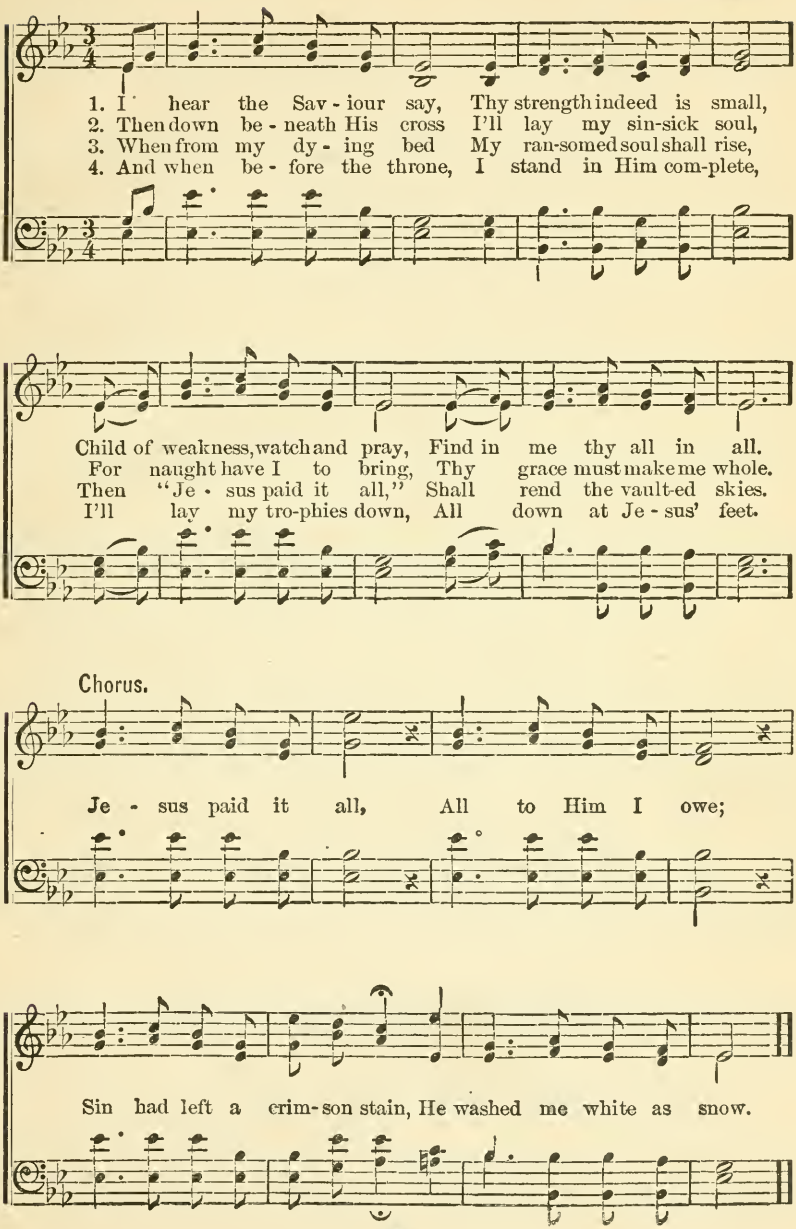
Dr. H. BONAR. J. H. TENNEY.



Copyright, by J. H. TENNEY. Used by per.

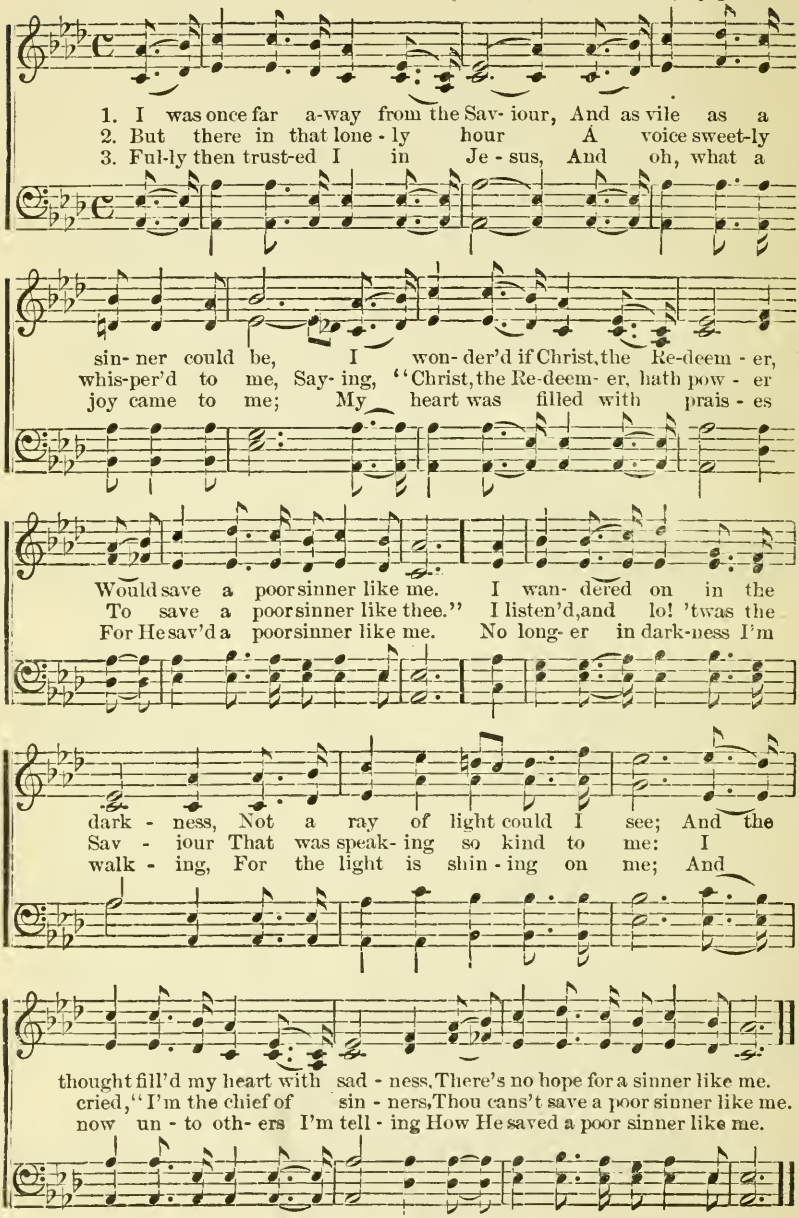
No. 45. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. J. T. GRAPE, by per.



No. 46. HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST.

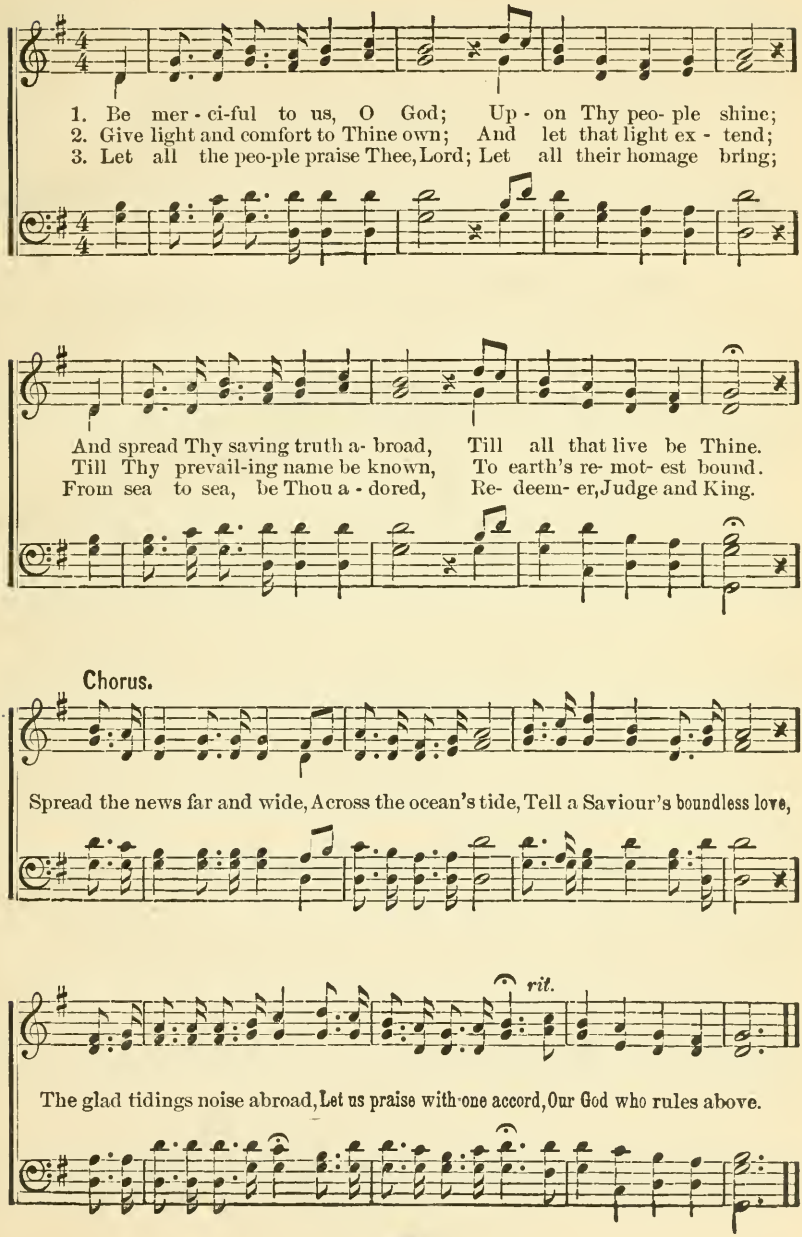
CHAS. I. BUTLER. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



From "Songs of Joy and Gladness."

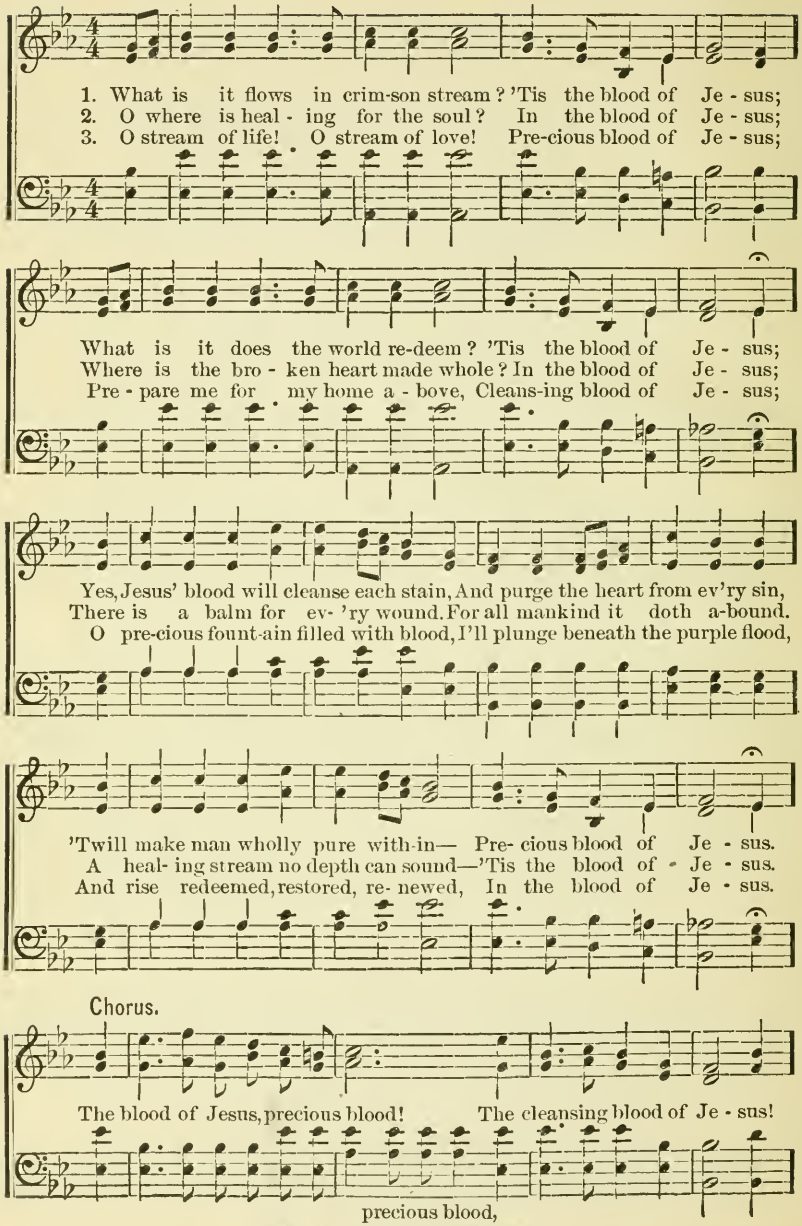
No. 47. SPREAD THE NEWS.

LYTE. R. G. STAPLES.

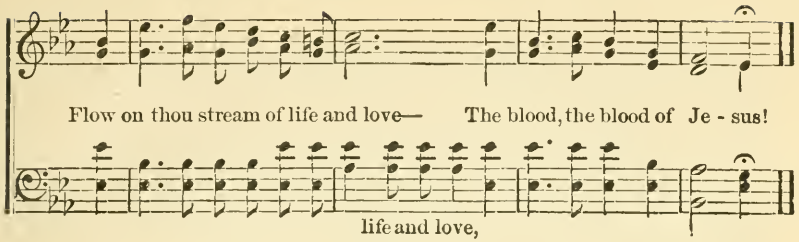


No. 48. THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



From the "International Lesson Hymnal,"



No. 49. I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

Moderato.

1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev- 'ry hand The
2. I dare not i - dle stand, While on the shift-ing sand The
3. I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land Poor
4. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command, La-

whiten-ing fields declare the harvest near; A glean - er I would be, And
ocean casts bright treasures at my feet; Beneath some shell's rough side The
wand'ring souls need humble help like mine; Brighter than brightest gem In
-bor for Him throughout my life's short day, Evening will come at last, Day's

gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Lest I with empty hands at last ap - pear.
tint - ed pearl may hide, And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.
mon-arch's di - a - dem, Each soul, a star in Jesus' crown may shine.
la - bor all be passed, And rest e - ter - nal my brief toil re - pay.

From "Emory Hymnal."

No. 50. 'TIS SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

FRANCIS L. KEELER. I. BALTZELL, by per.

Solo.

1. At home or a-broad, in the al - ley or street, Wher- ev - er I
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown
3. No mat - ter how far from the right she hath stray'd, No mat- ter what
4. No mat - ter how wayward his foot-steps have been; No mat- ter how
5. That head hath been pillow'd on ten - der - est breast; That form hath been

chance in the wide world to meet, A girl that is thoughtless, a - harden'd, whose spir - its are cold; Be it wom- an all fall - en, or in - roads dis - hon - or hath made; No mat - ter what el - e-ments deep he is sunk- en in sin; No mat - ter how low is his wept o'er, those lips have been press'd; That soul hath been pray'd for in

boy that is wild, My heart ech- oes soft- ly— 'tis some mother's child.
man all de- filed, A voice whispers sad- ly— 'tis some mother's child.
canker'd the pearl—Tho' tarn-ish'd and sul- lied, she's some mother's girl.
stand-ard of joy,— Tho' guilt - y and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gen-tly with some mother's child.

Chorus.

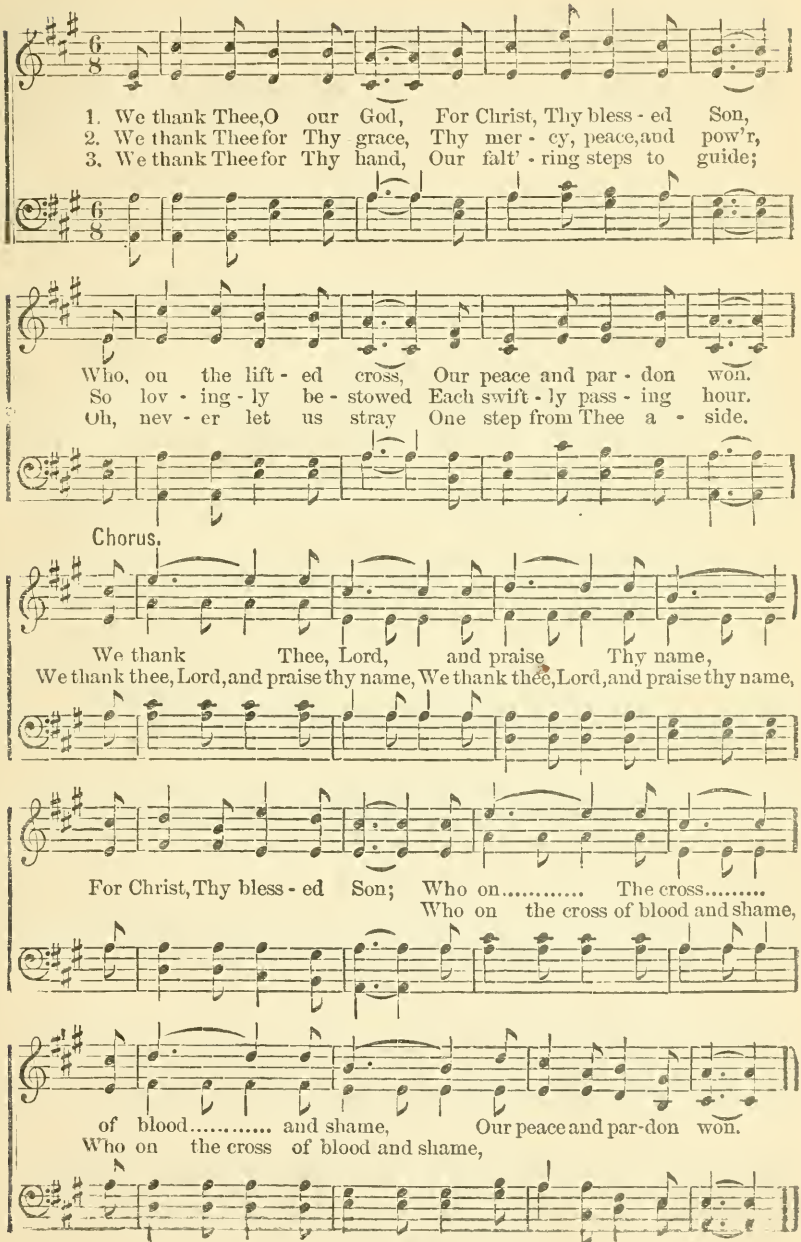
'Tis some mother's child! 'Tis some moth- er's child! For

her sake deal gen- tly with some mother's child, For child.

Copyright, 1883, by I. BALTZELL.

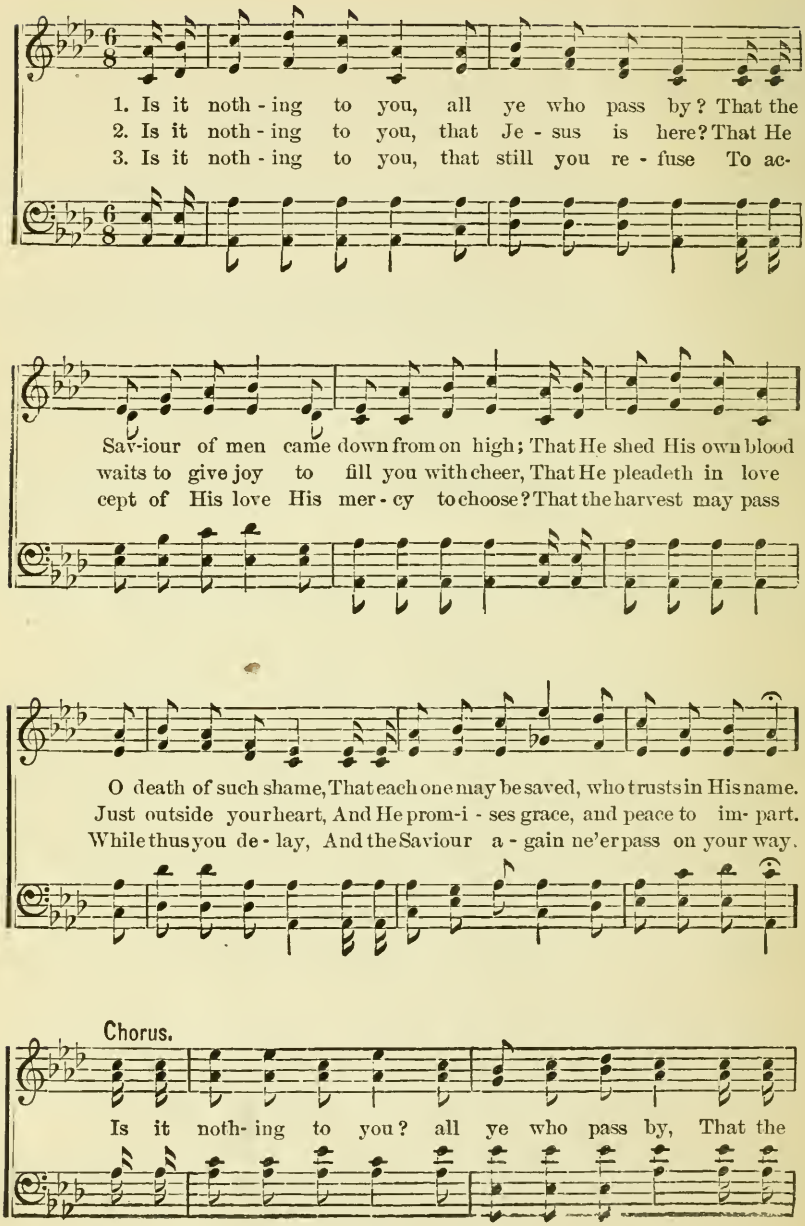
No. 51. NOW THANKS BE UNTO GOD.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. R. G. STAPLES.

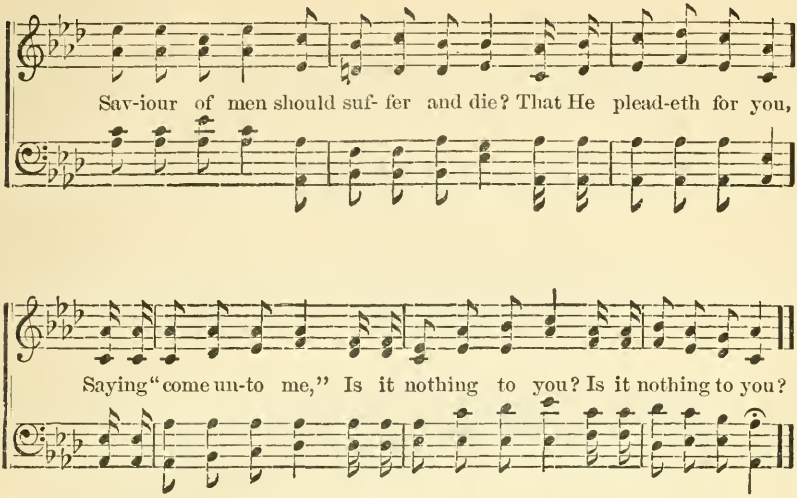


No. 52. IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

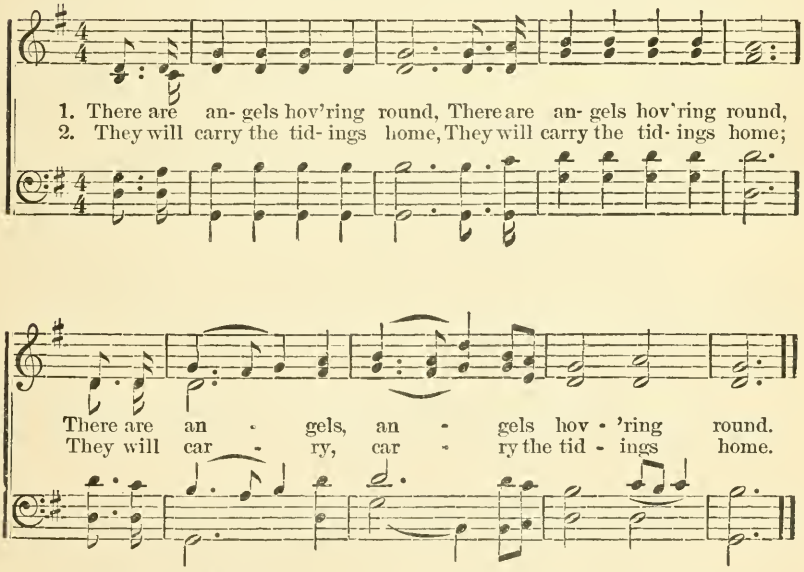
J. E. H. J. E. HALL.



IS IT NOTHING TO YOU? Concluded.



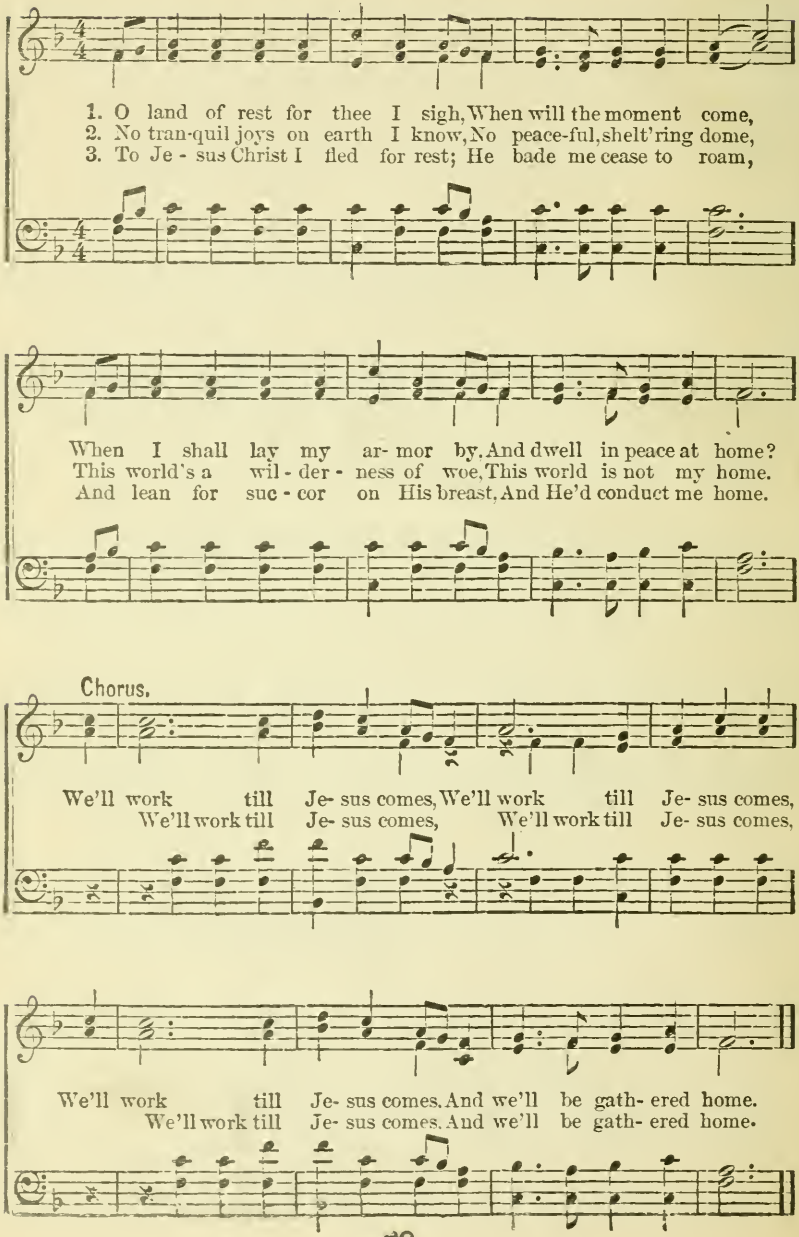
No. 53. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

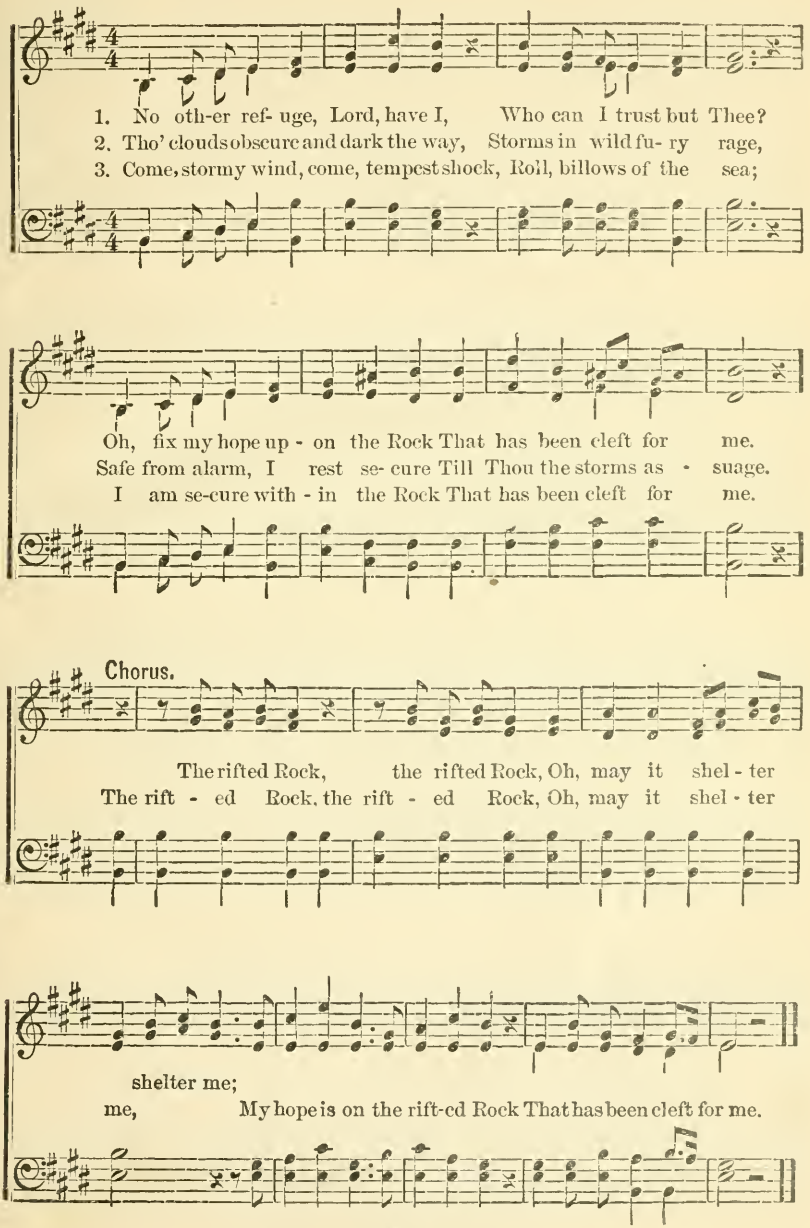
No. 54. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Dr. MILLER.



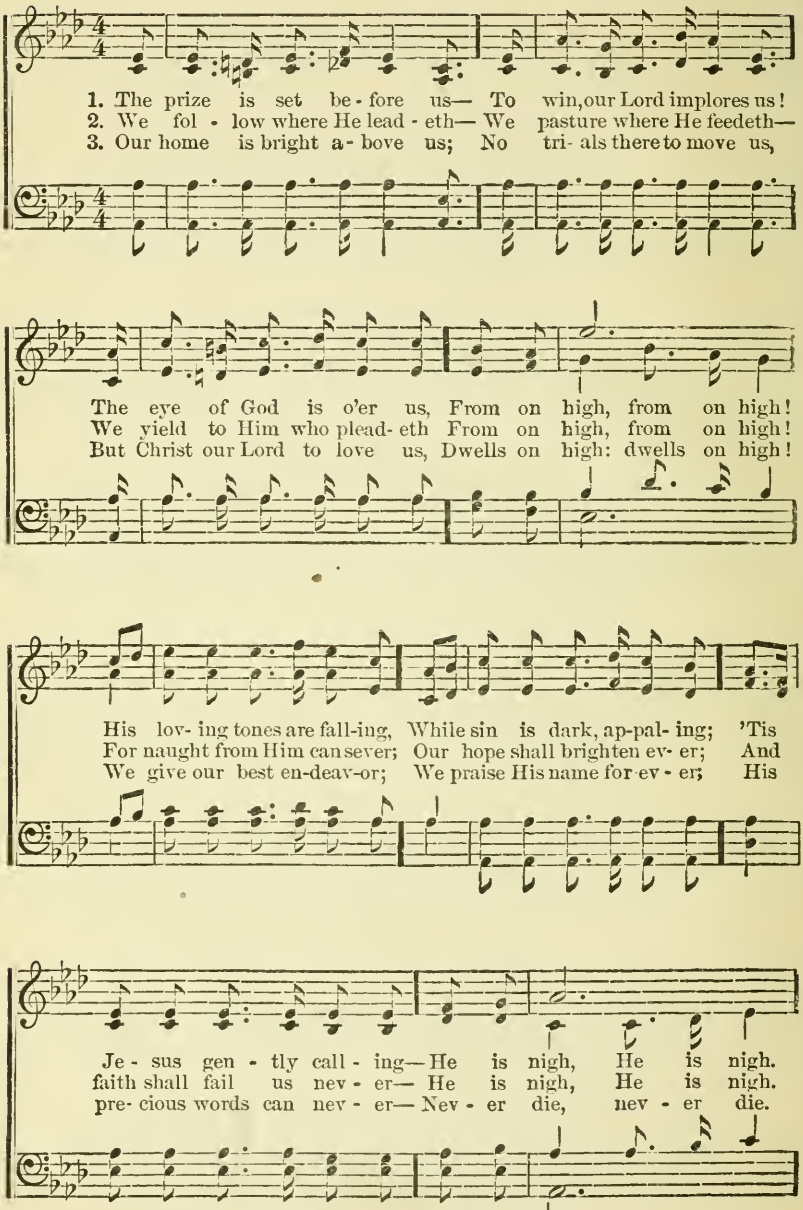
No. 55. THE RIFTED ROCK.

R. G. STAPLES. W. F. HEATH.

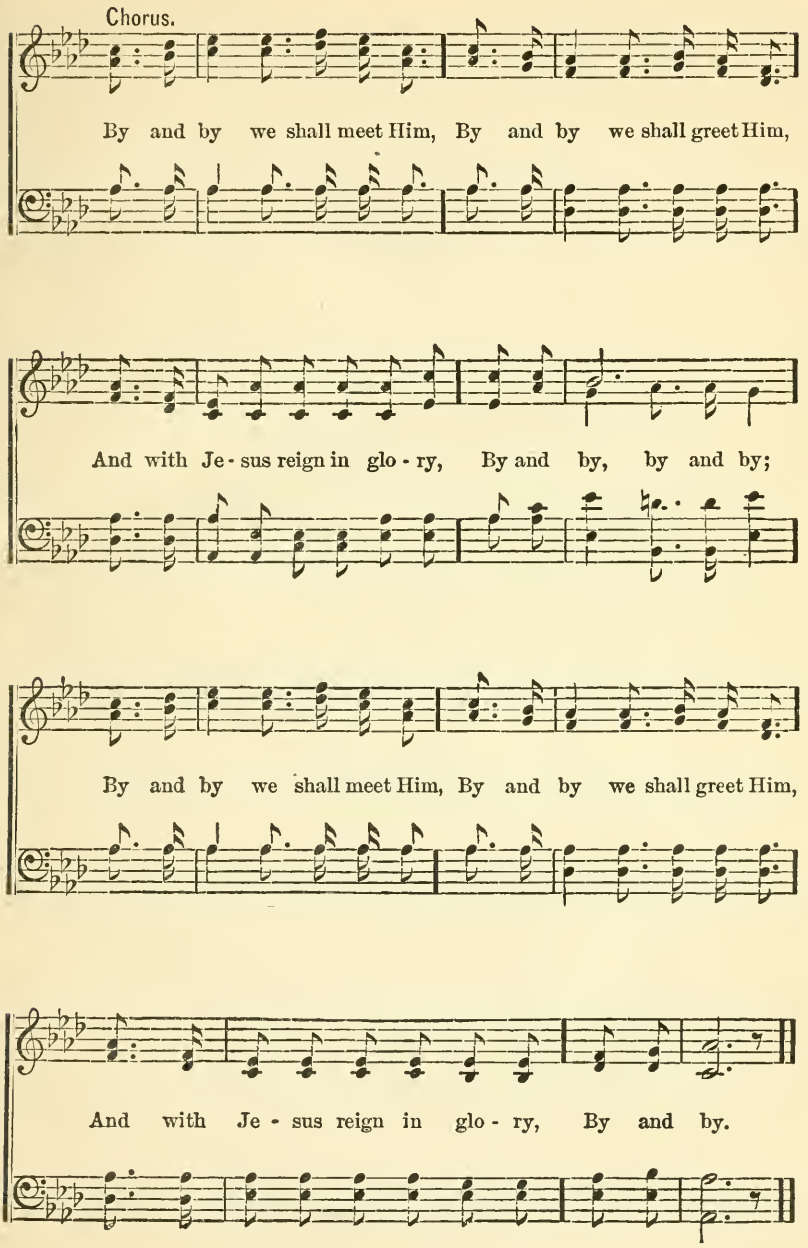


No. 56. THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

H. R. PALMER.

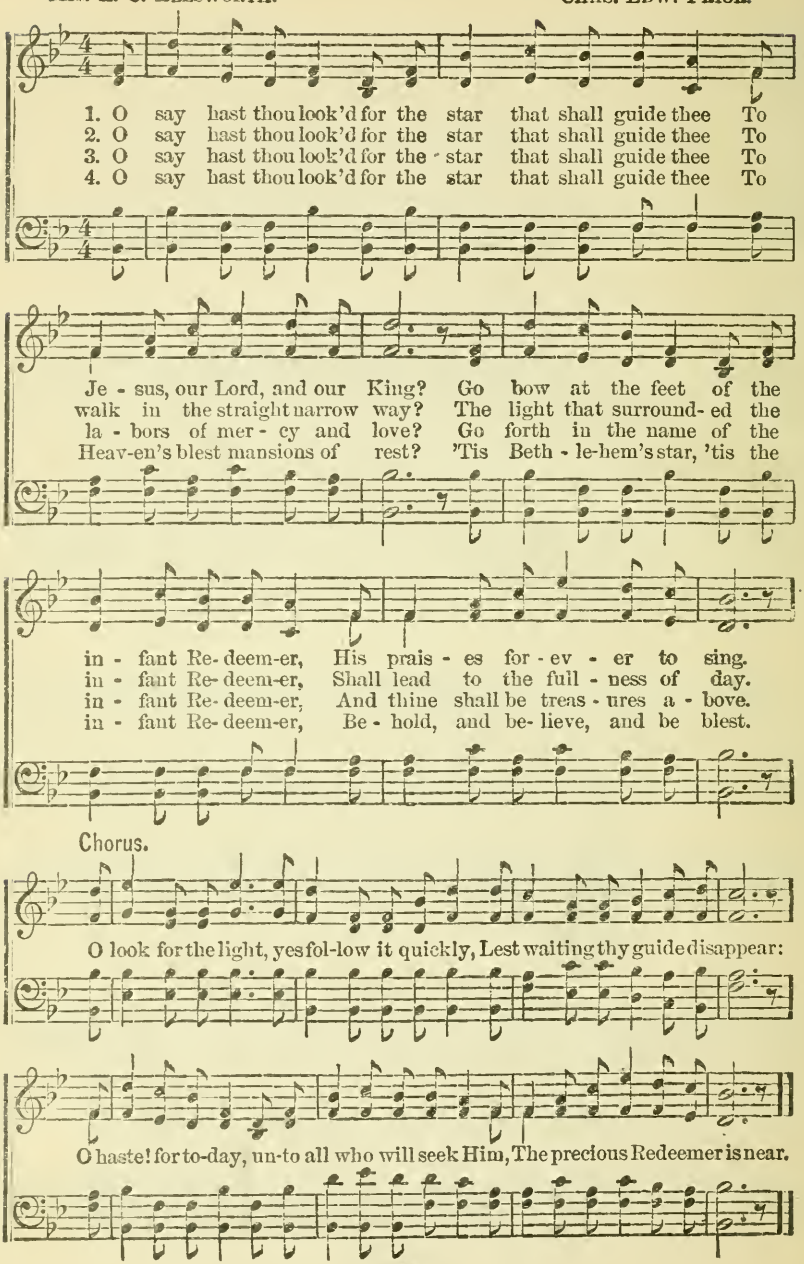


By per of H. R. PALMER. Owner of copyright.


Chorus.
By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him,
And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by;
By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him,
And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

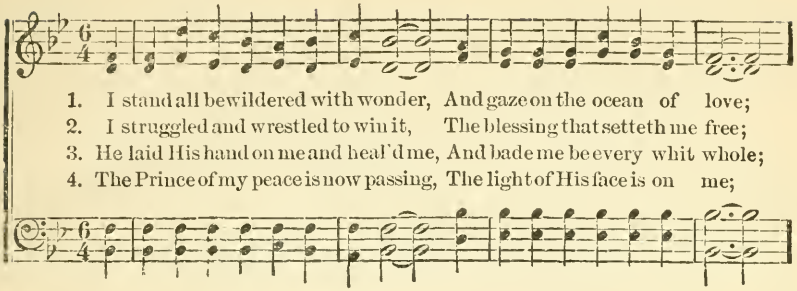
No. 57. Hast Thou Looked for the Star.

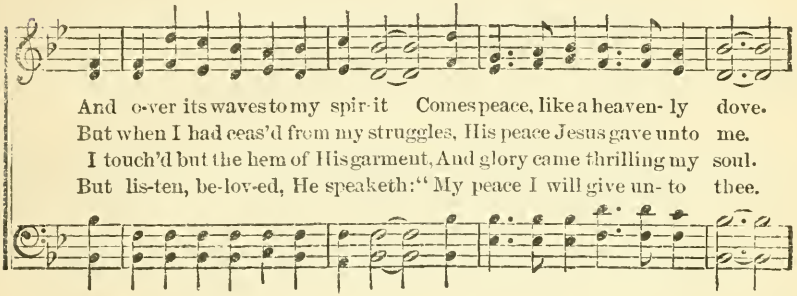
Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Chas. Edw. Prior.

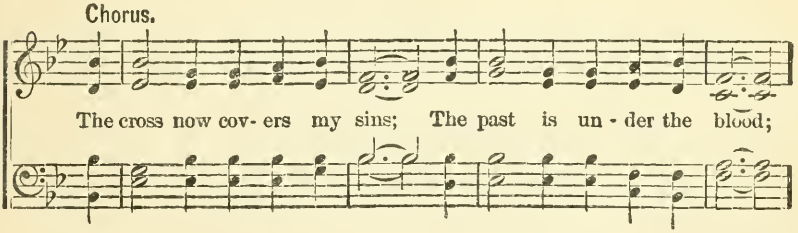


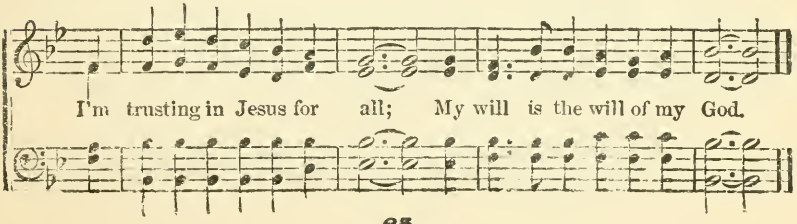
No. 58. THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. W. G. FISCHER, by per.



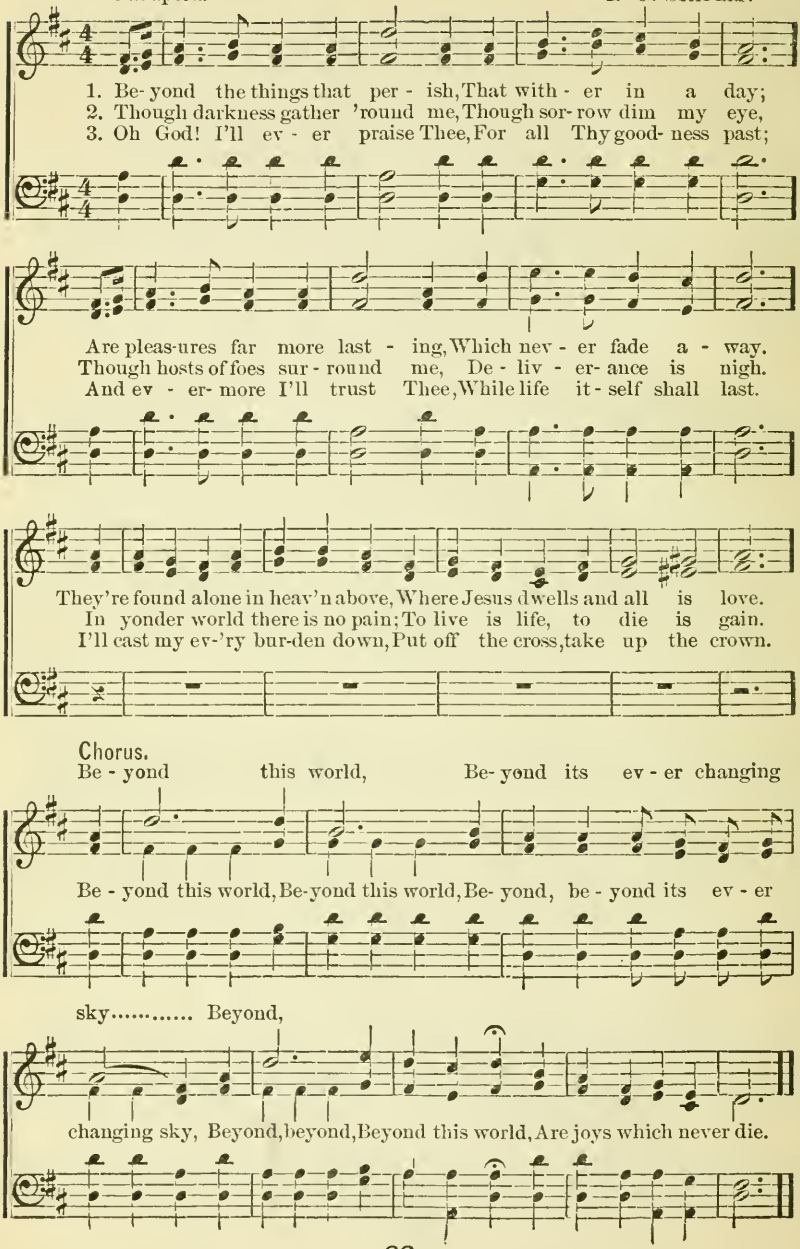






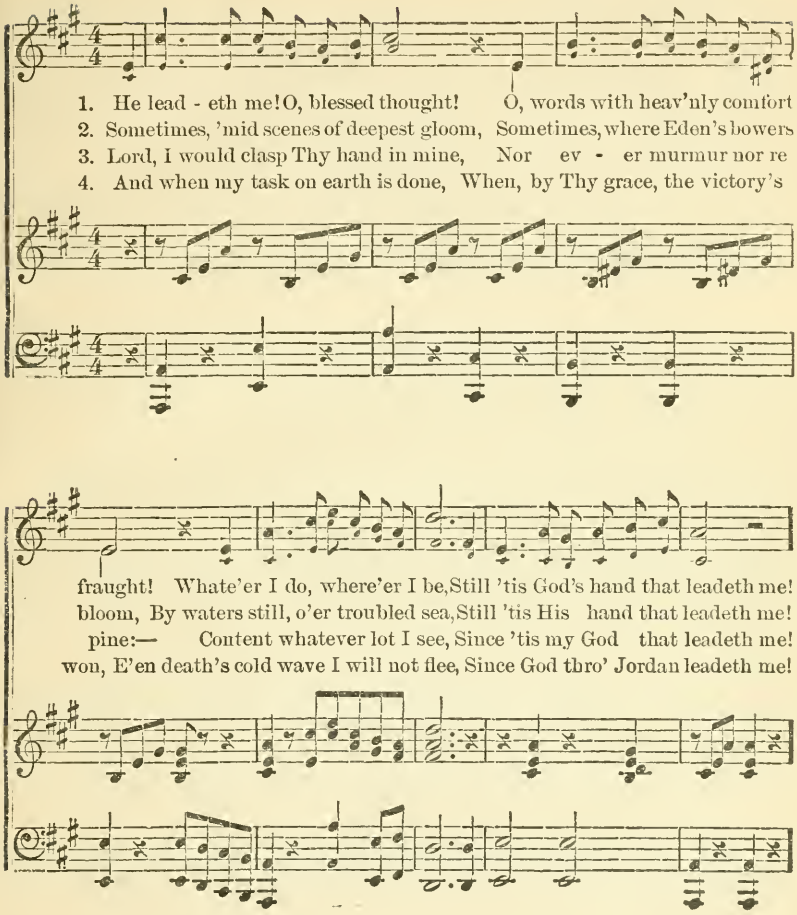
No. 59. BEYOND THE THINGS THAT PERISH.

Words adapted. R. G. STAPLES.



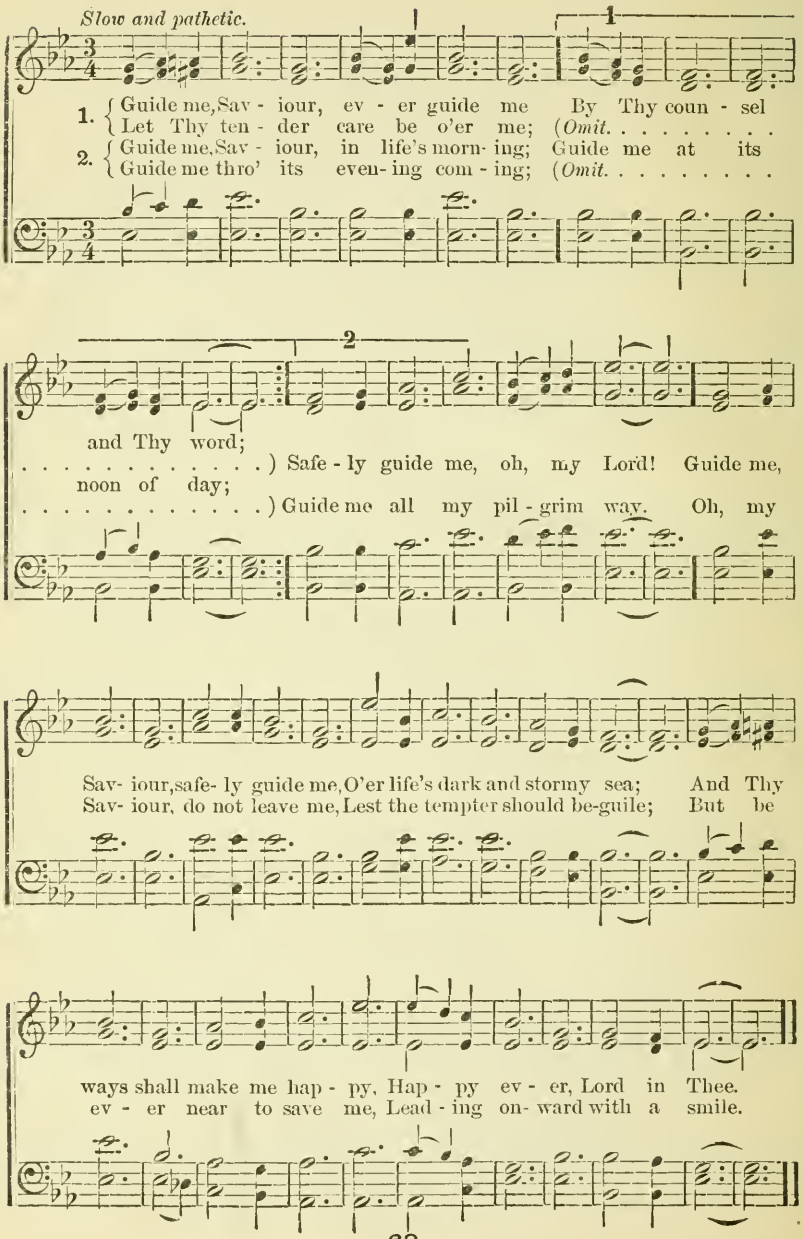
No. 60. HE LEADETH ME.

Mrs. R. M. McIntosh.



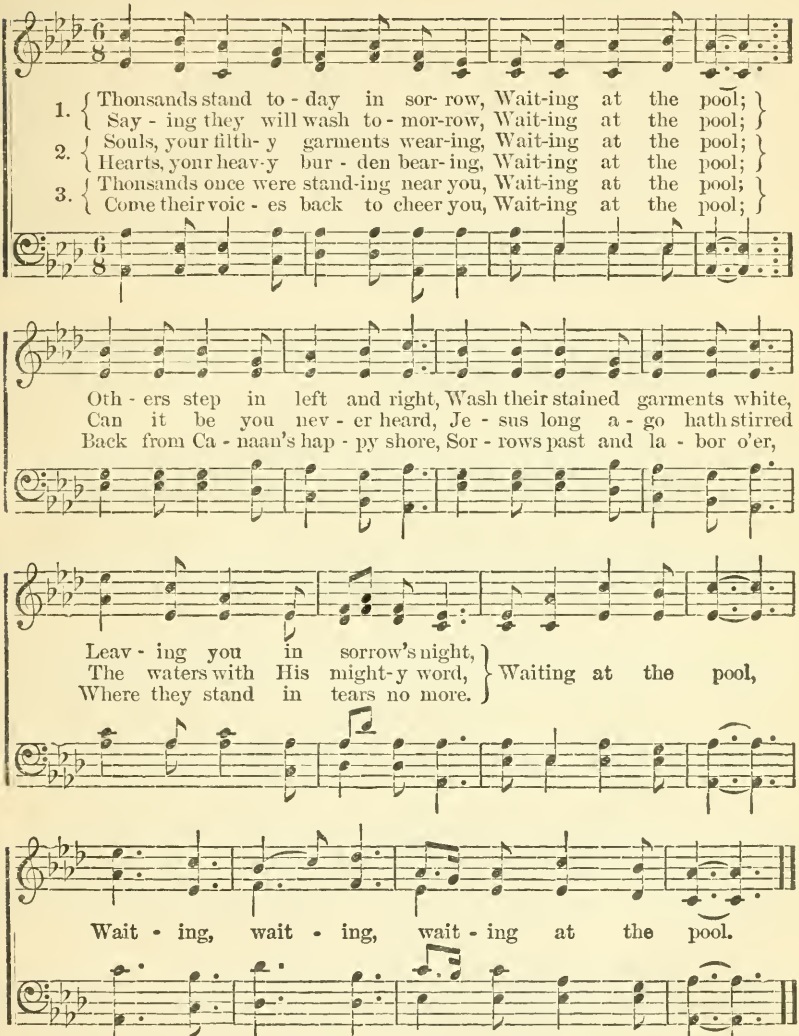
No. 61. GUIDE ME, SAVIOUR.

E. M. C. E. MANFORD CLARK.



No. 62. WAITING AT THE POOL.

Rev. A. J. Hough. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

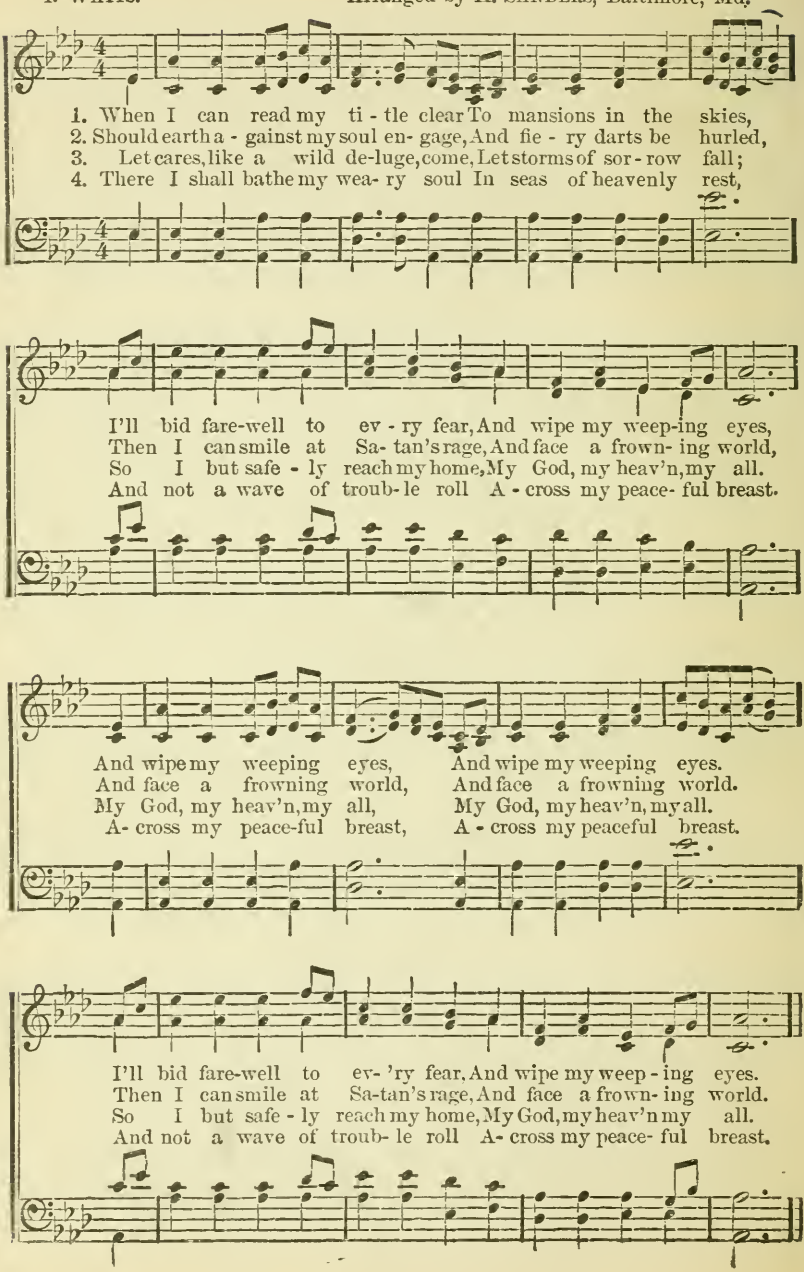


4 Mother leaves the son, the daughter,
Waiting at the pool;
Calls to them across the water,
Waiting at the pool;
You can never more embrace
Mother, or behold her face,
If you keep the leper's place
Waiting at the pool.

5 Step in boldly—death may smite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Jesus may no more invite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Faith is near you, take her hand,
Seek with her the better land,
And no longer doubting stand
Waiting at the pool.

63. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

I. WATTS. Arranged by H. SANDERS, Baltimore, Md.

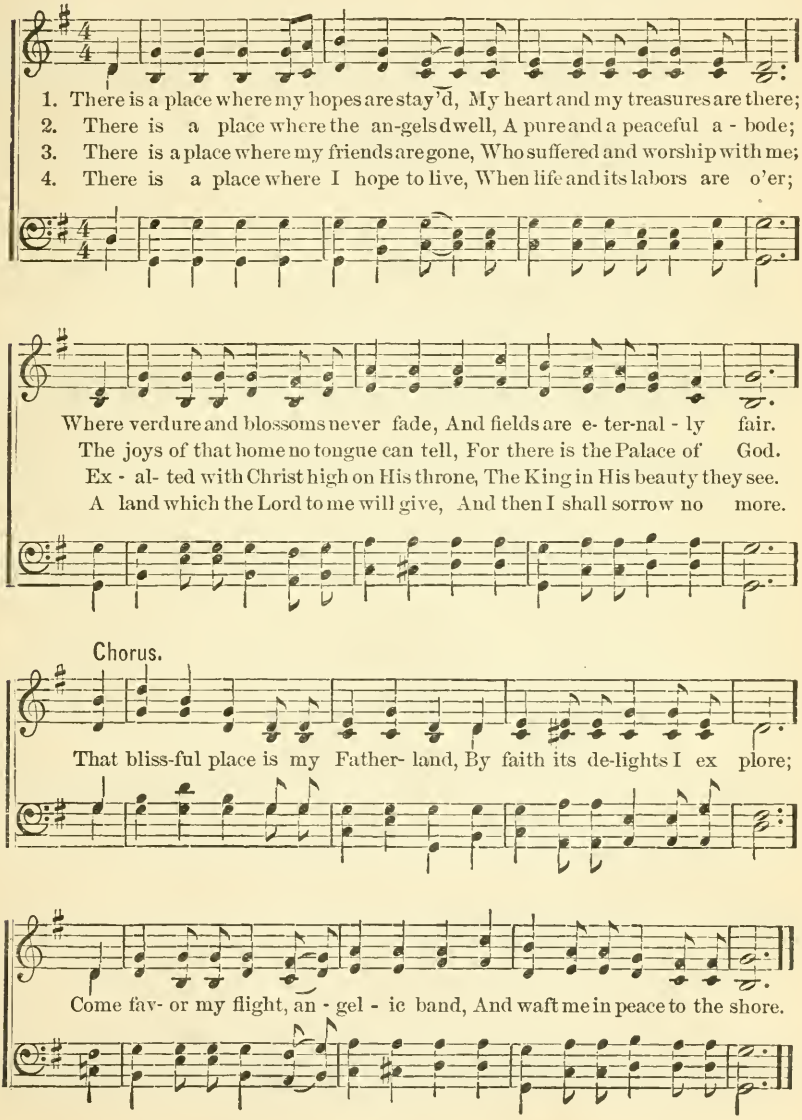


No. 64. THE FATHER-LAND.

This is a song my Mother used to sing in the days of my childhood. She was a sweet singer and I know that in heaven they love to hear her sing. You may not like the song, it is very simple, but I love it for her sake. Not being acquanted with music, a friend has written it out from my memory as I heard her sing it nearly thirty years ago.

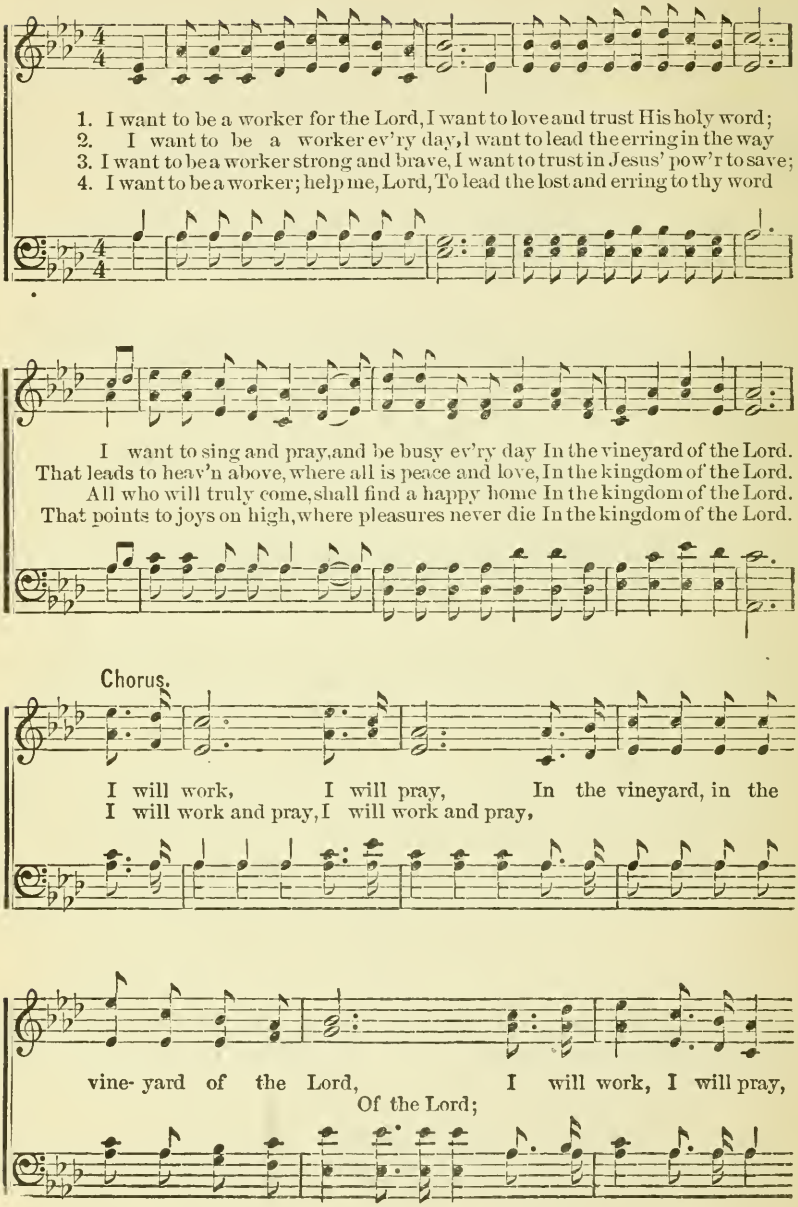
H. M. WHARTON.

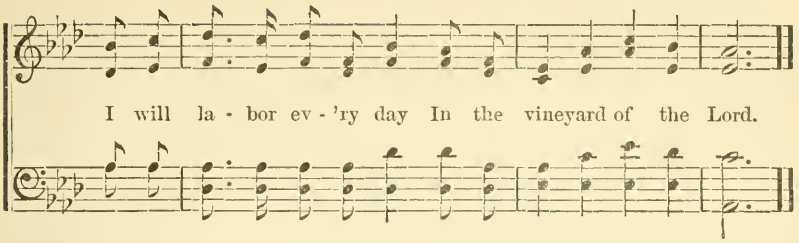
Arr. by FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



No. 65. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

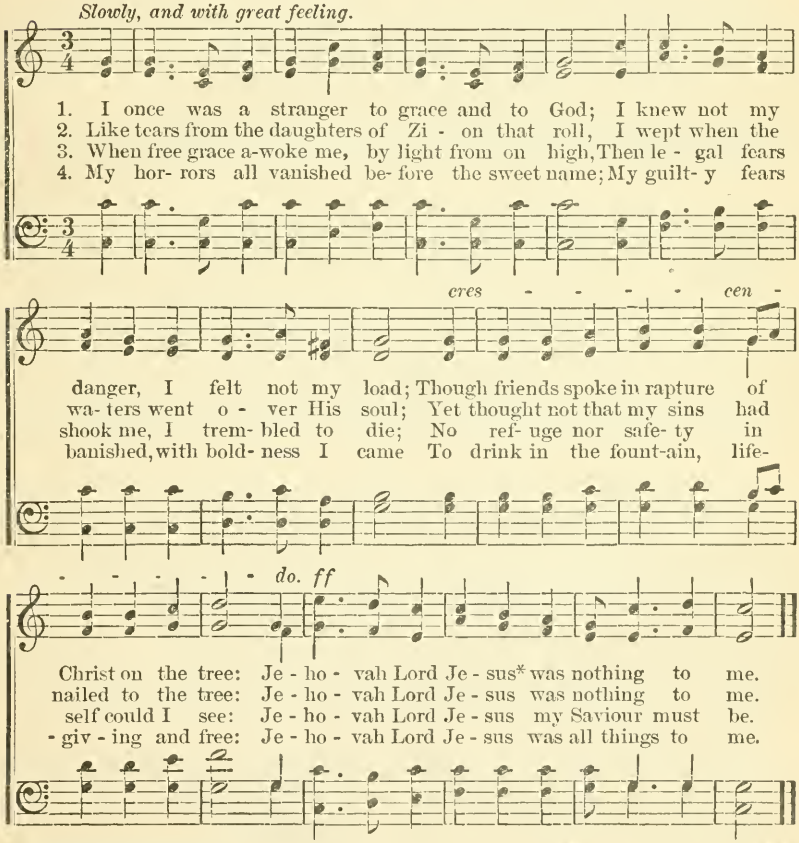
I. B. I. BALTZELL, by per.





No. 66. I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.

H. R. PALMER.

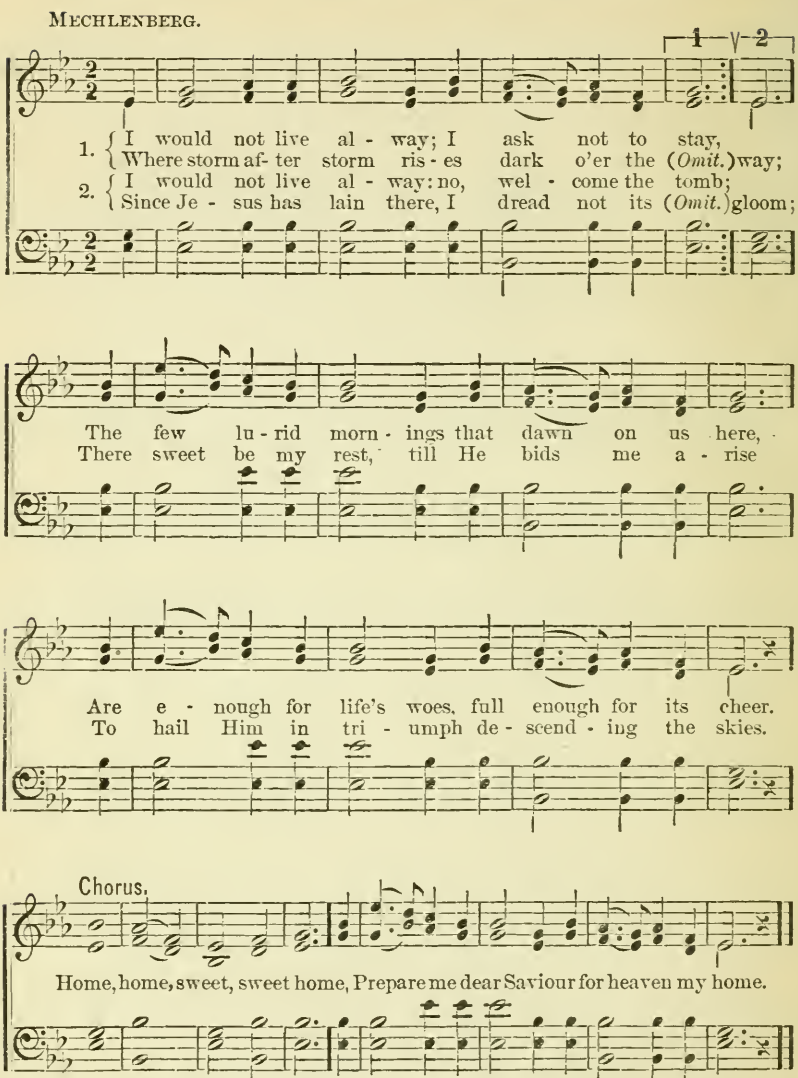


*I have thought it better to insert the words "Lord Jesus," instead of the Hebrew word Tsid-ke-nu (The Lord of righteousness), which occurs in the original.—H. R. P.

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. PALMER.

No. 67. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

MECHLENBERG.

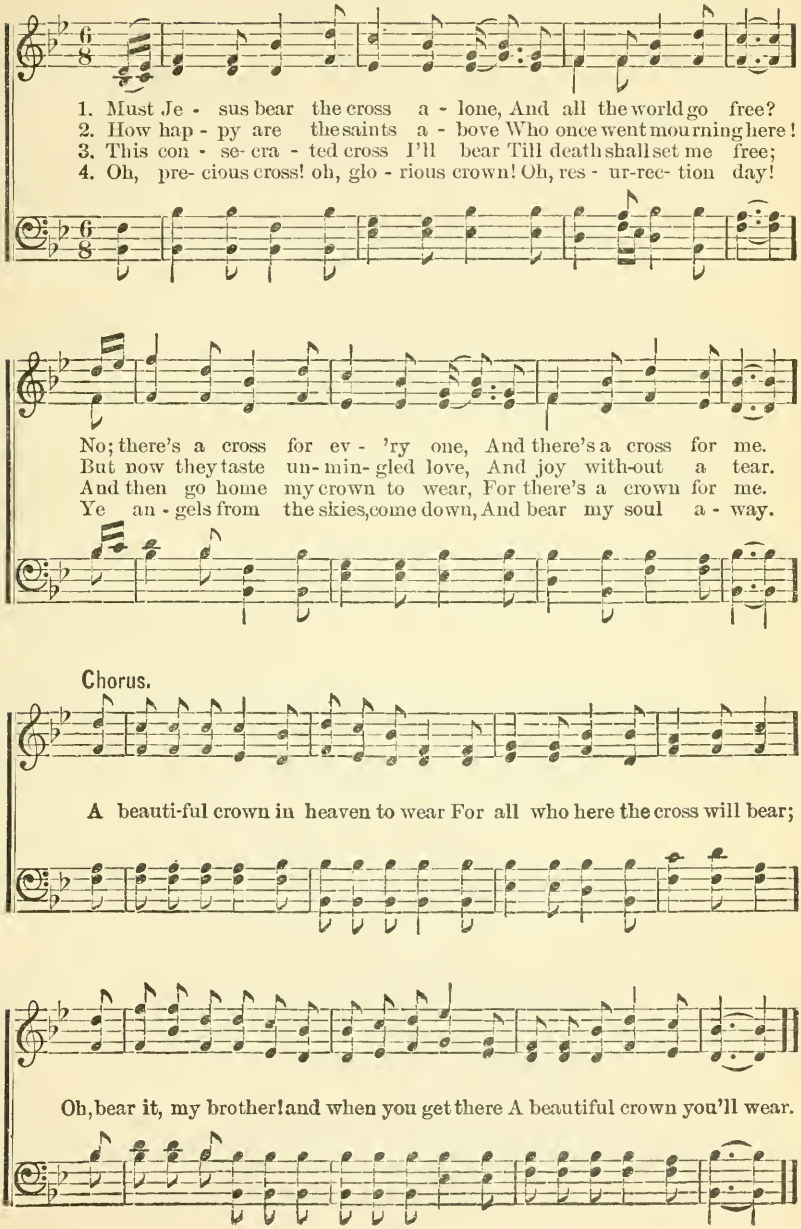


3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethen transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

No. 68. THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

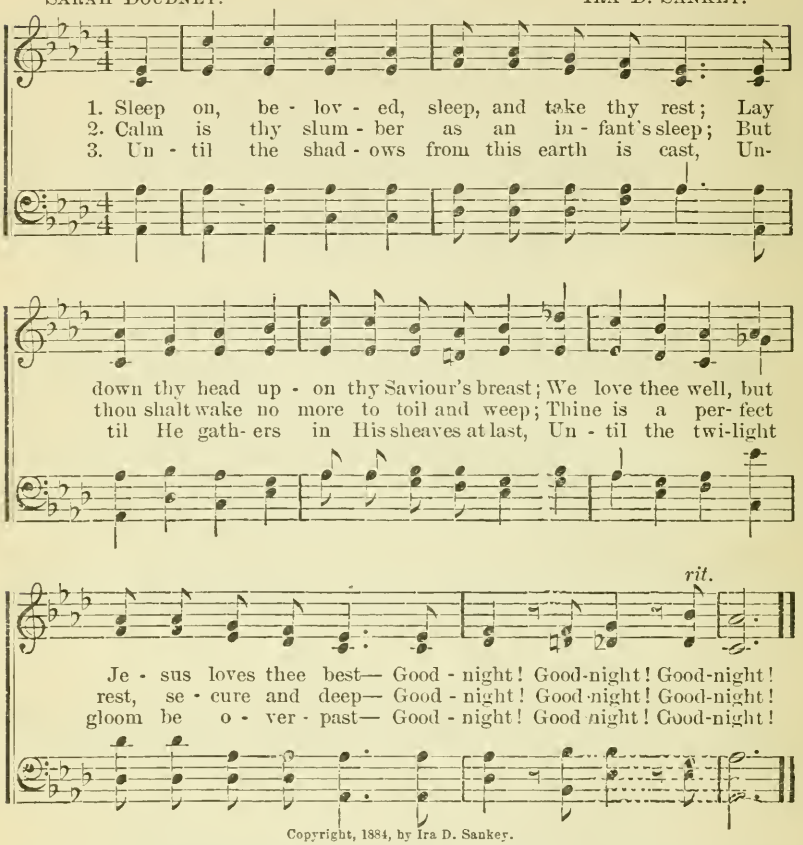
ALLEN. Chorus by I. BALTZELL, by per.



No. 69. THE CHRISTIAN'S "GOOD-NIGHT."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends Good-night, so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

SARAH DOUDNEY. IRA D. SANKEY.



Copyright, 1884, by Ira D. Sankey.

4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall rise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

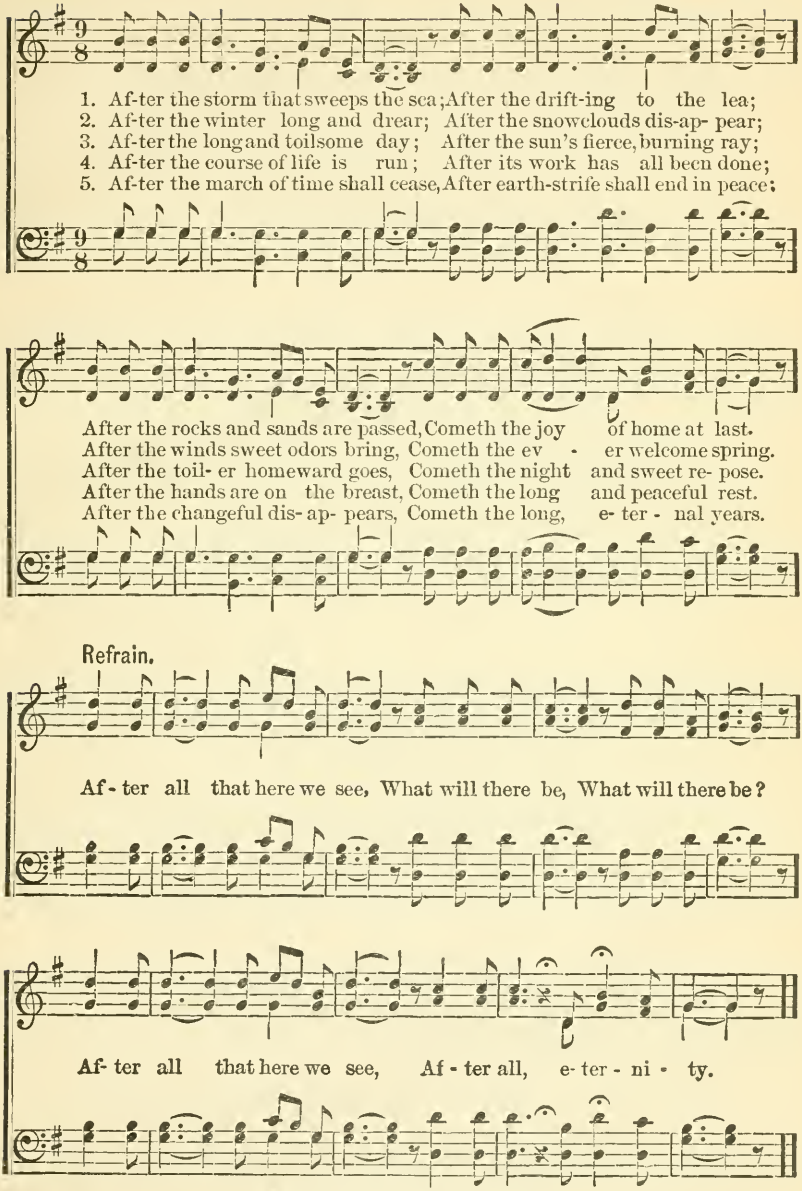
6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

Used by per. The Biglow & Main Co.

No. 70. AFTER.

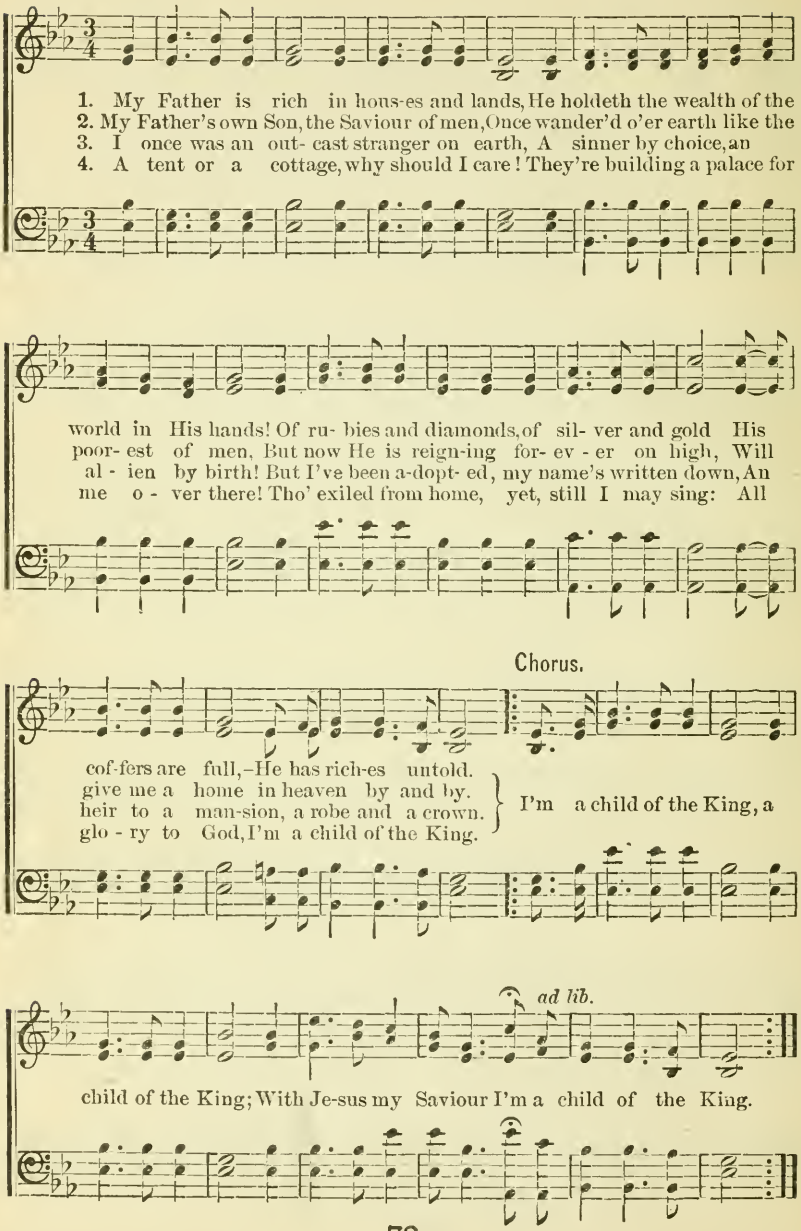
I. I. LESLIE. F. A. BLACKMER.



From the "Gospel Awakening," by per.
Copyright, 1884, by F. A. BLACKMER.

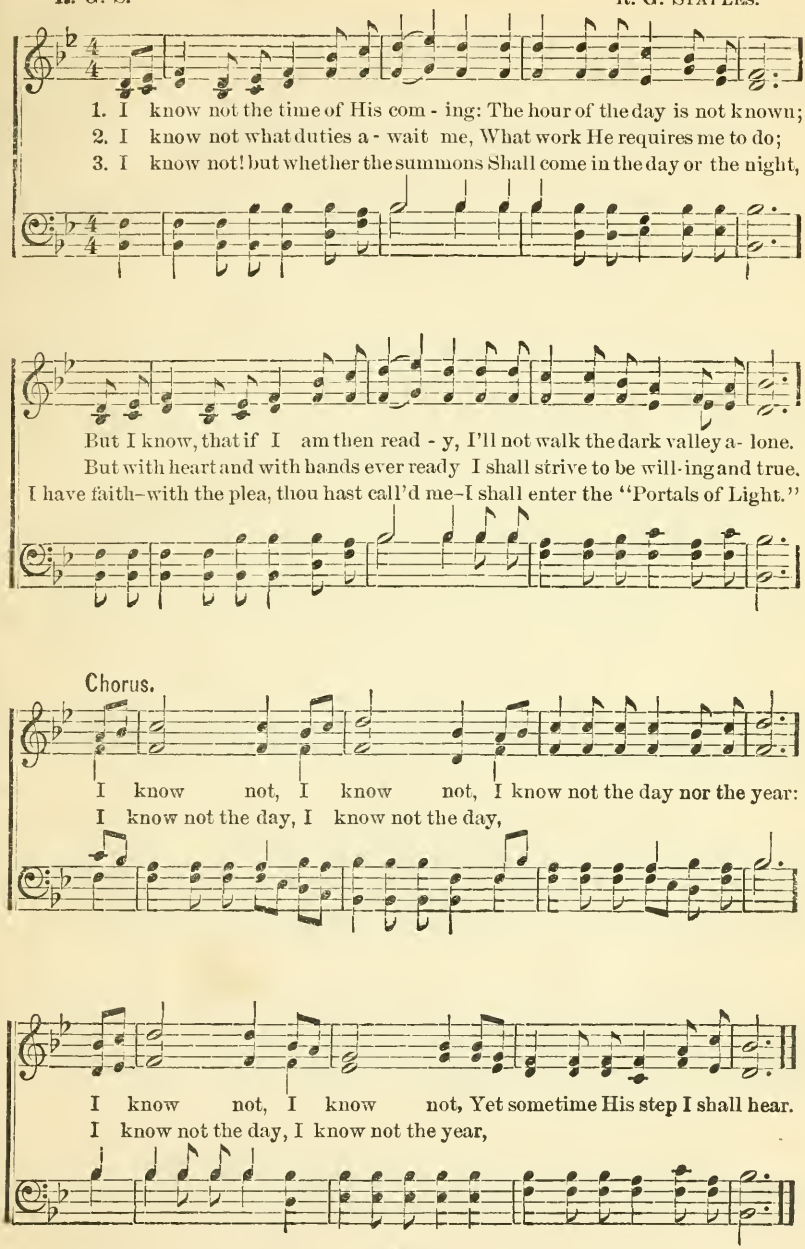
No. 71. A CHILD OF THE KING.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, by per.



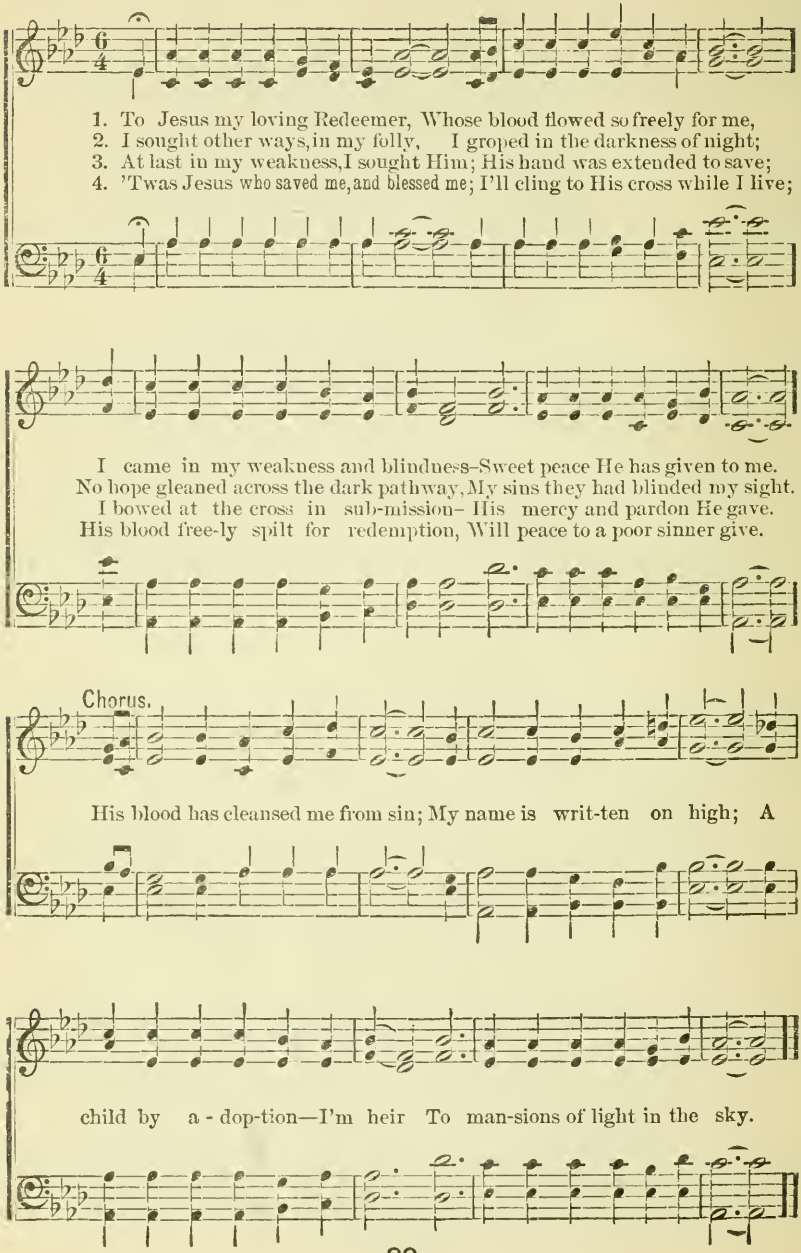
No. 72. THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

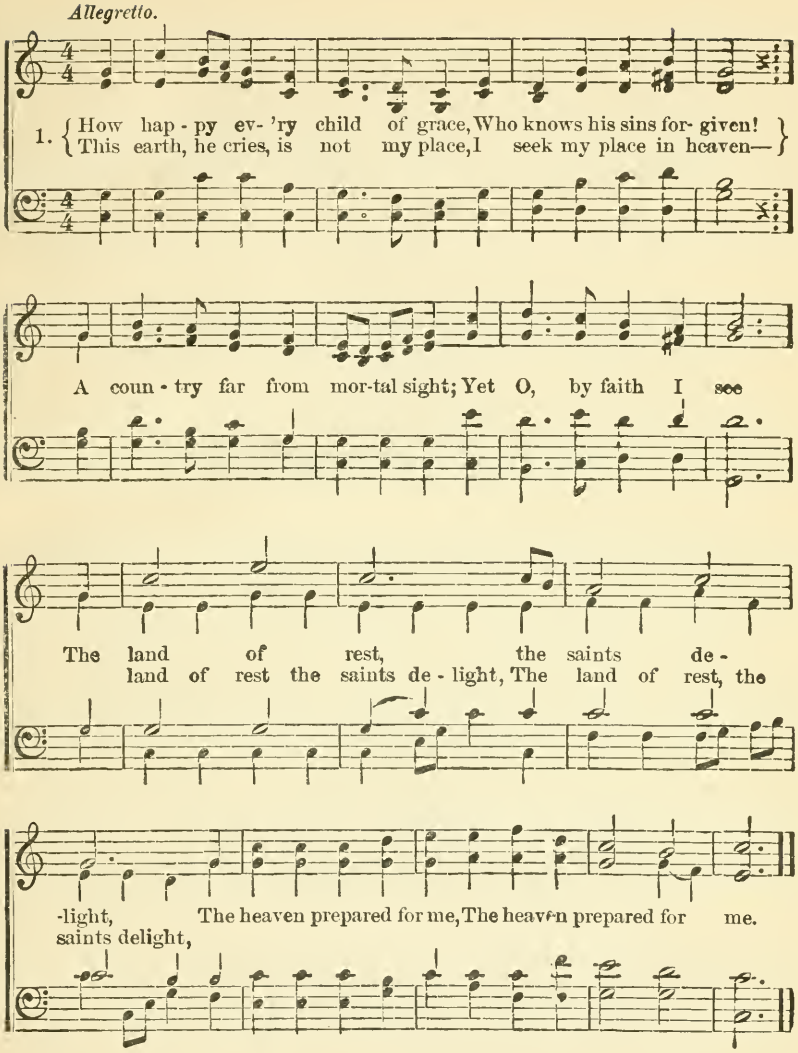


No. 73. MY PEACE I WILL GIVE UNTO THEE.

R. G. STAPLES. JOHN T. GRAPE.



No. 74. THE LAND OF REST.

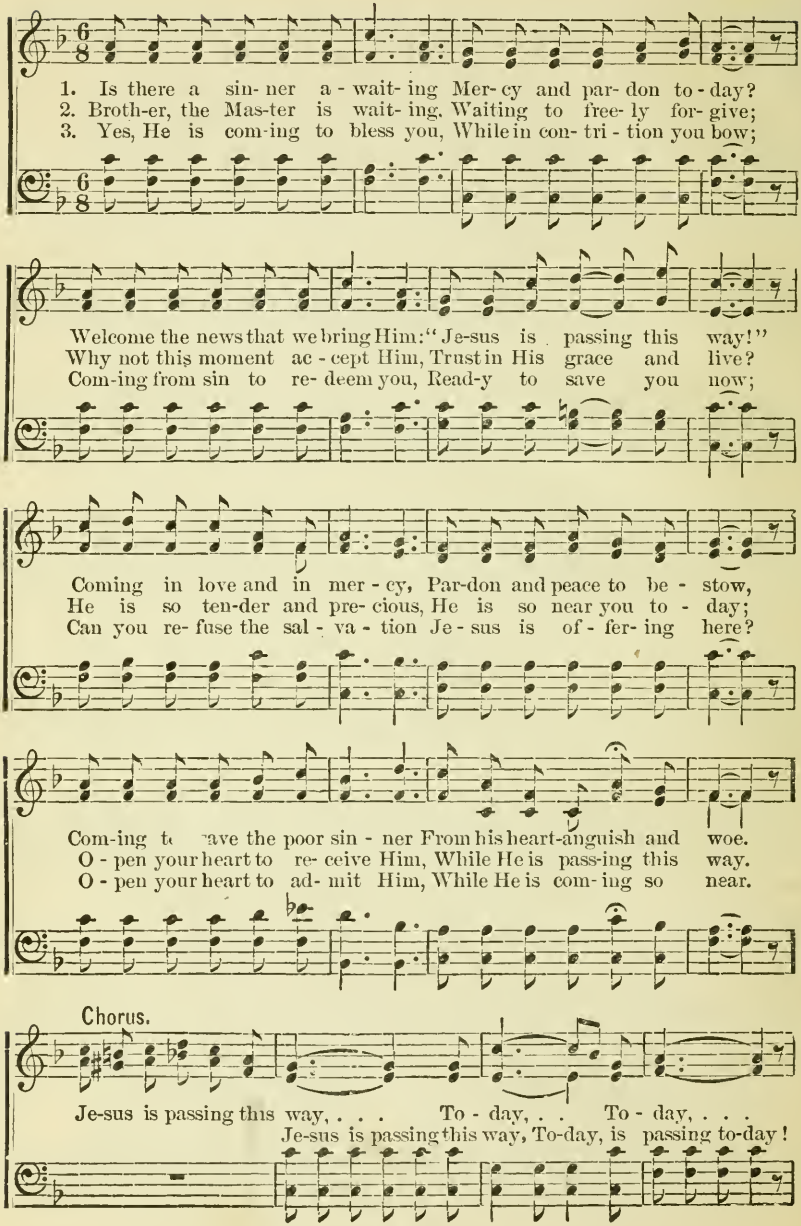


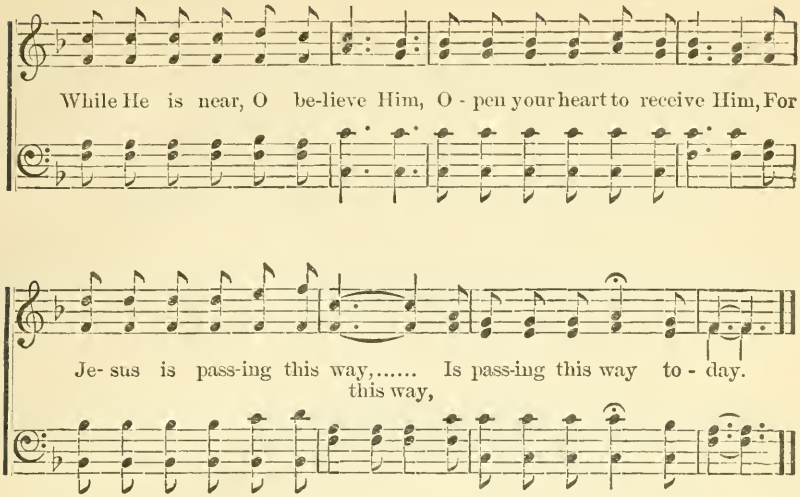
2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirit go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wander at His grace,
Through all eternity.

No. 75. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

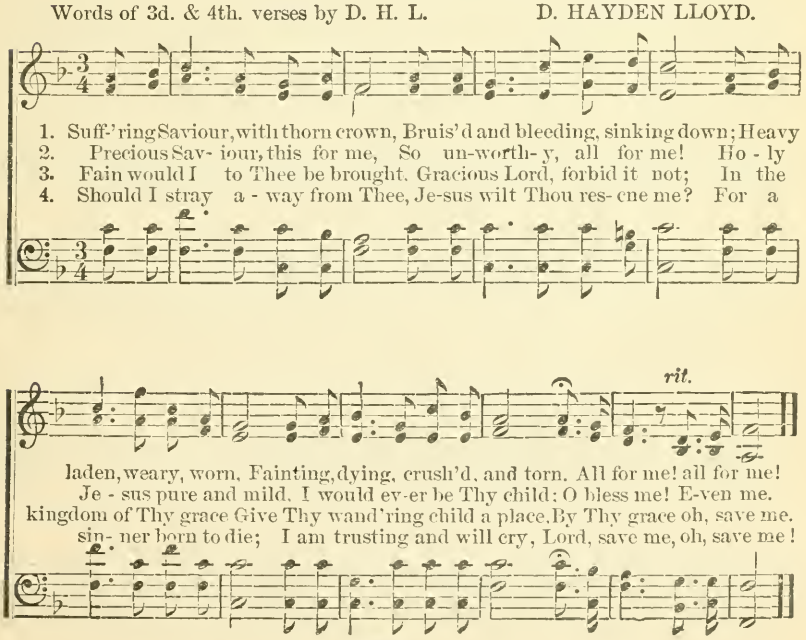
E. A. H. J. H. TENNEY, by per.





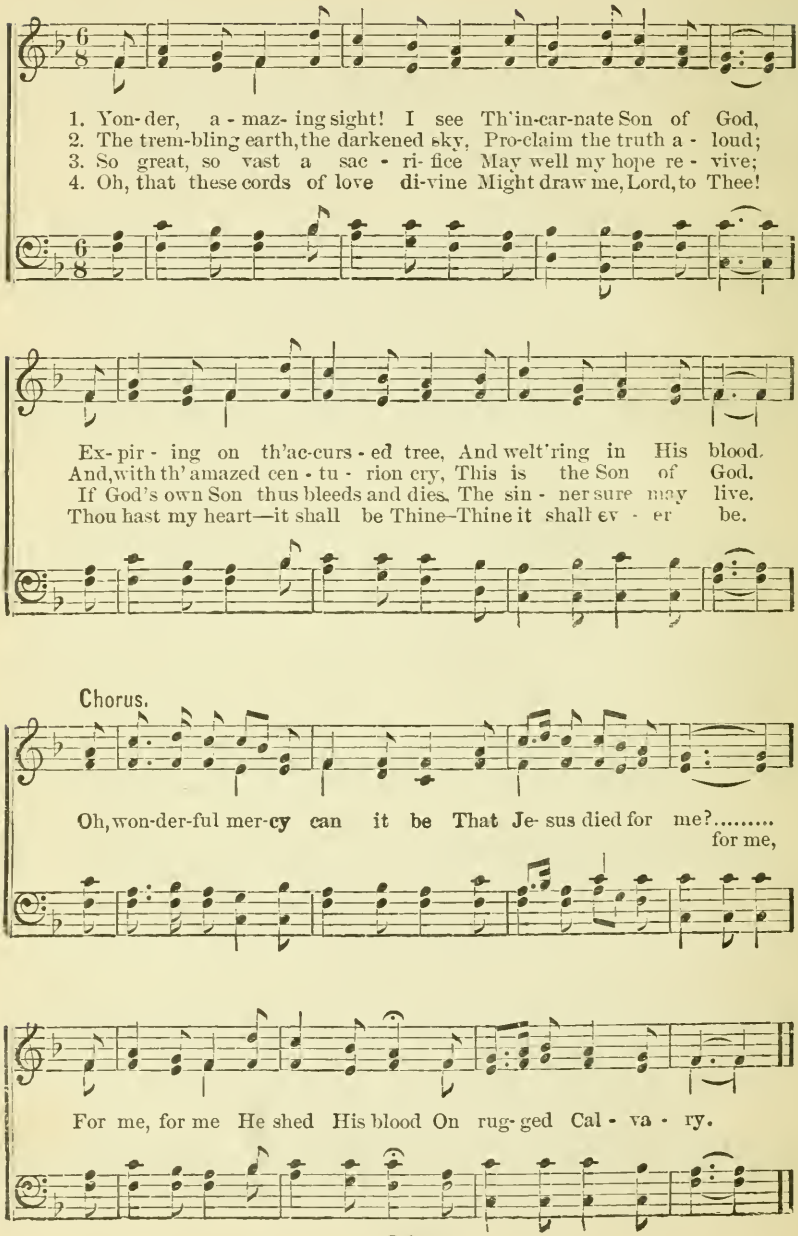
No. 76. Suffering Saviour, Save Me Now.

Words of 3d. & 4th. verses by D. H. L. D. HAYDEN LLOYD.



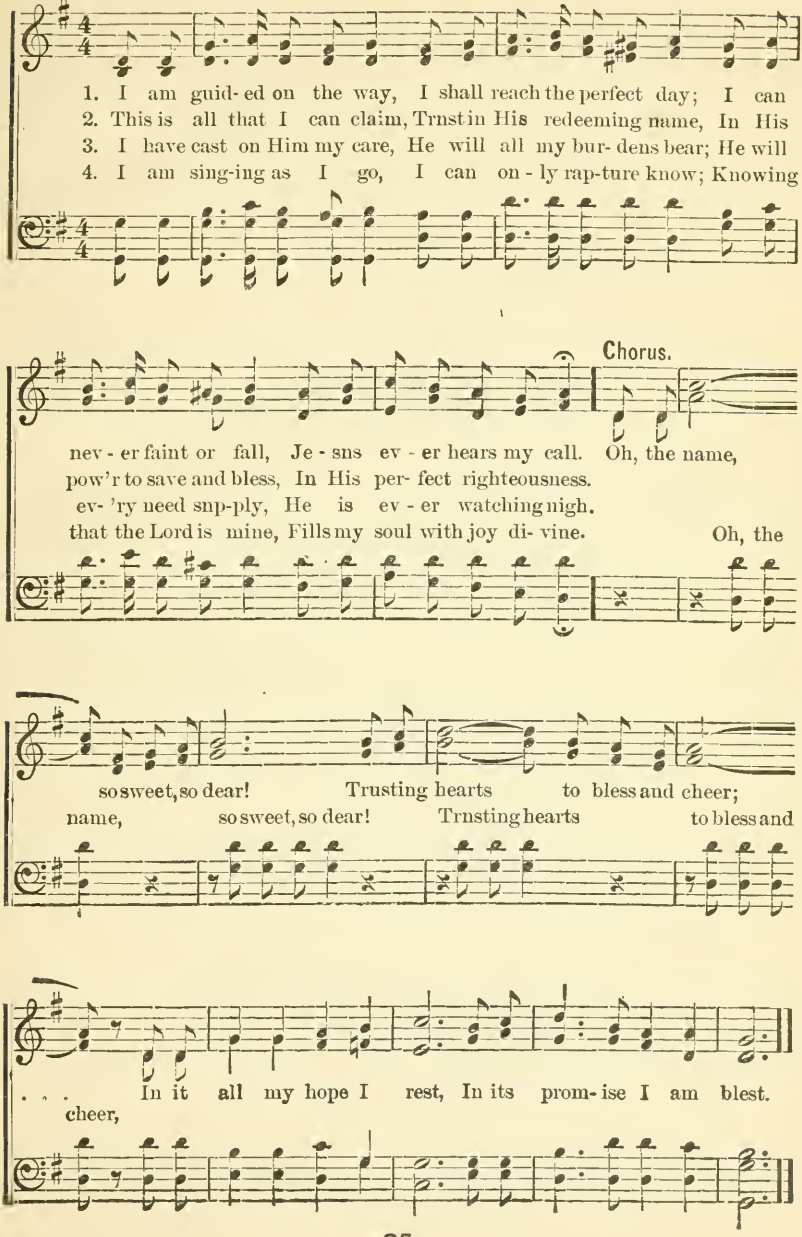
No. 77. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

S. STENNETT. R. G. STAPLES.



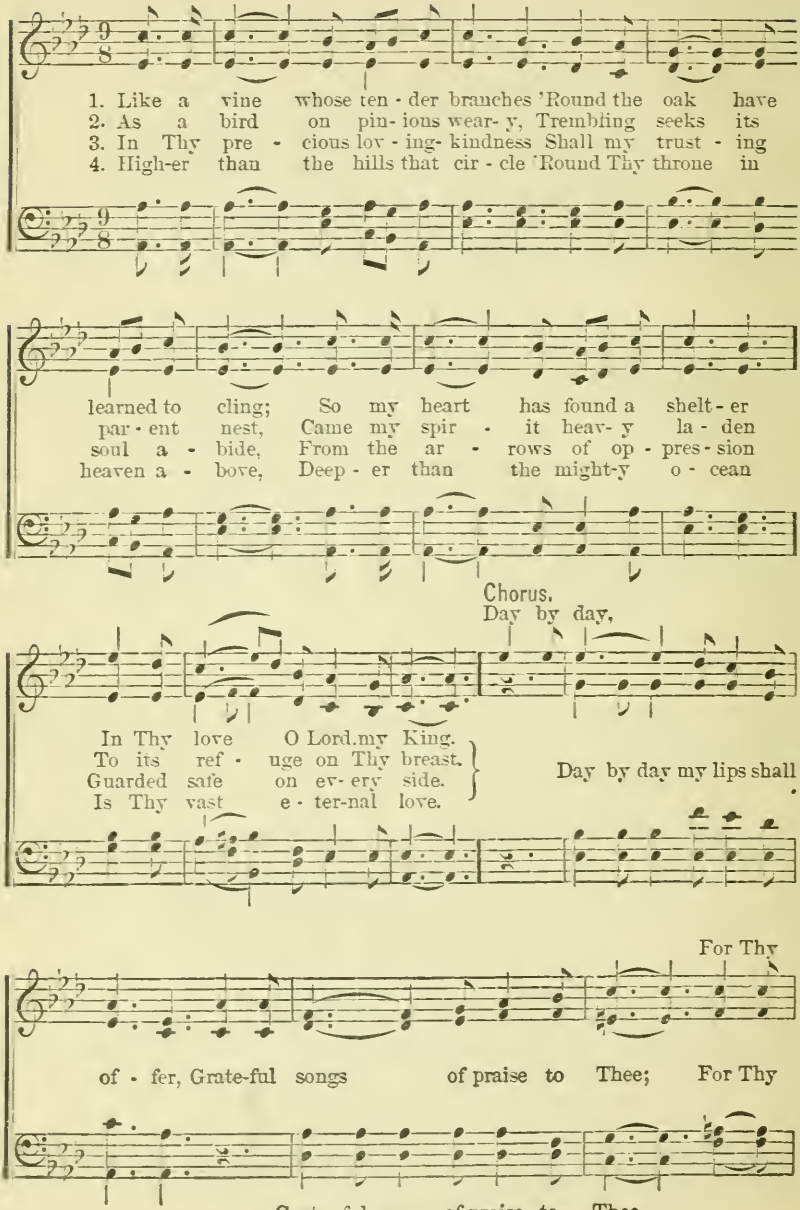
No. 78. NO OTHER NAME.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



No. 79. BETTER FAR THAN LIFE TO ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



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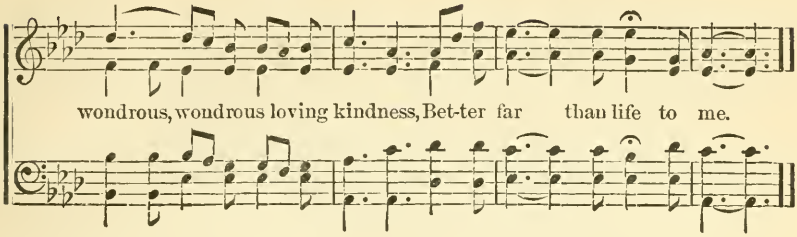
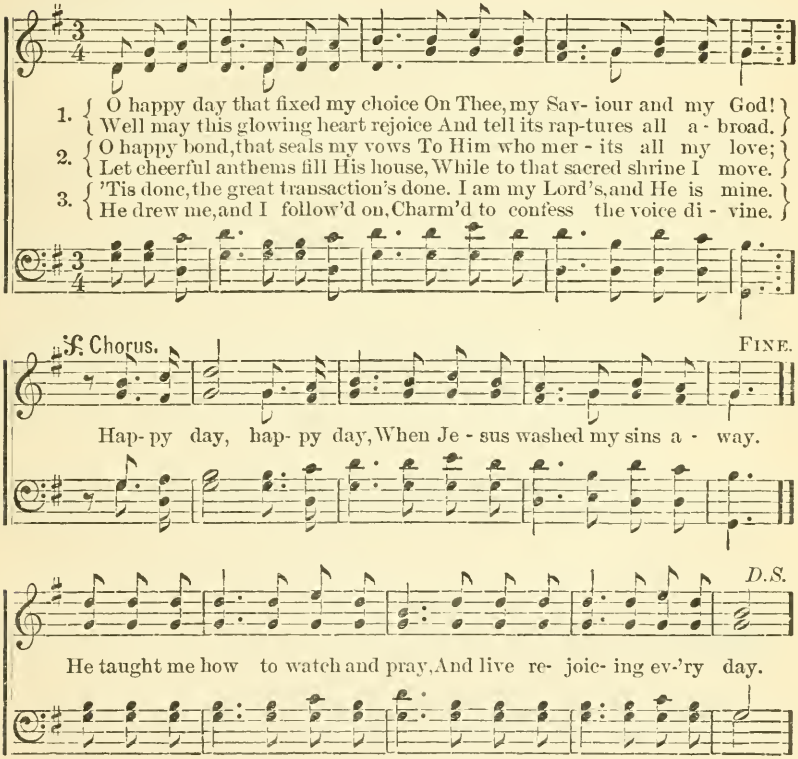


No. 80. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

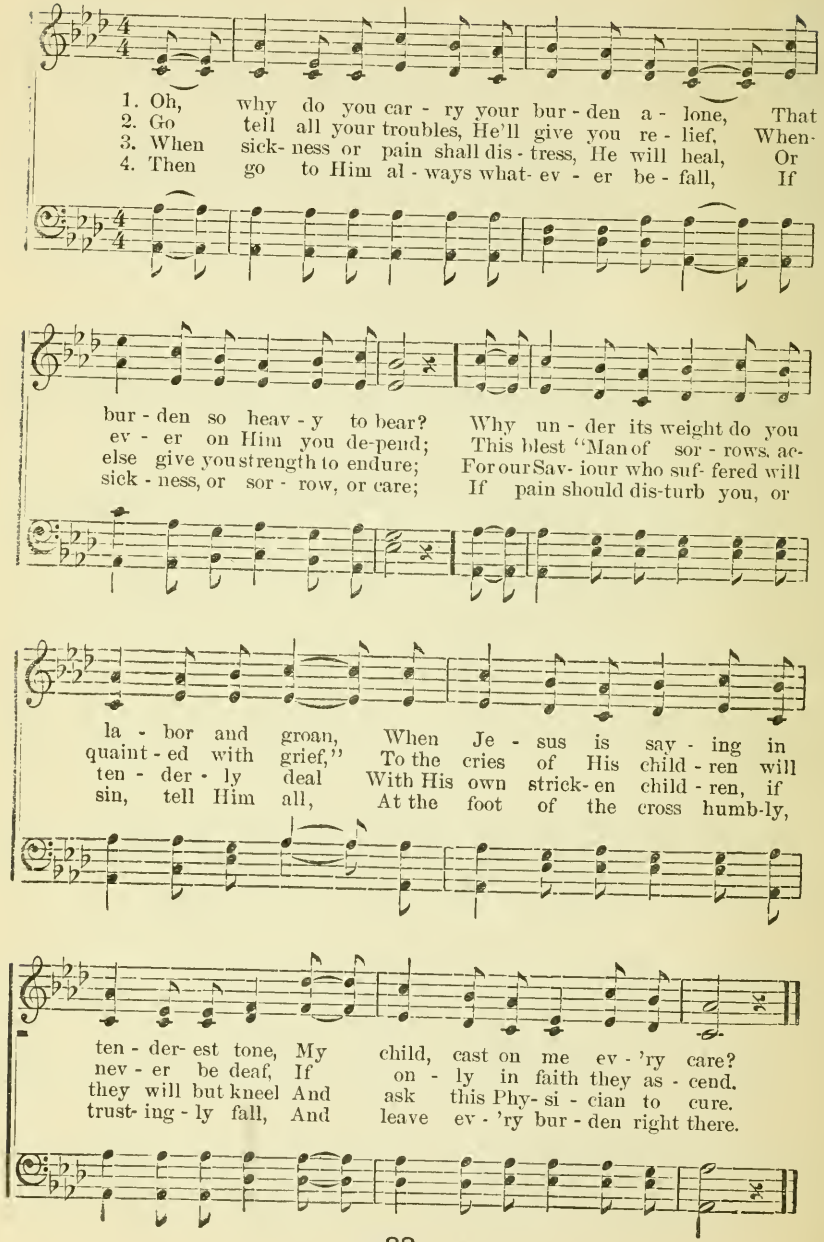


4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possess'd.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

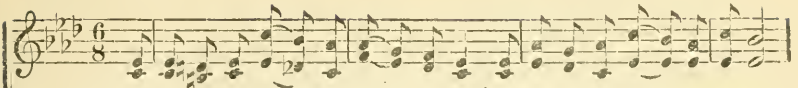
No. 81. CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

M. M. M., "Christian Intelligencer." R. G. STAPLES.

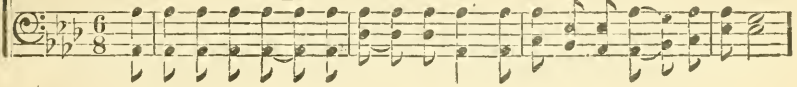


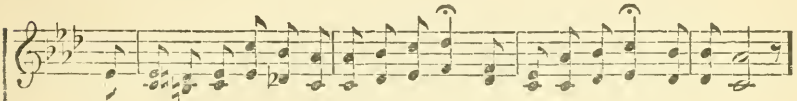
No. 82. NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

W. O. CUSHING. I. BALTZELL, by per.



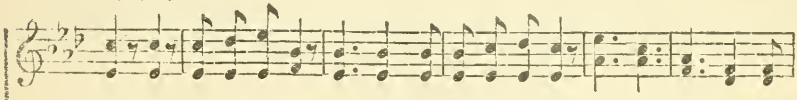
1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and un-for-given,
2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all over;
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near, Remember the love that He gave you;



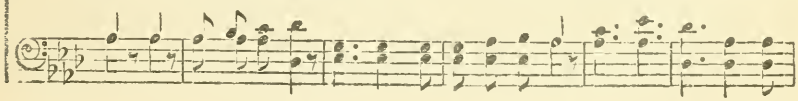


The angel that stands at the beautiful gate, Should answer, No room in heaven.
To know that the reapers had gather'd the grain, And left thee alone forev-er.
The love that hath sought thee is seeking thee still, And Jesus now waits to save you.

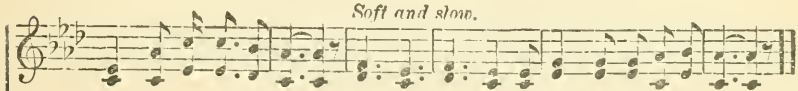
Refrain.



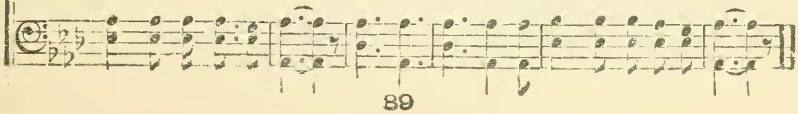
Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No



Soft and slow.



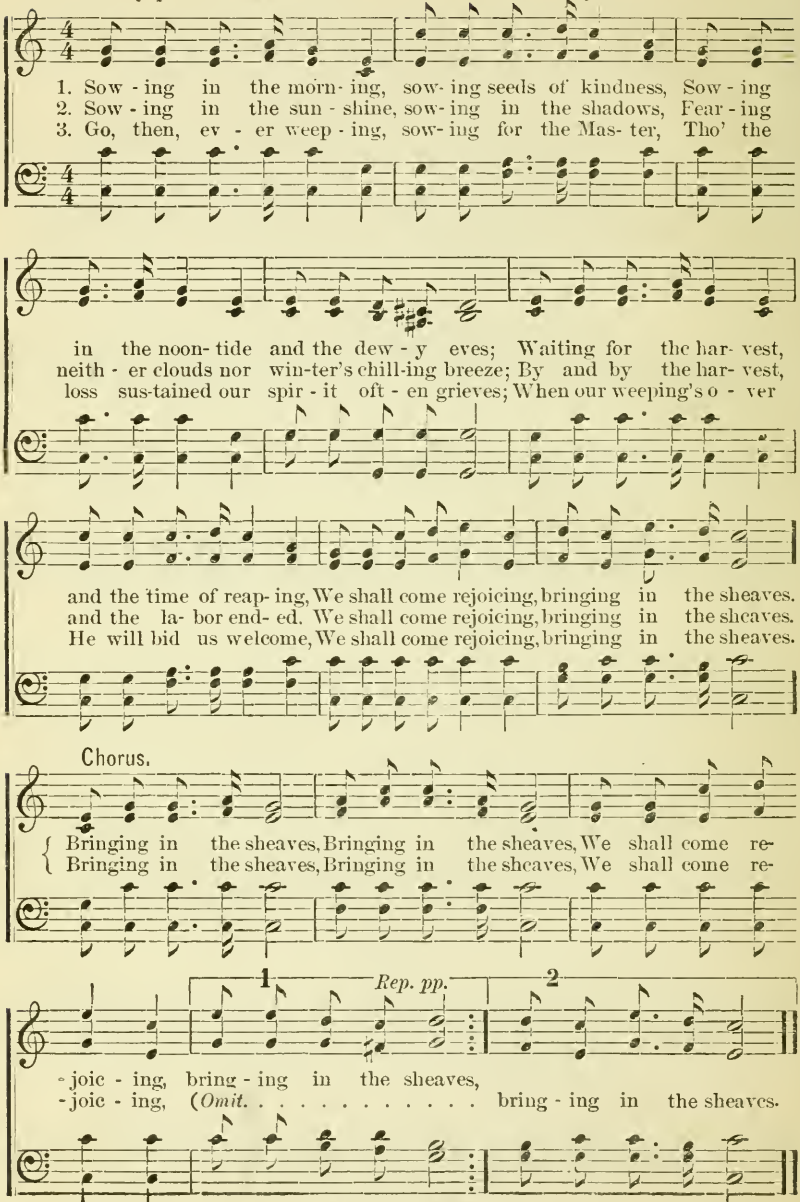
room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee



No. 83. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. Words by per. FILLMORE BROS.

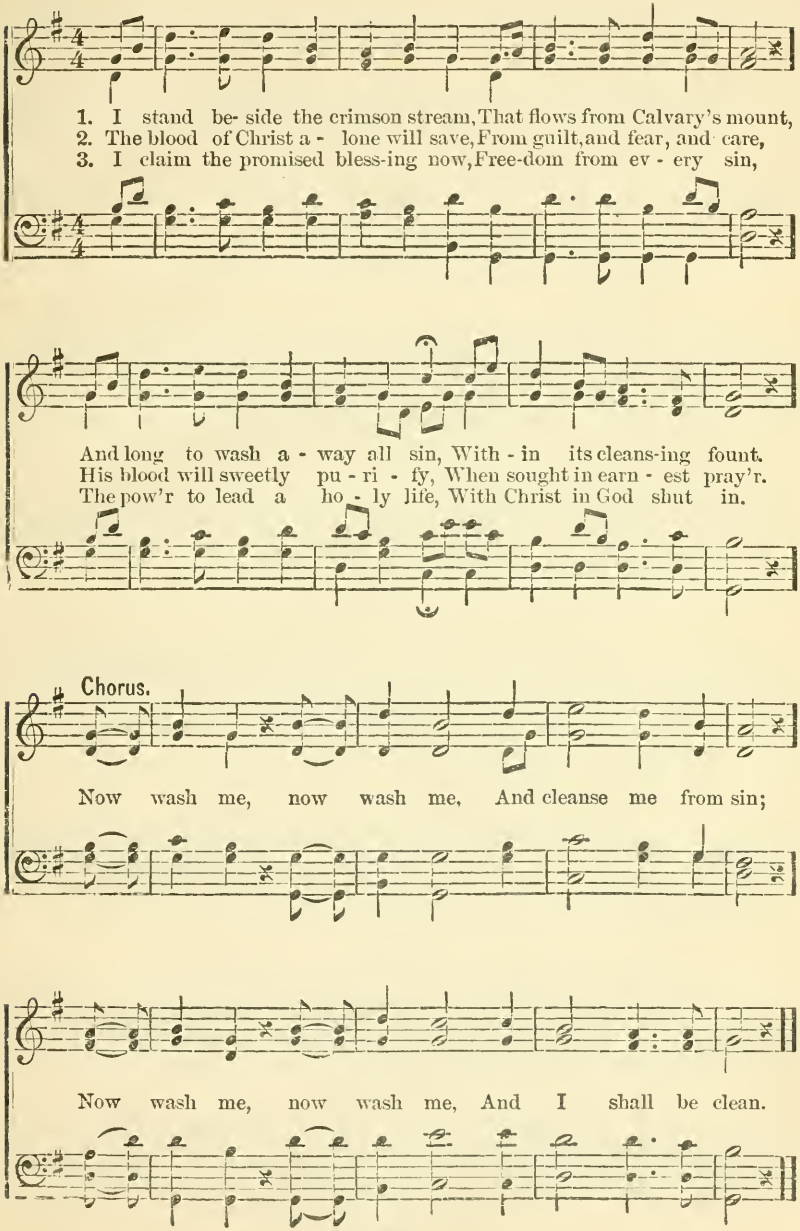
GEO. A. MINOR. Arr. by R. G. STAPLES.



From "Gospel Echoes."

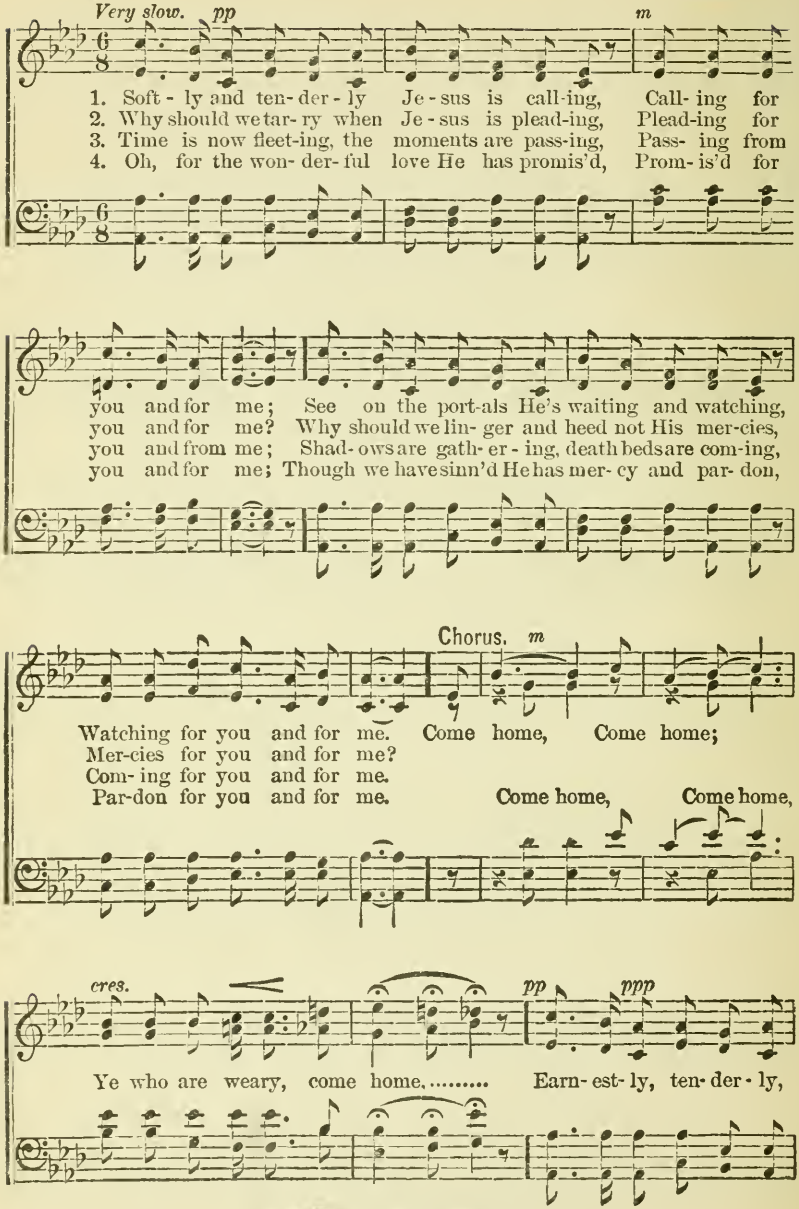
No. 84. THE CRIMSON STREAM.

Rev. J. W. STEVENSON. S. B. ELLENBERGER, by per.

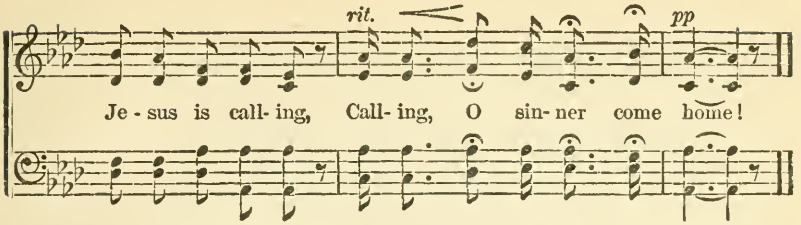


No. 85. Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

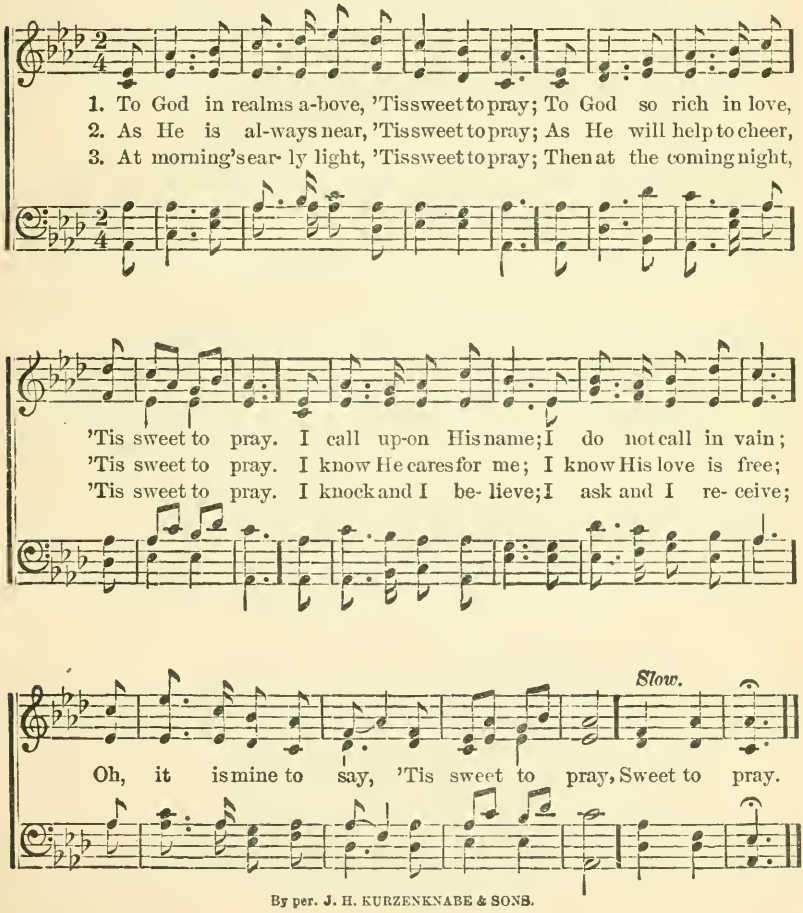


By per. W. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, Ohio.



No. 86. 'TIS SWEET TO PRAY.

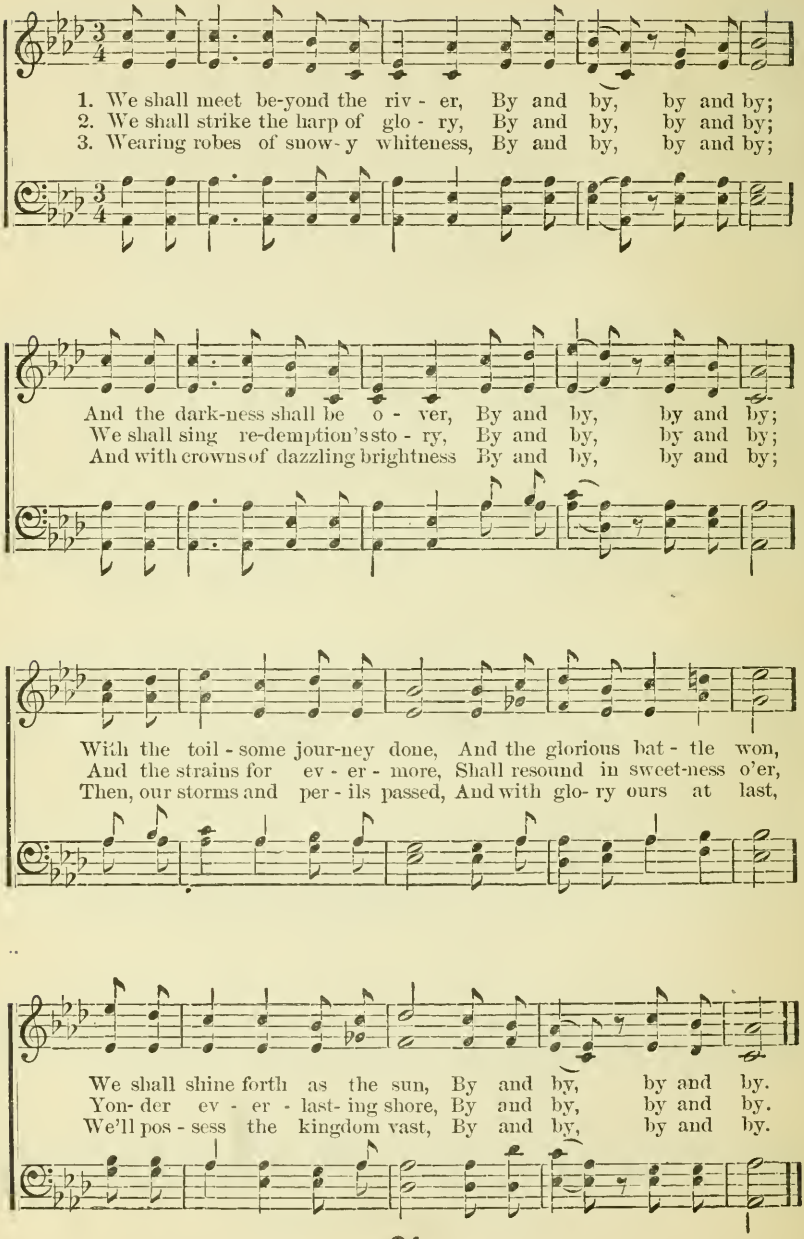
E. A. BARNES. G. J. KURZENKNABE.



By per. J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

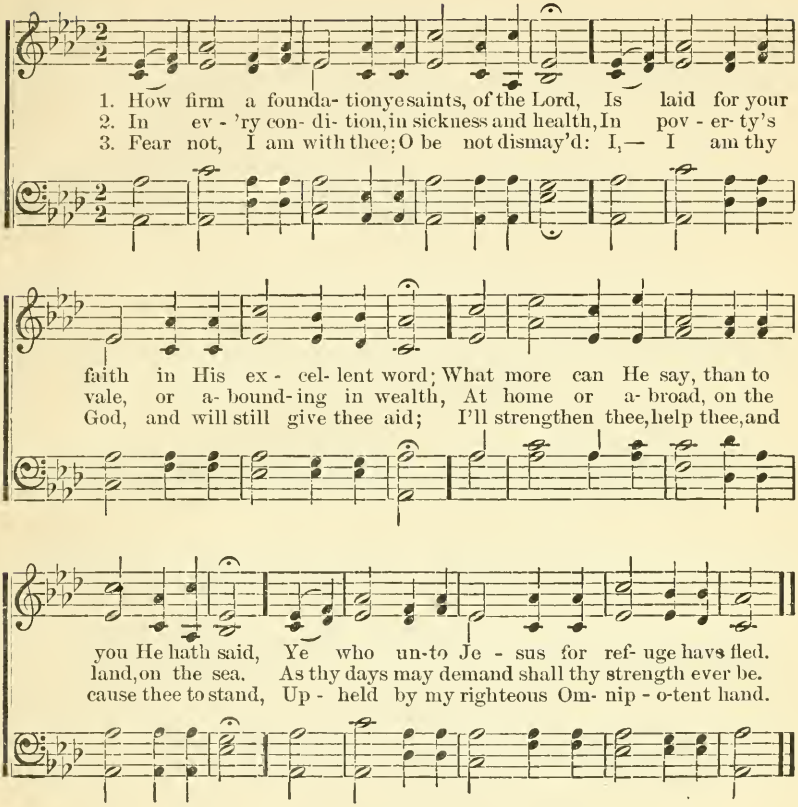
No. 87. BY AND BY.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON, D. D. R. G. STAPLES.



No. 88. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Arranged.



4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

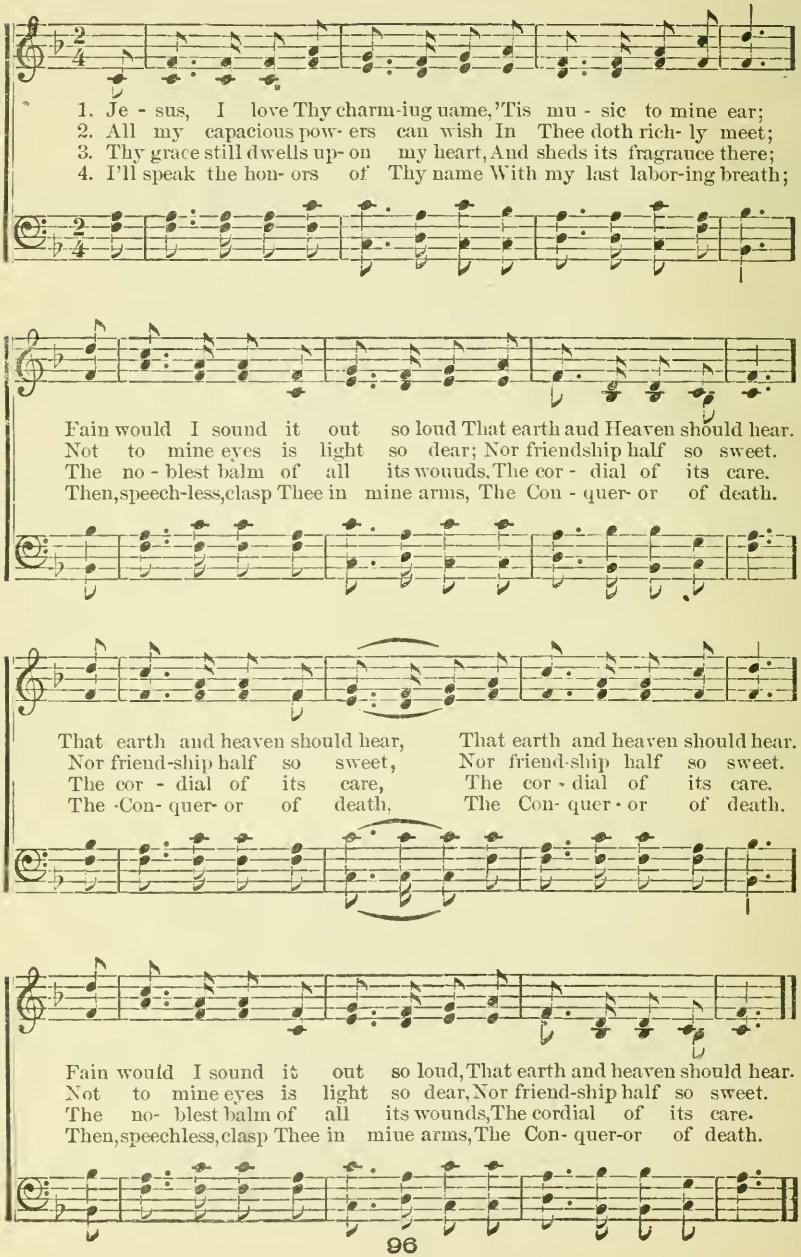
5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not harm thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age all my people shall prove
My constant, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

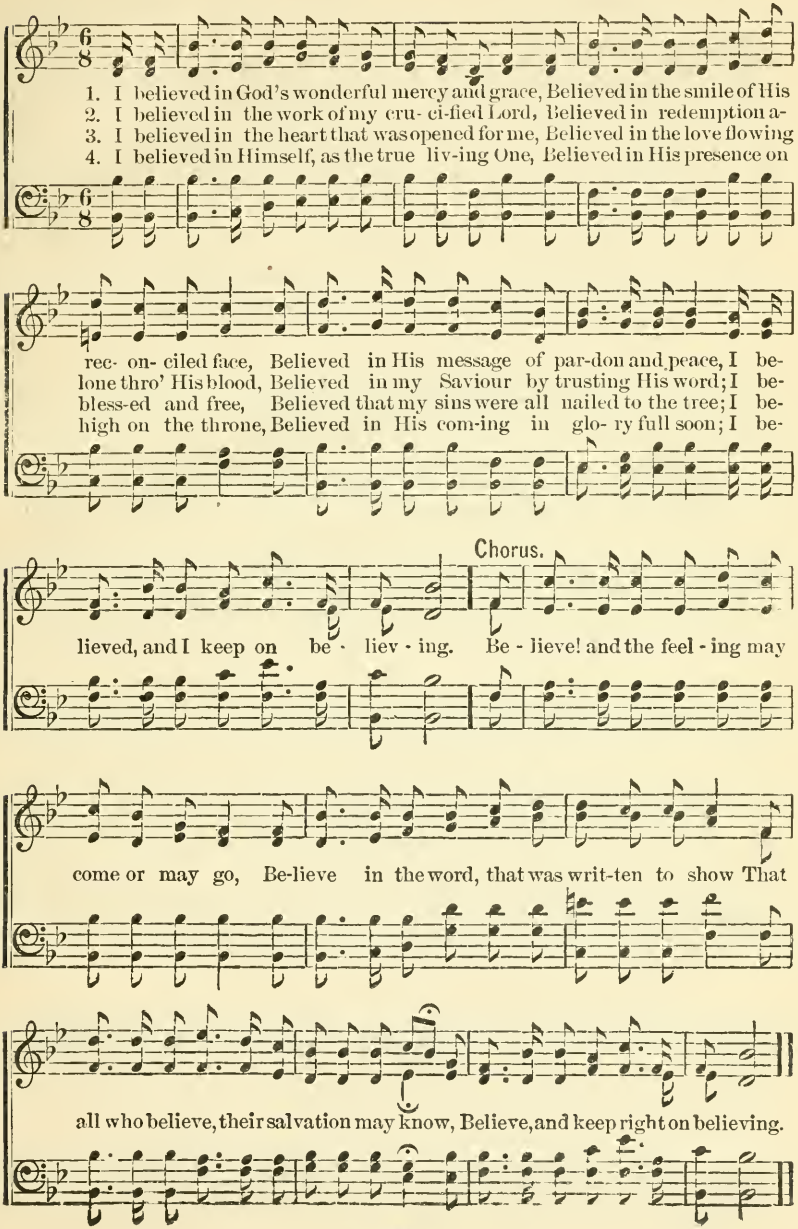
No. 89. JESUS, I LOVE THY CHARMING NAME.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.



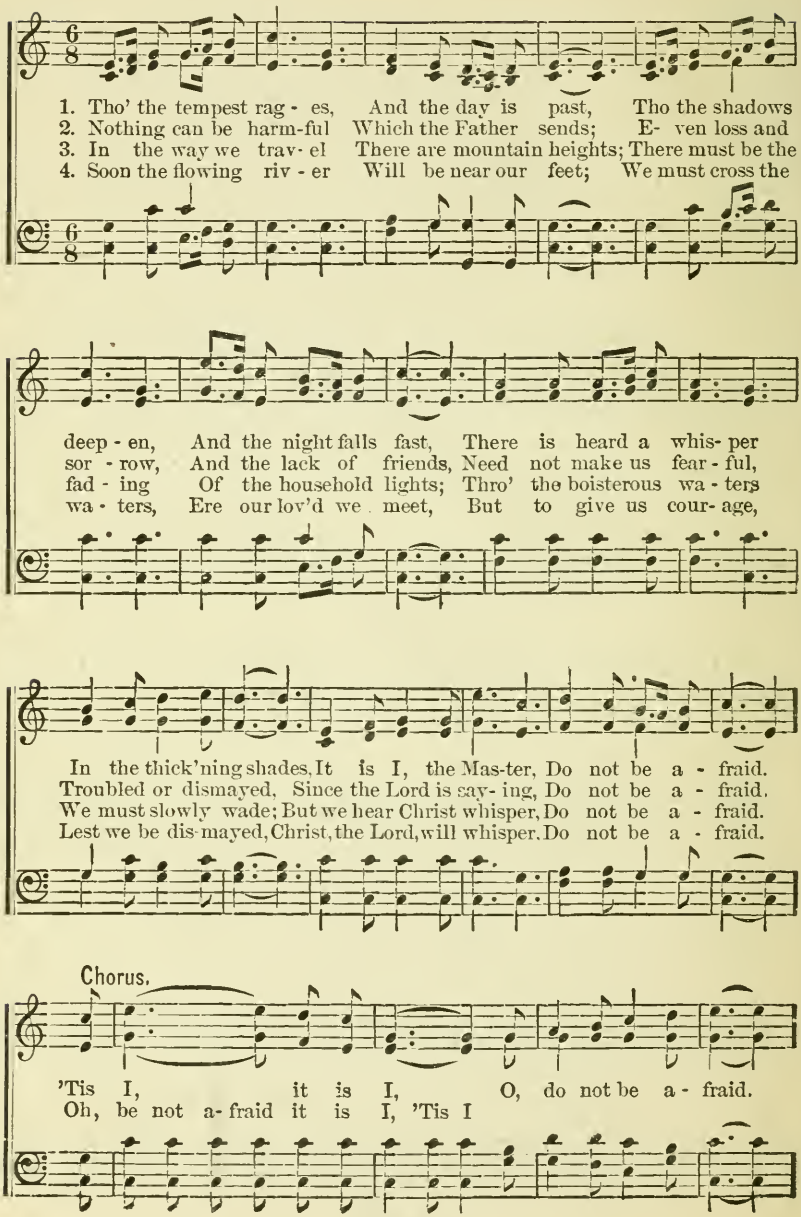
No. 90. BELIEVE, AND KEEP ON BELIEVING.

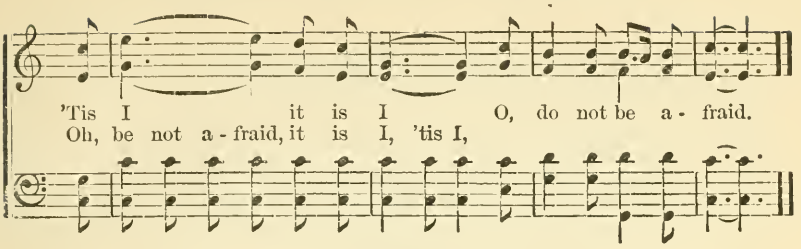
Arr. from W. L. by EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



No. 91. BE NOT AFRAID.

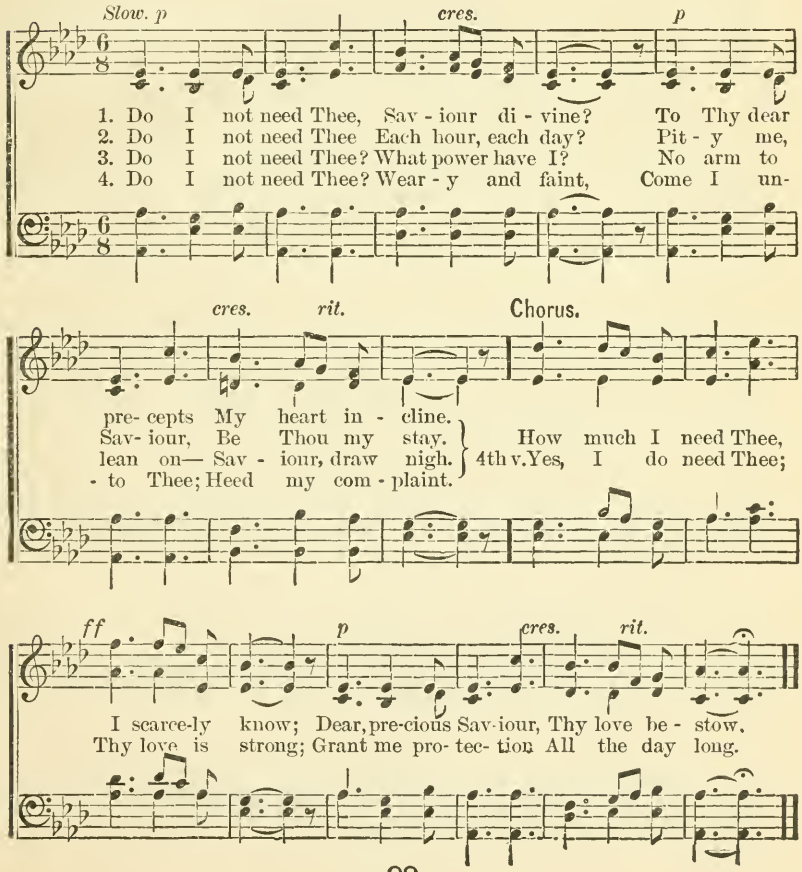
MARIANNE FARMINGHAM. R. G. STAPLES





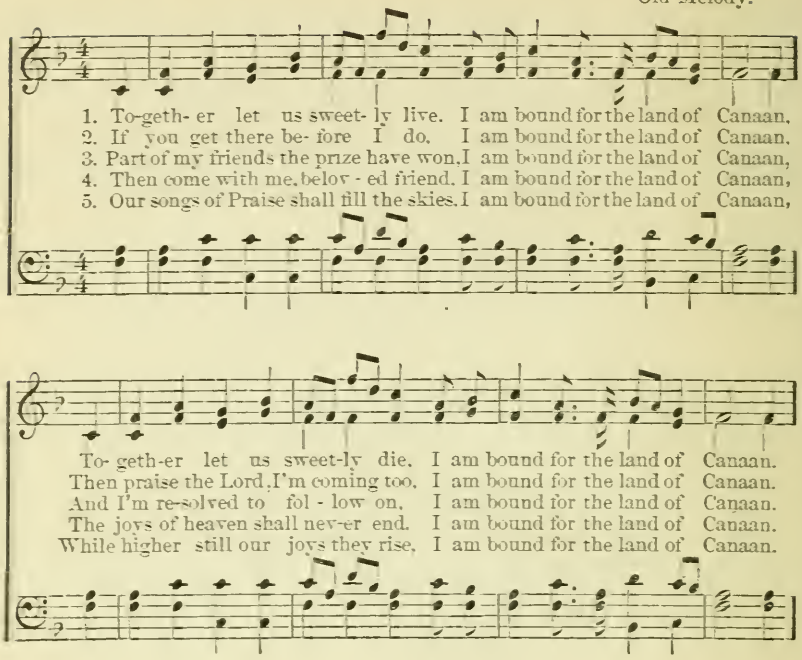
No. 92. DO I NOT NEED THEE?

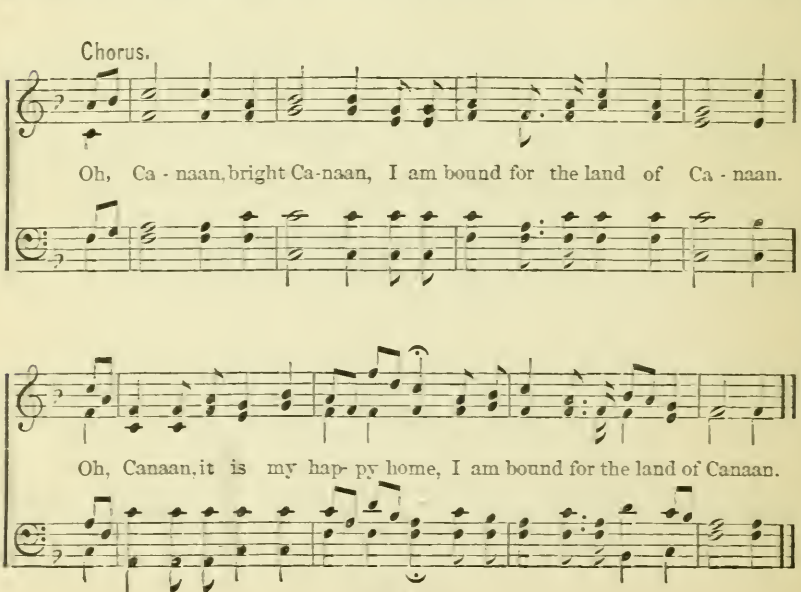
R. G. STAPLES. M. L. MCPHAIL.



No. 93. BRIGHT CANAAN.

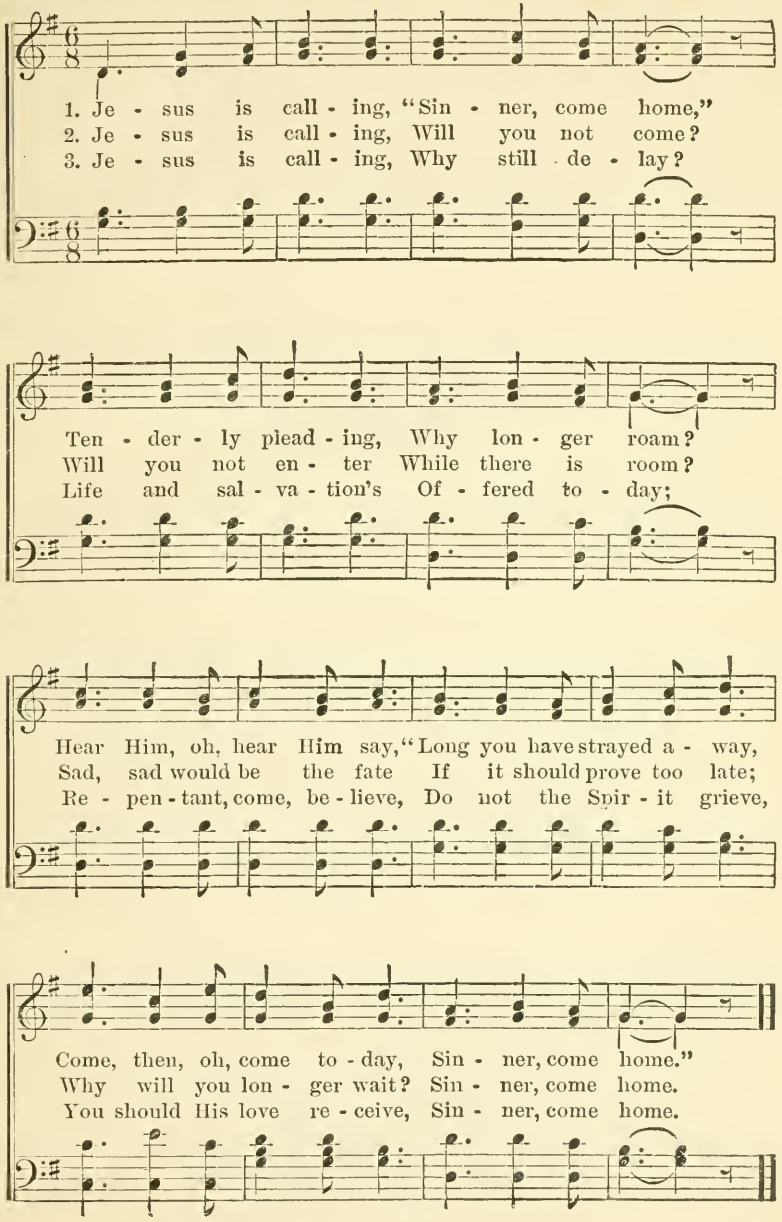
Old Melody.





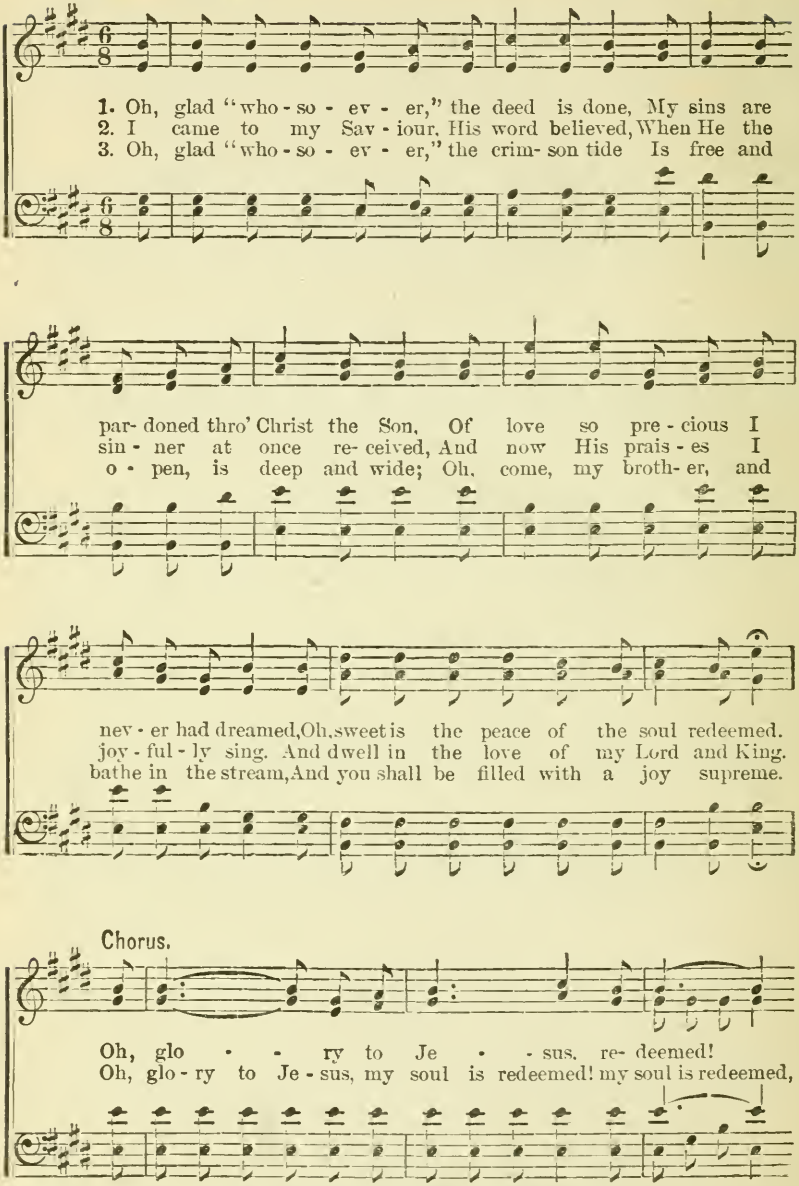
NO. 94. JESUS IS CALLING.

FRANK M. DAVIS. THOMAS F. SIMMS.

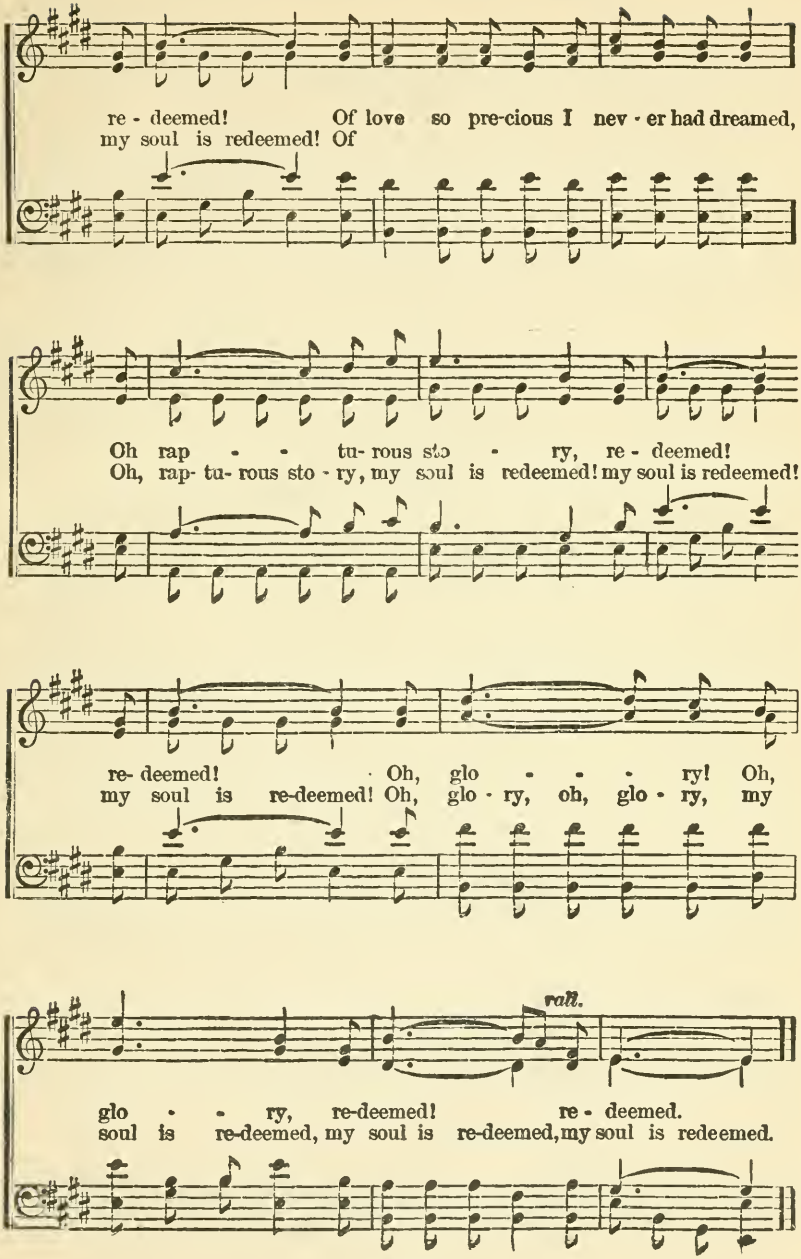


No. 95. REDEEMED.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

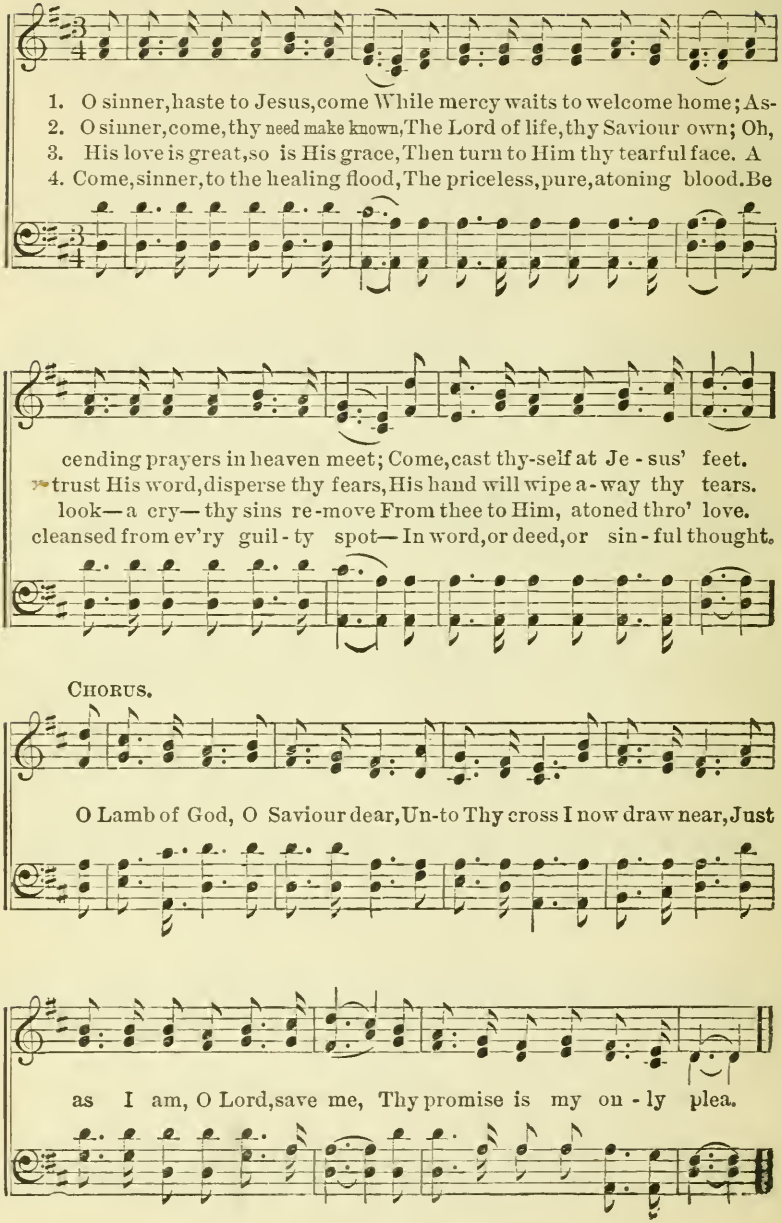


Copyright, 1883, by D. B. TOWNER. Used by per.


re - deemed! Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed,
my soul is redeemed! Of
Oh rap - - tu- rous sto - ry, re - deemed!
Oh, rap- tu- rous sto - ry, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!
re- deemed! Oh, glo - - - ry! Oh,
my soul is re-deemed! Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, my
rall.
glo - - ry, re-deemed! re - deemed.
soul is re-deemed, my soul is re-deemed, my soul is redeemed.

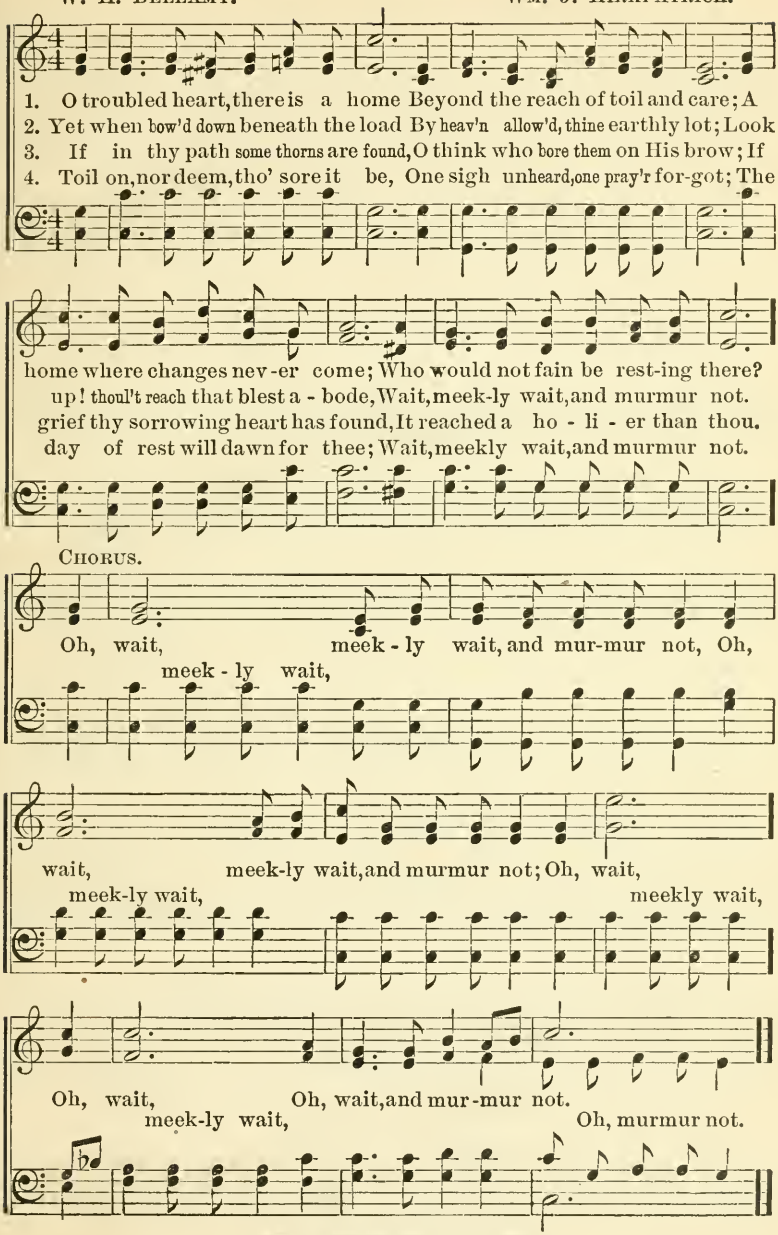
No. 96. O SINNER, HASTE TO JESUS.

Rev. Geo. E. Truett. R. G. Staples.



No. 97. WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

W. H. Bellamy. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



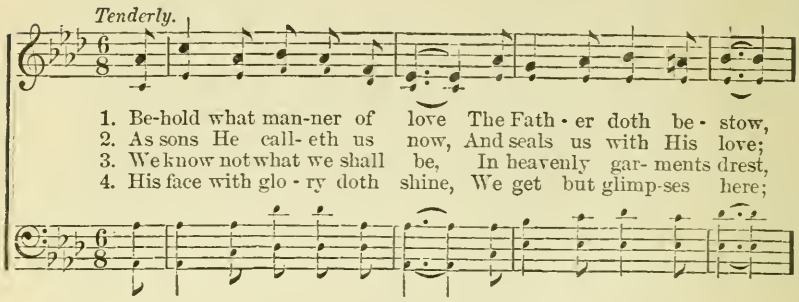
From "Leaflet Gems" by per. JOHN J. HOOD.

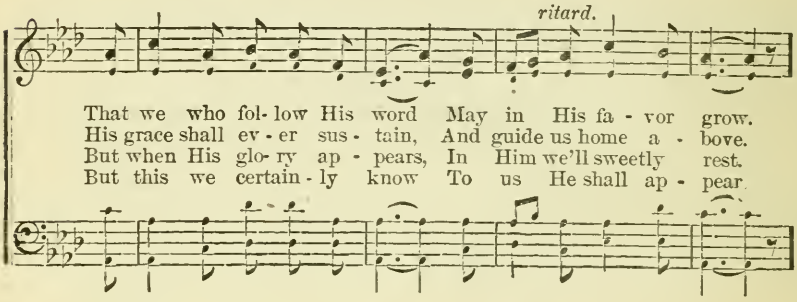
No. 98. BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.

(May be sung as Chorus by using grace notes.)

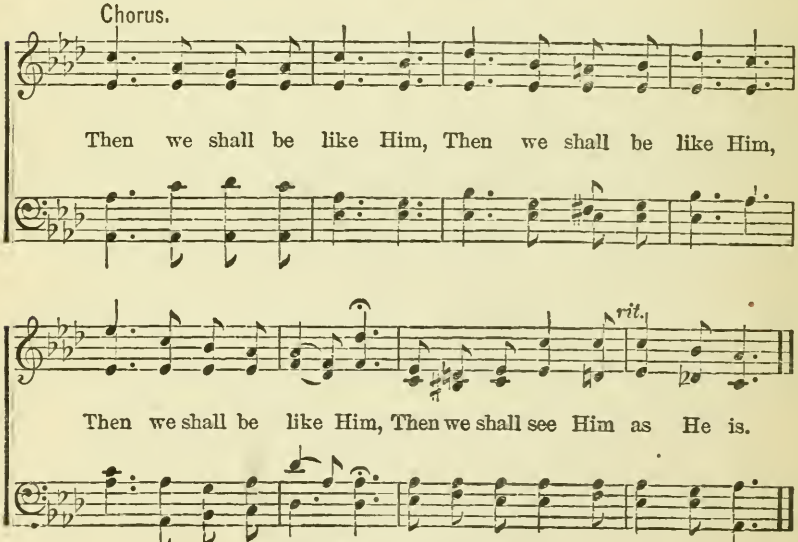
Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Tenderly.





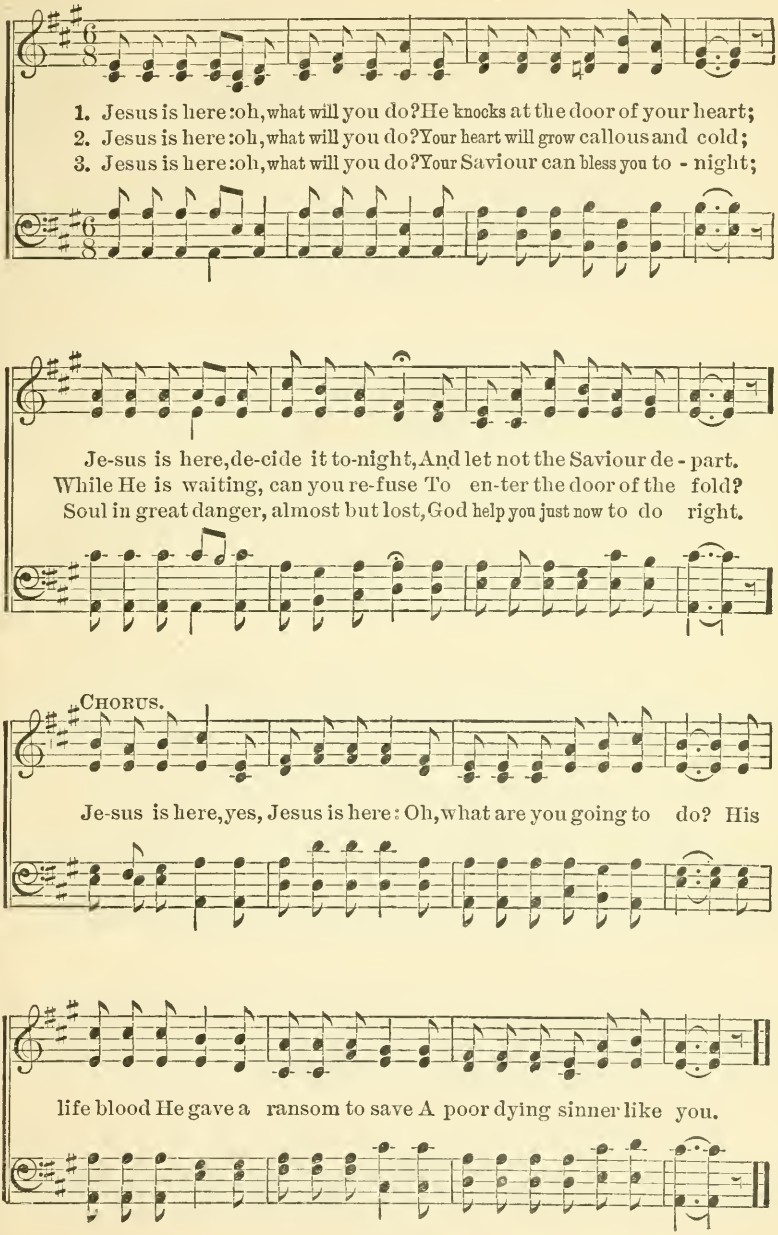
Chorus.



Copyright, 1888, by W. H. DOANE.

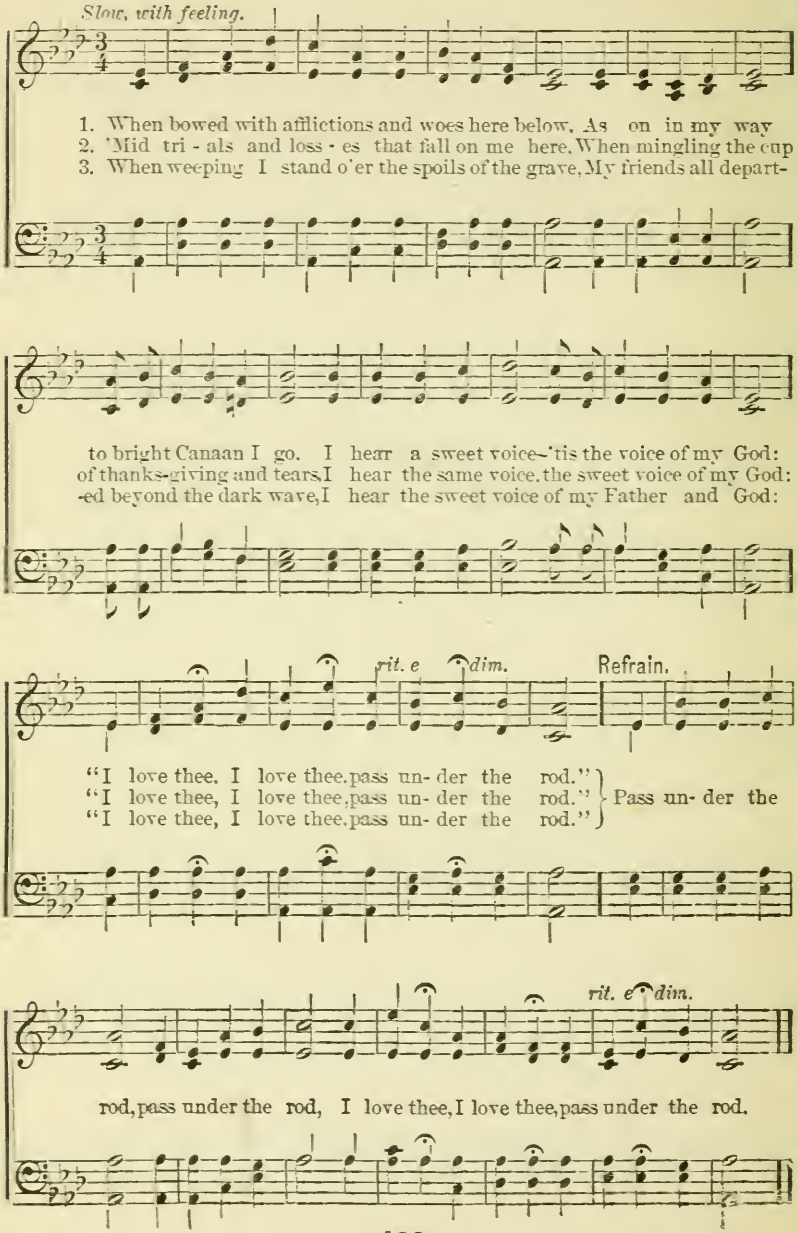
No. 99. JESUS IS HERE.

R. G. STAPLES. FRANK M. DAVIS.



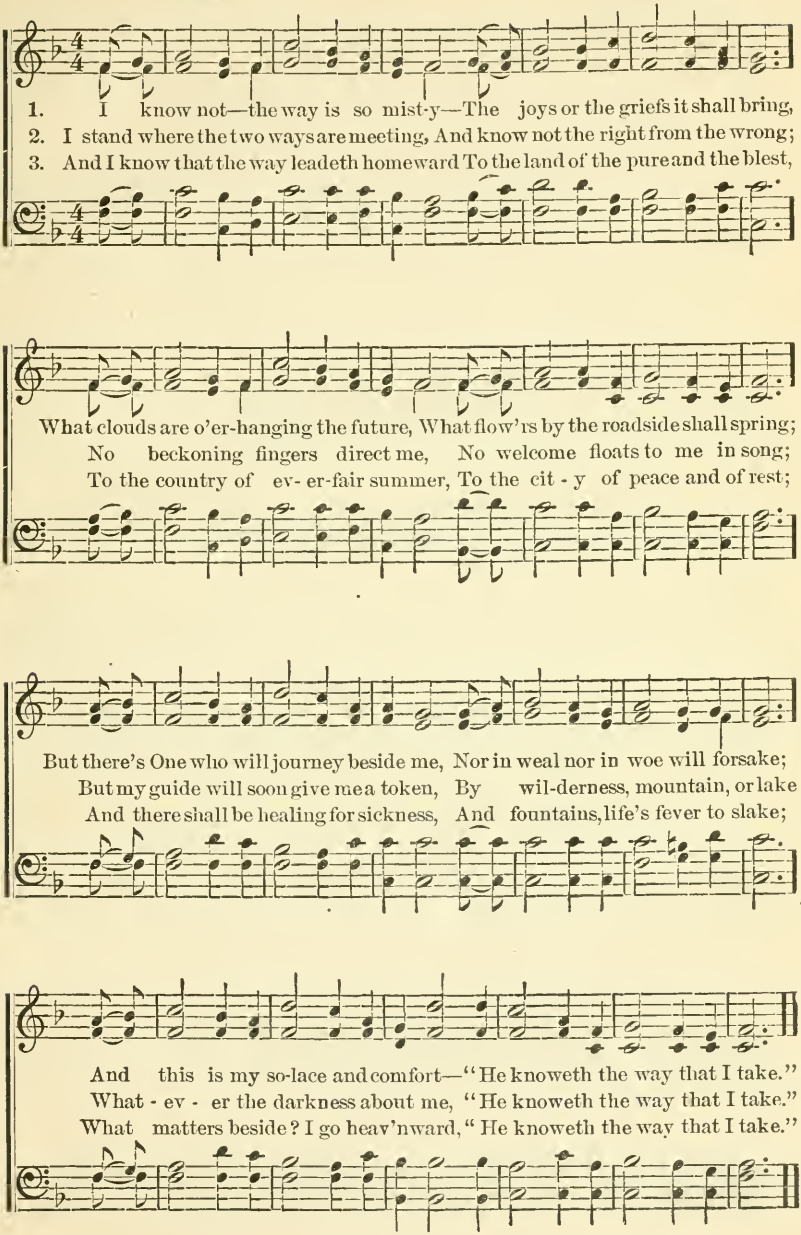
No. 100. PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

Rev. W. T. DALE. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



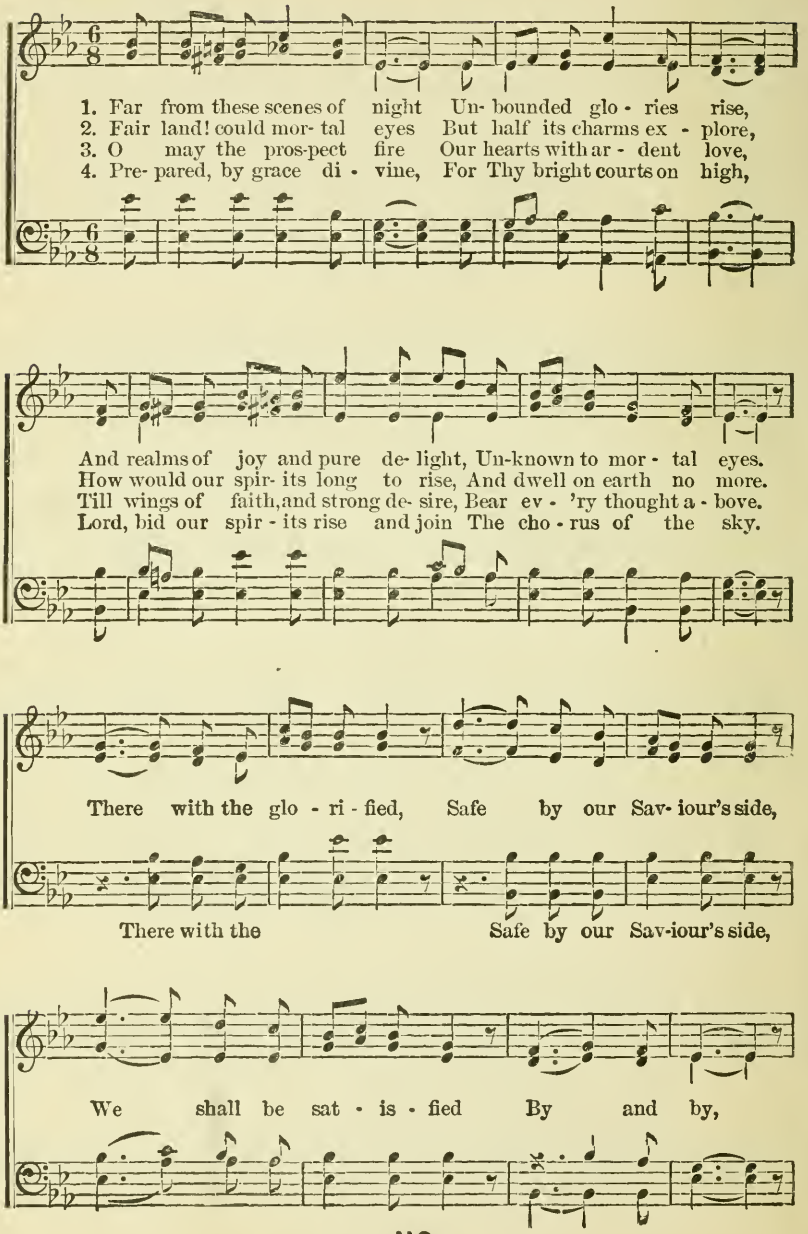
No. 101. HE KNOWETH THE WAY.

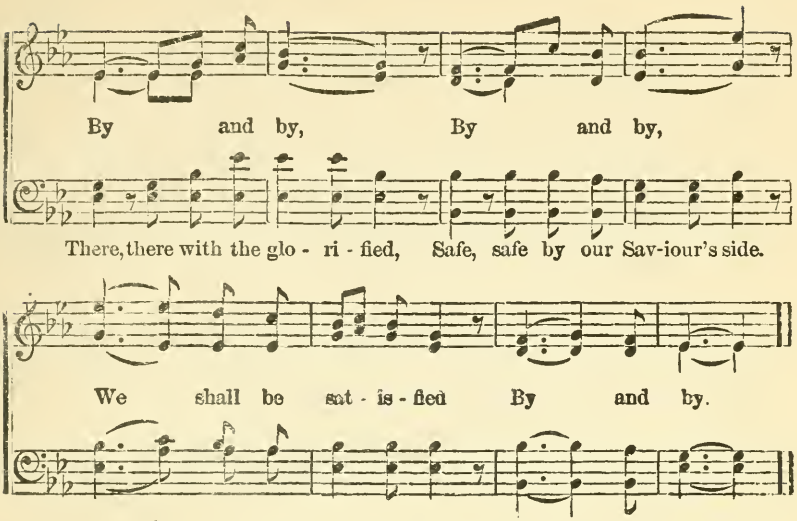
London "Christian World." R. G. STAPLES.



No. 102. SATISFIED BY AND BY.

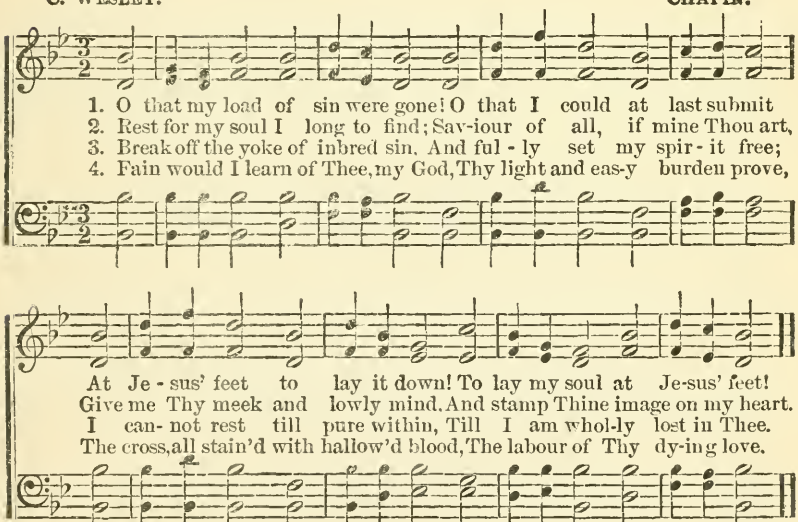
ANNIE STEEL. T. C. O'KANE, by per.





No. 103. FOREST. L. M.

C. WESLEY. CHAPIN.

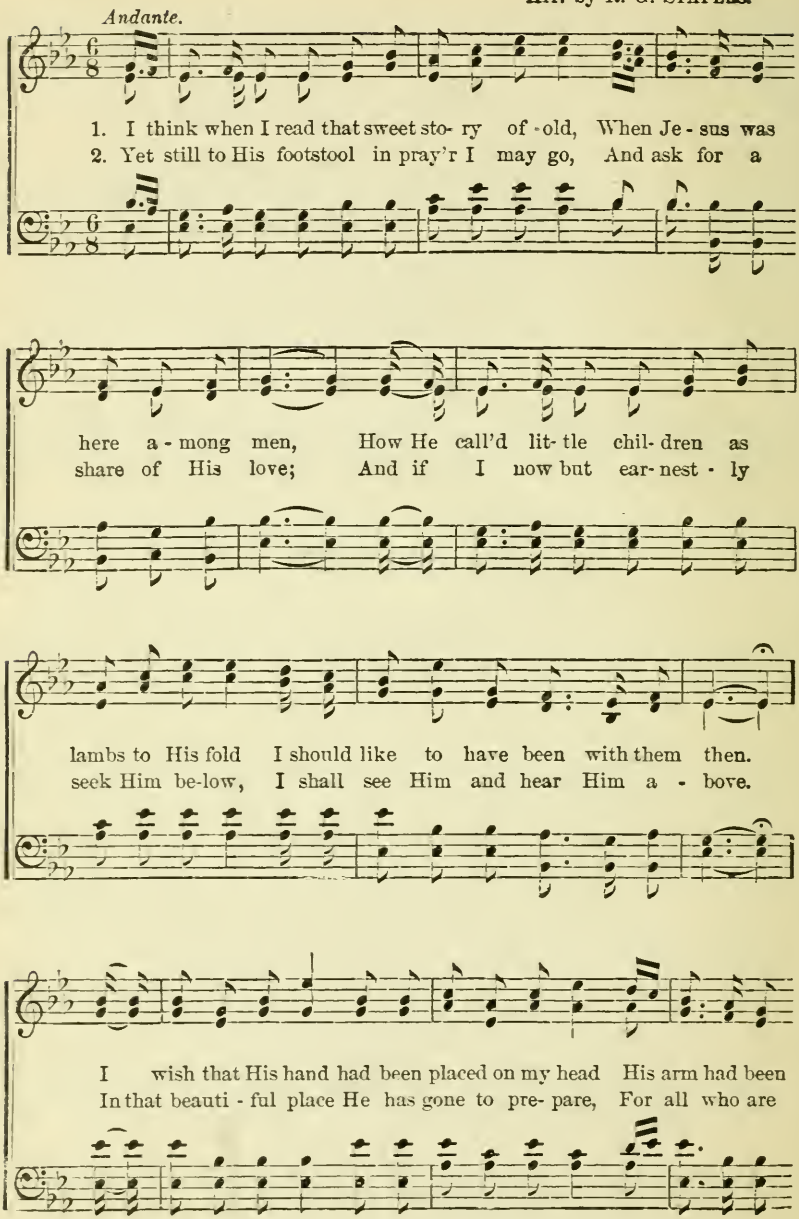


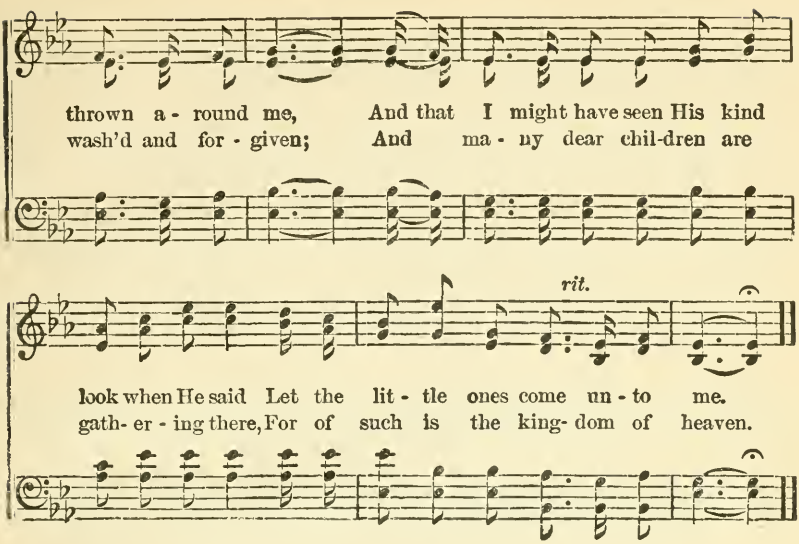
5 I would; but Thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!

No. 104. THAT SWEET OLD STORY.

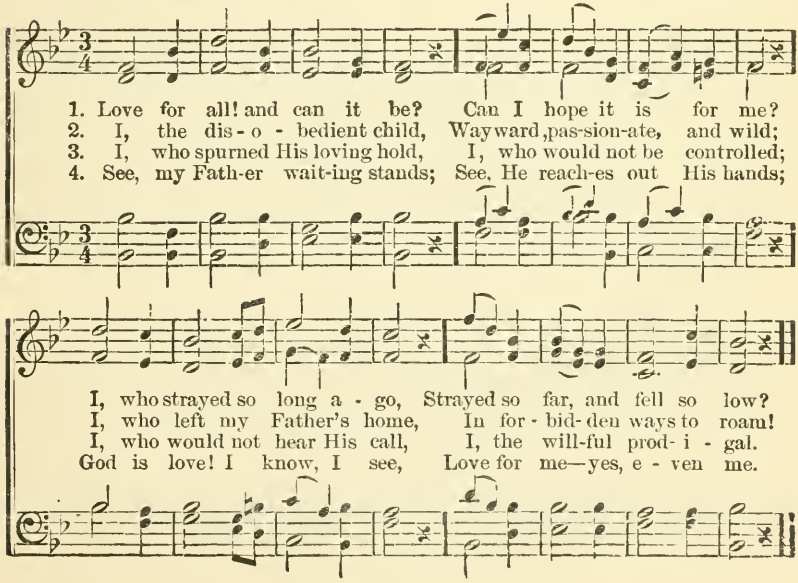
Arr. by R. G. Staples.





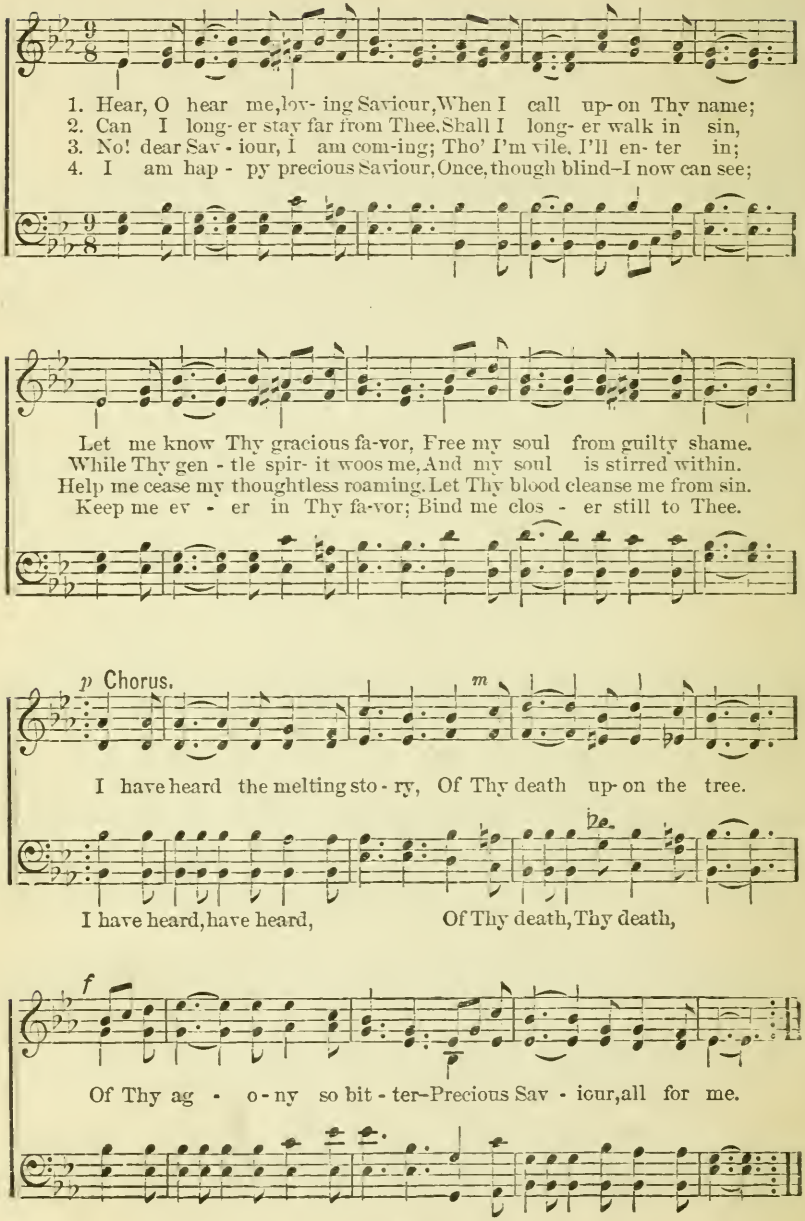
No. 105. LOVE FOR ALL.

WARTENSEE.



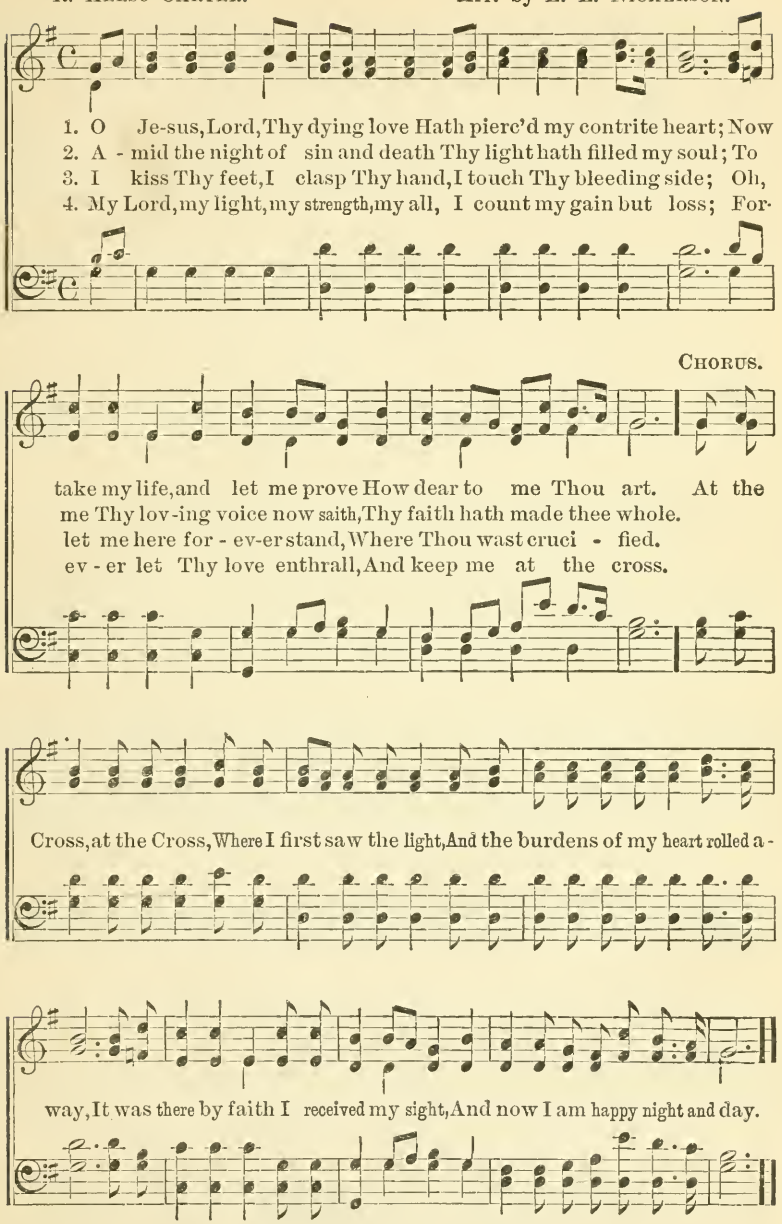
No. 106. HEAR, O HEAR ME.

R. G. STAPLES. GEO. C. HUGG.



No. 107. AT THE CROSS.

R. Kelso Carter. Arr. by E. E. Nickerson.



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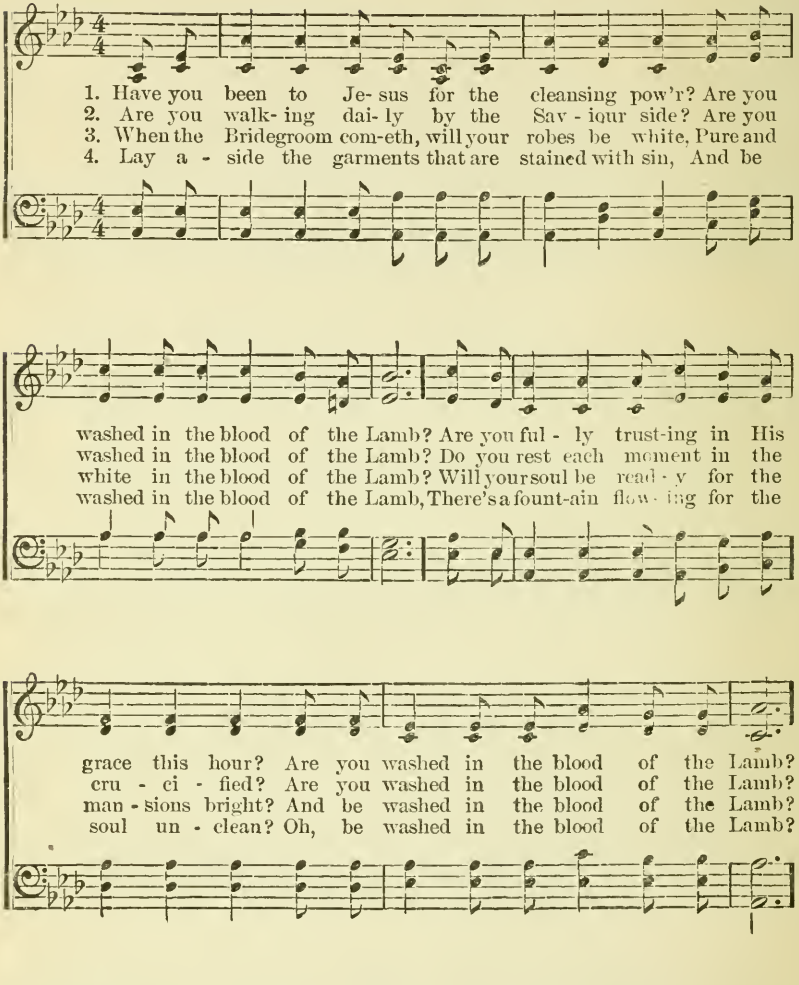
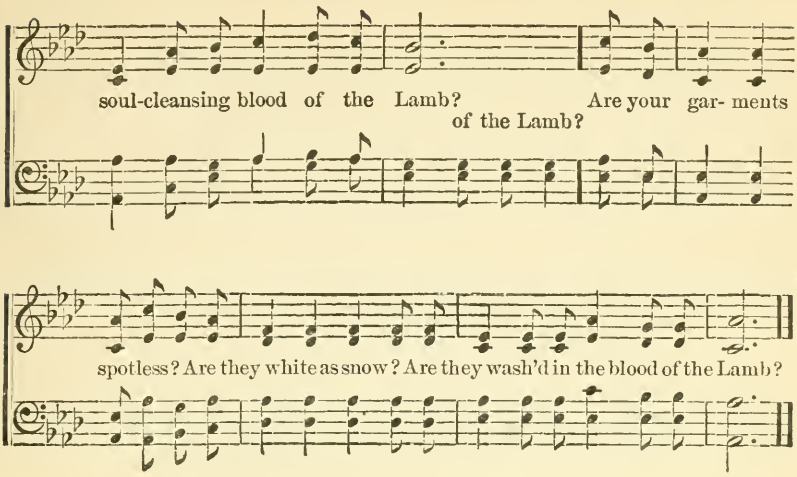
No. 108. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

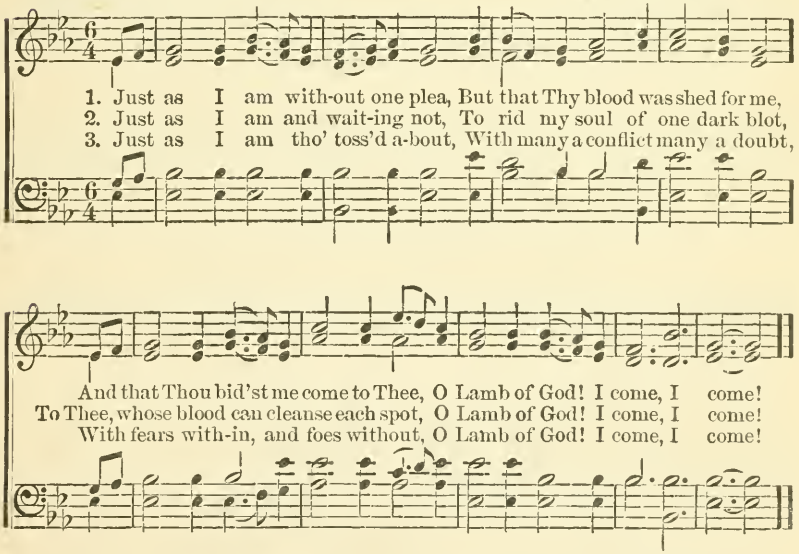
E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per.





No. 109. JUST AS I AM.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

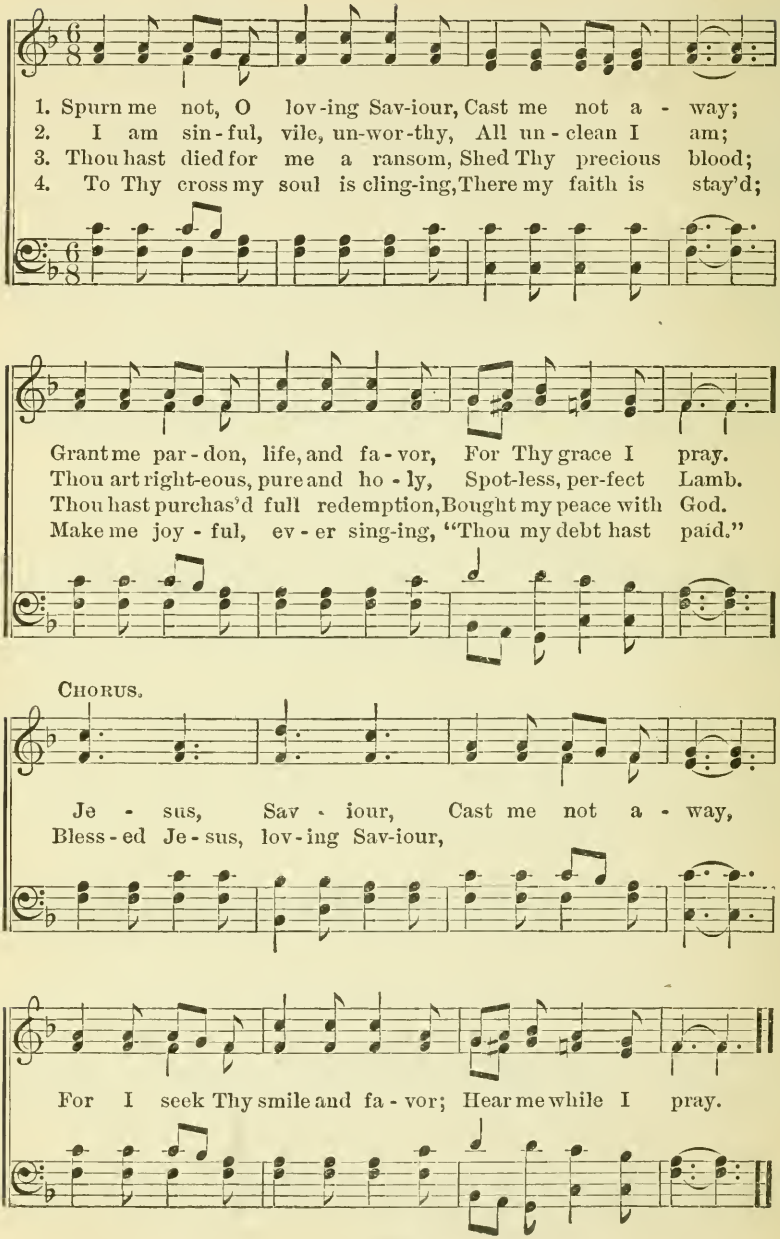


4 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come, come!

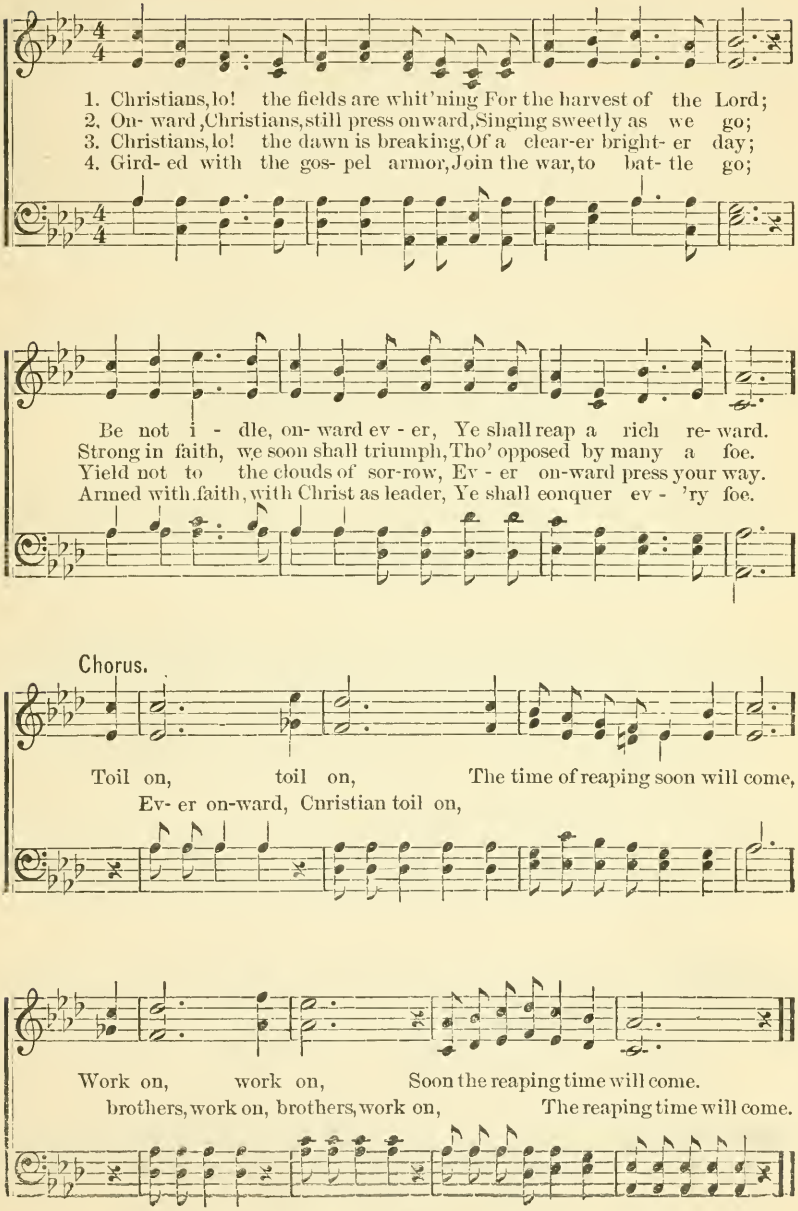
No. 110. SPURN ME NOT.

Rev. J. H. Martin. D. E. Dortch.



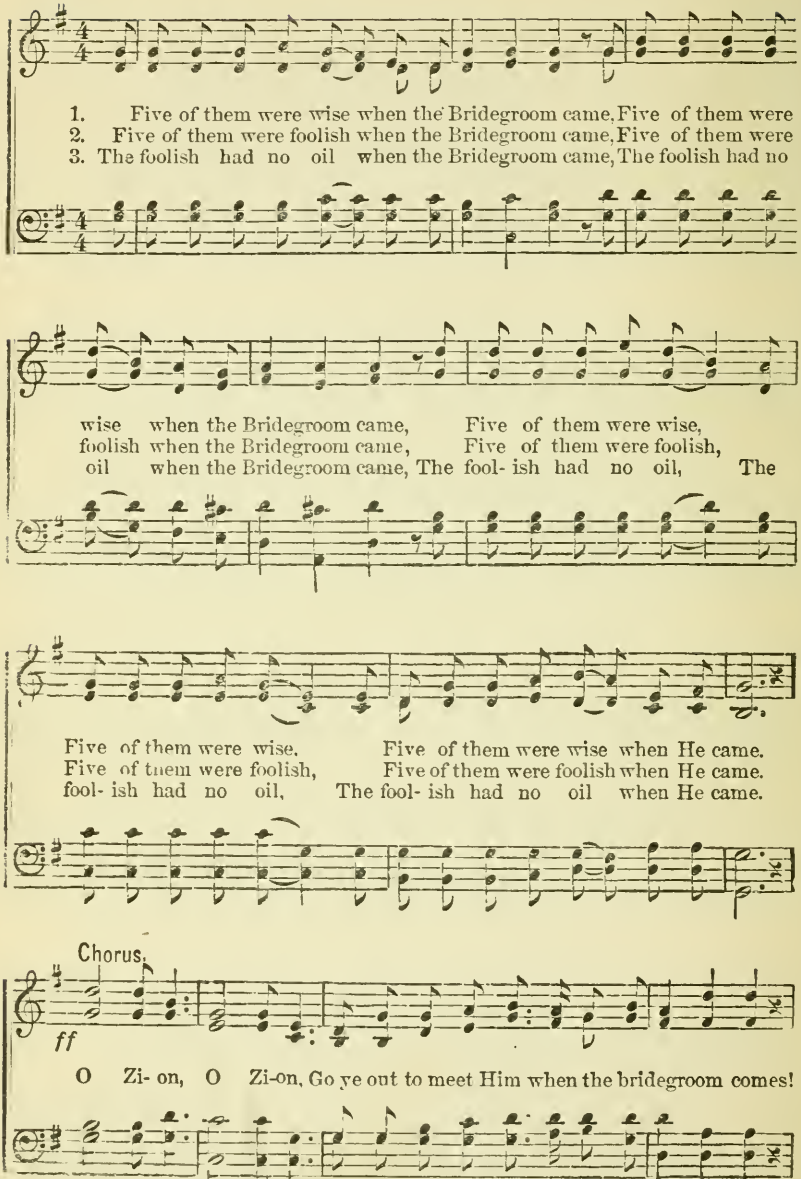
No. 111. THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK SONG.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.



No. 112. THE TEN VIRGINS.

J. R. MURRAY.



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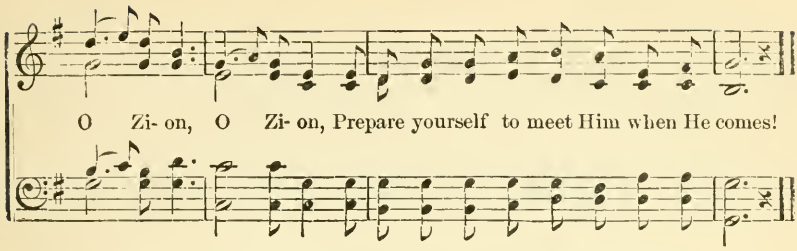


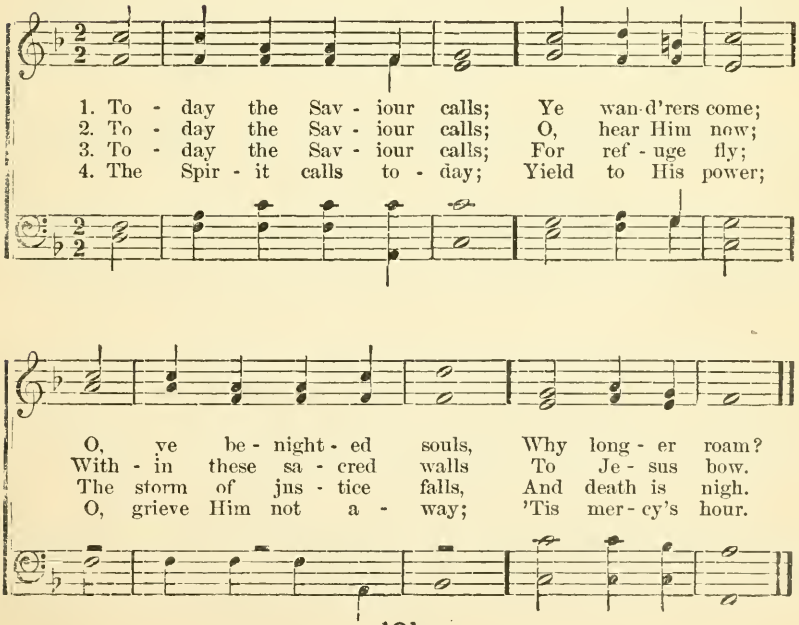
4 The foolish kept a-knocking when the Bridegroom came,
The foolish kept a-knocking when the Bridegroom came,
‖: The foolish kept a-knocking, :‖ when He came.

5 Go ye out to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes!
Go ye out to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes!
‖: Go ye out to meet Him, :‖ when He comes!

6 Have your lamps a-burning when the Bridegroom comes,
Have your lamps a-burning when the Bridegroom comes,
‖: Have your lamps a-burning, :‖ when He comes.

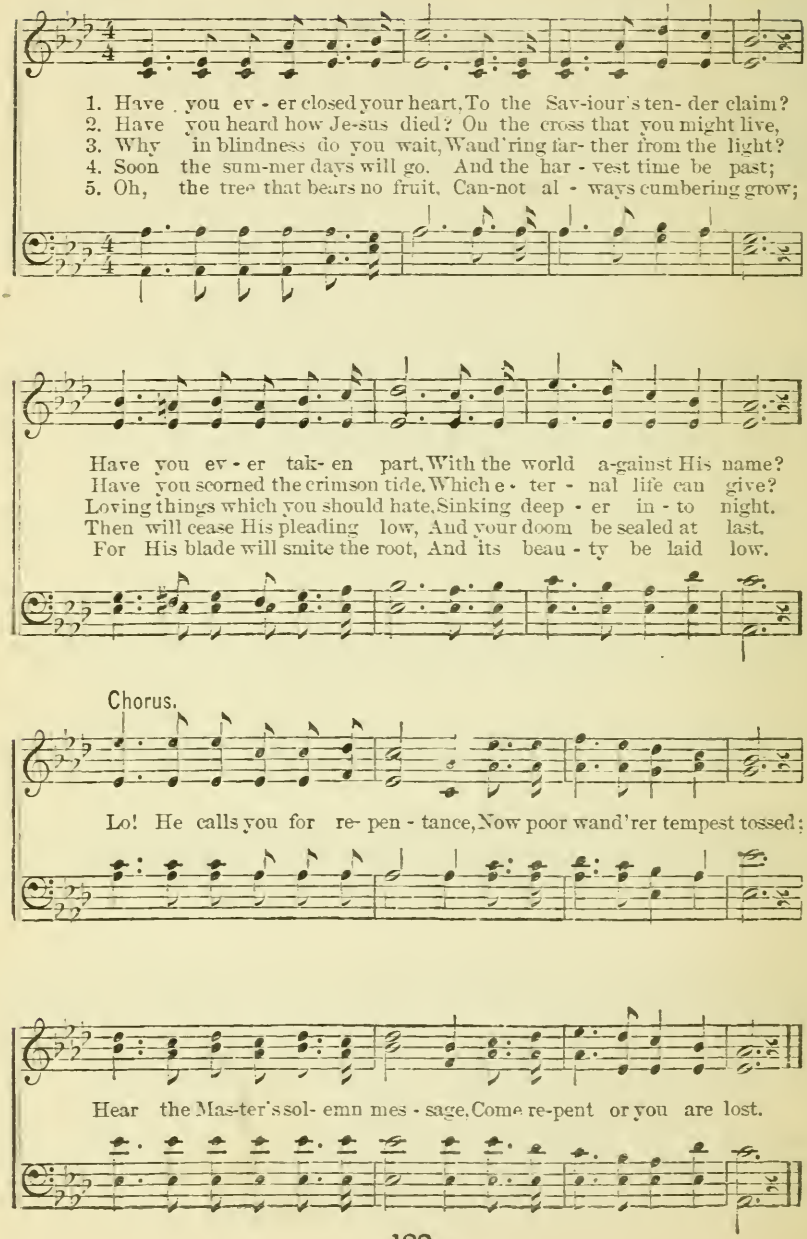
No. 113. TO-DAY.

Dr. L. MASON.



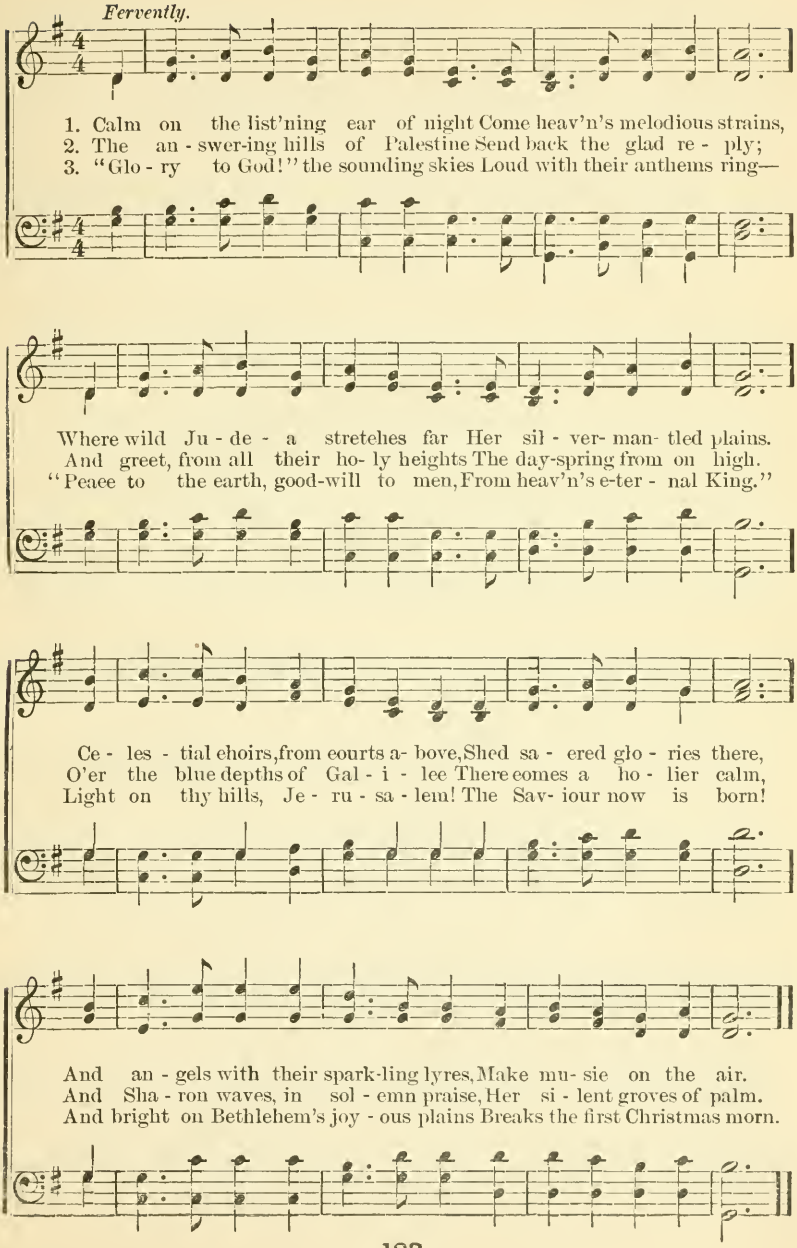
No. 114. LO! HE CALLS YOU.

Mrs. T. M. Griffin. Frank M. Davis.



No. 115. THE DAY-SPRING.

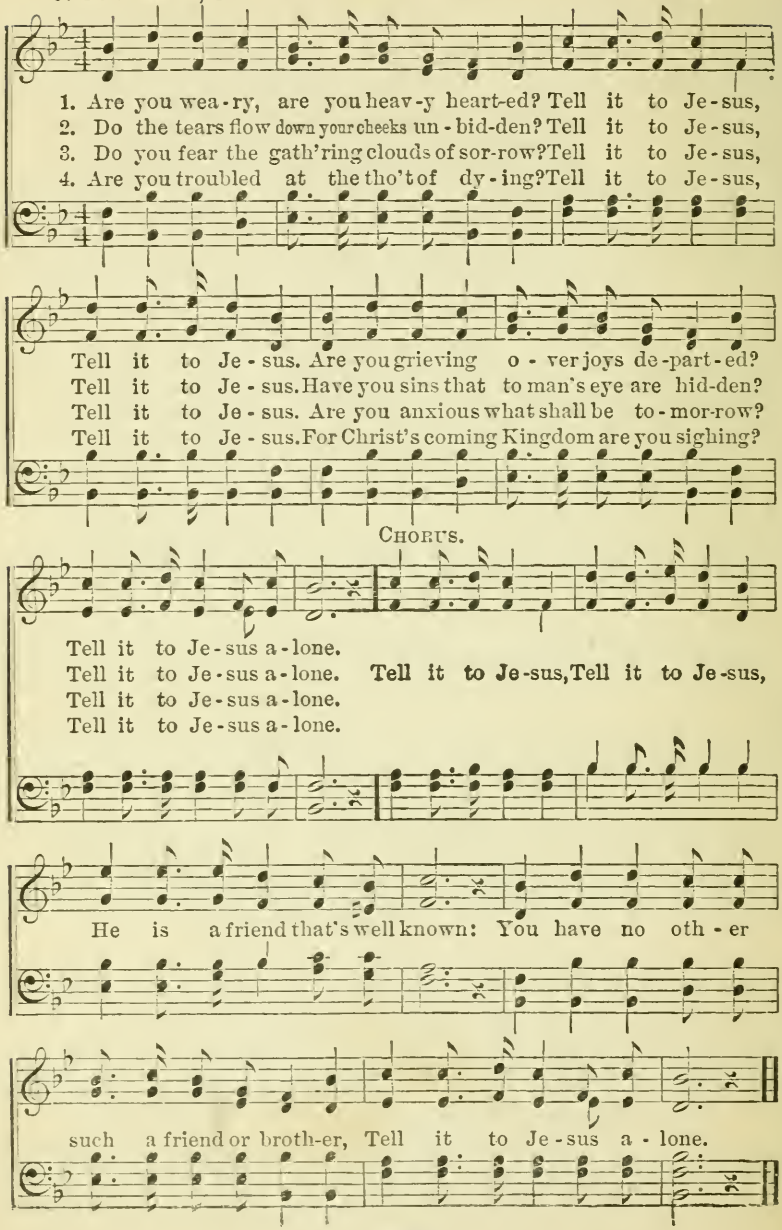
R. G. STAPLES.



No. 116. TELL IT TO JESUS.

"*Tell it to Jesus.*"—Matt. 14: 12.

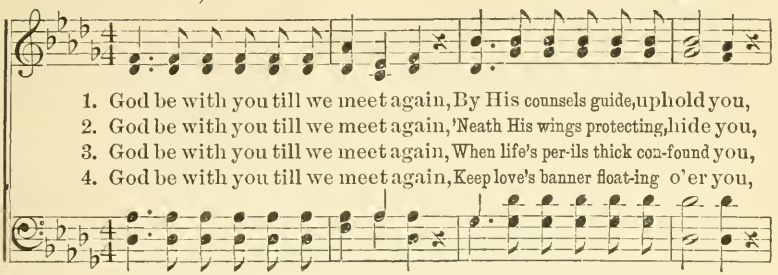
J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.

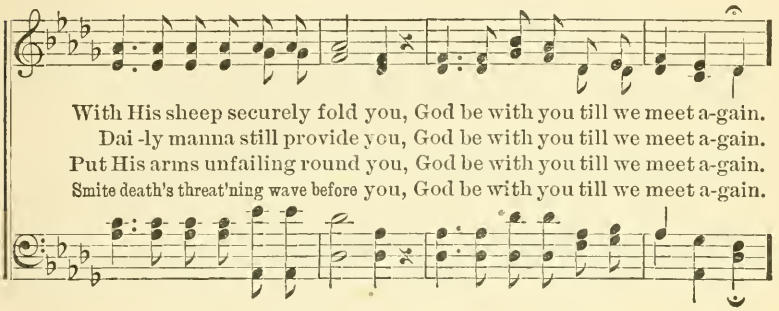


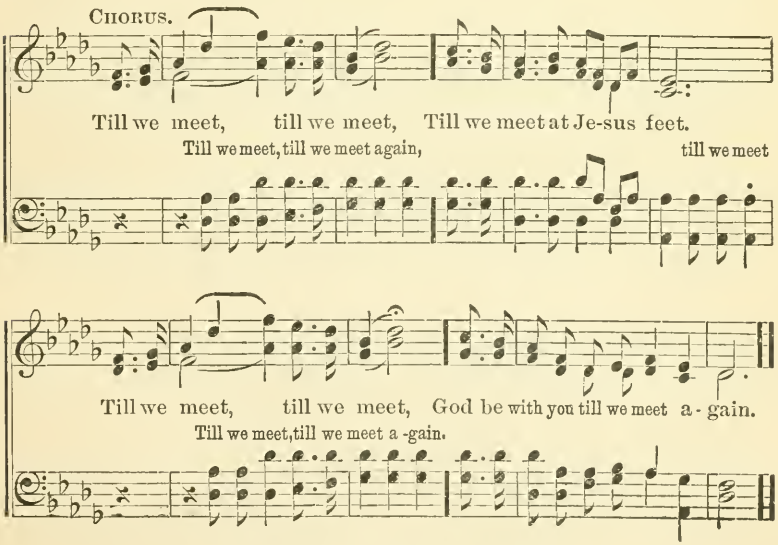
No. 117. GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER.







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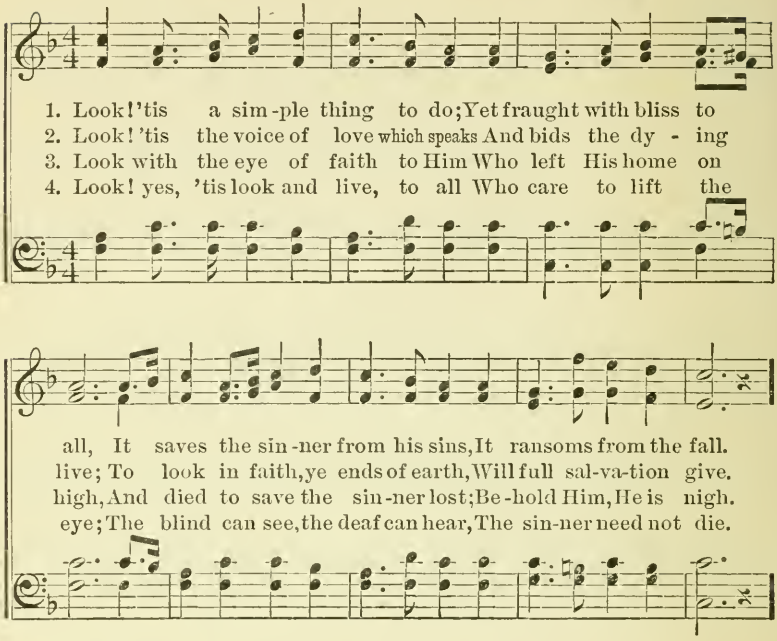
No. 118. LOOK, SINNER, LOOK!

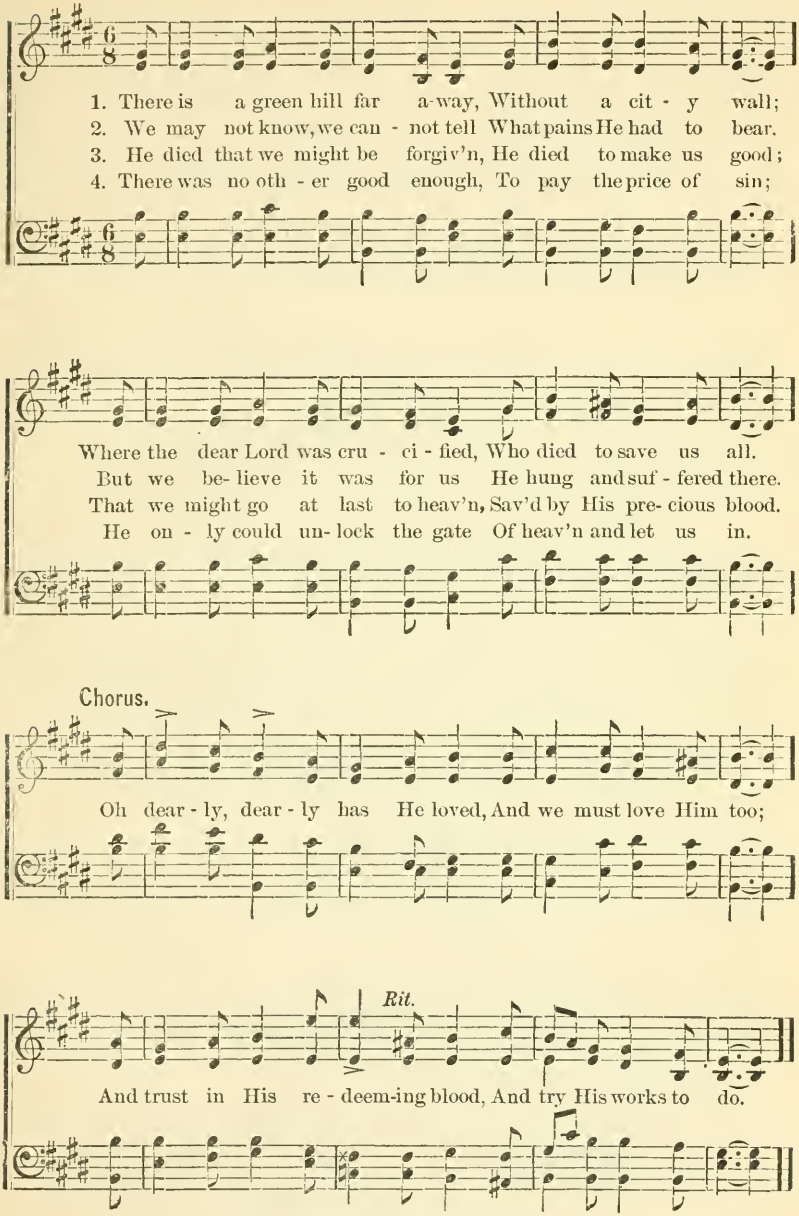
"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isaiah 45: 22.

R. G. STAPLES. FRANK M. DAVIS.



No. 119. There is a Green Hill far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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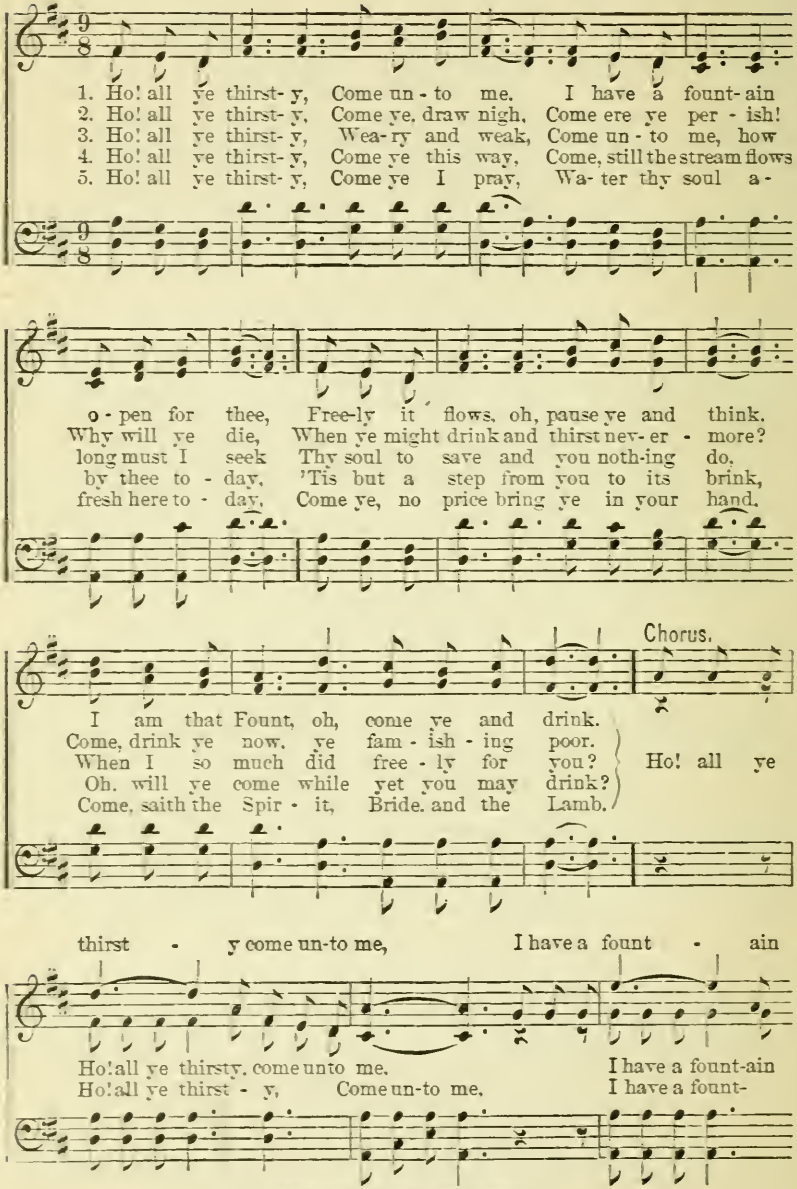
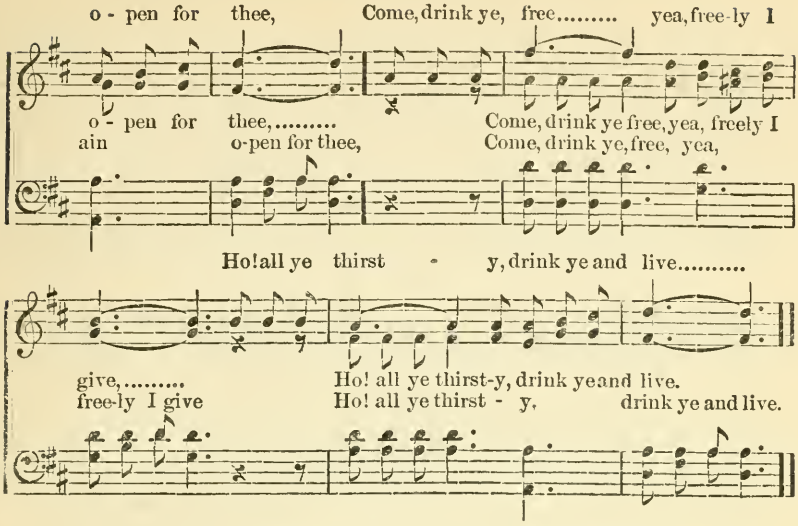
No. 120. THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

E. M. C. E. MANFORD CLARK, by per.



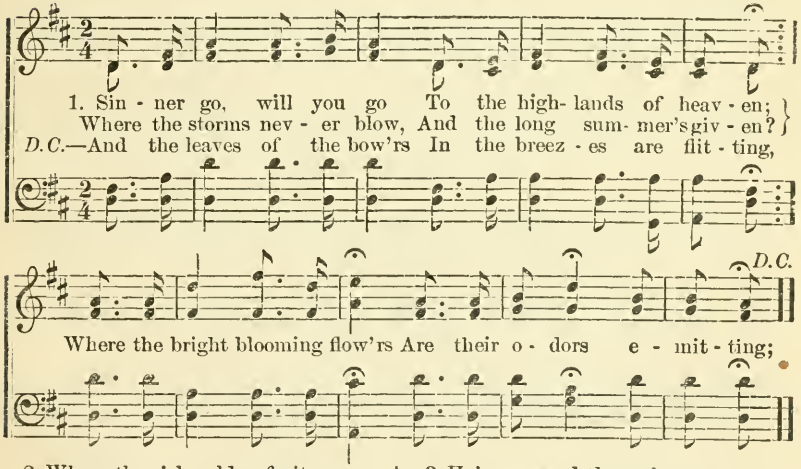
From the International Lesson Hymnal.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL. Concluded.



No. 121. THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Scotch.

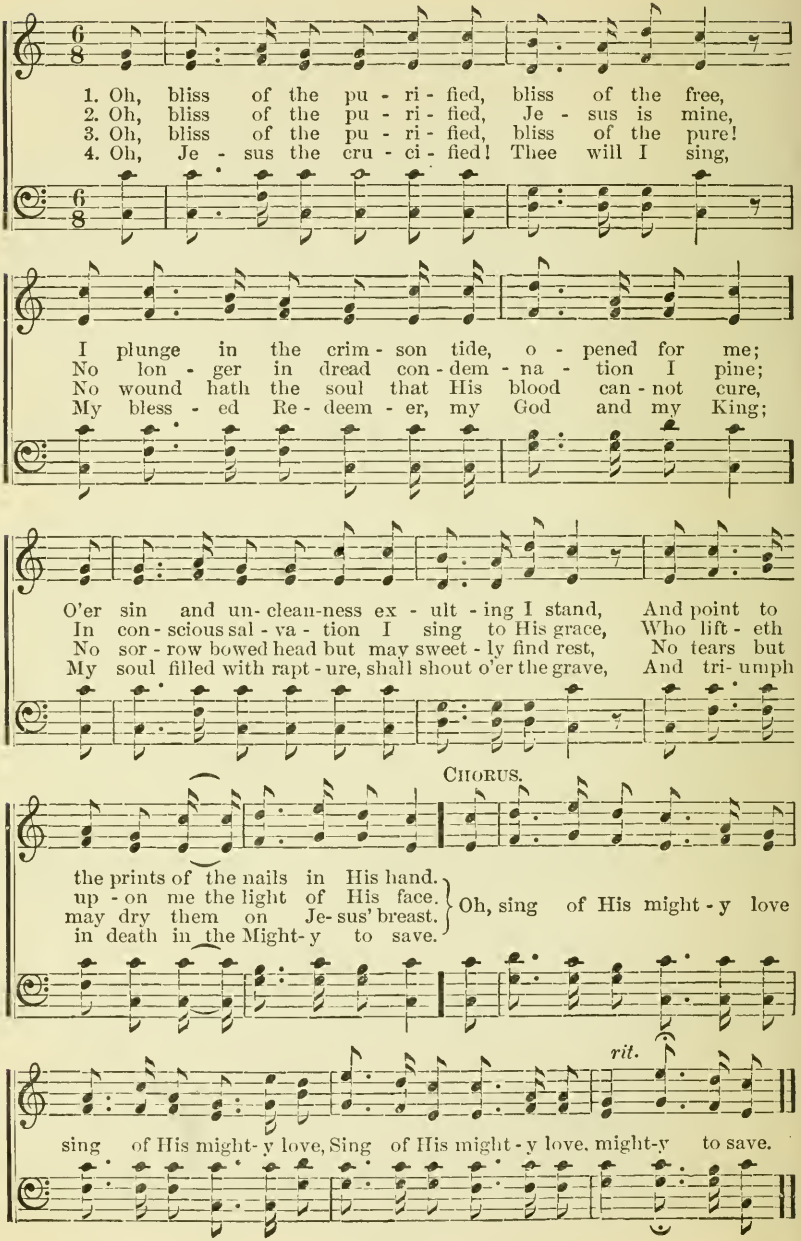


2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

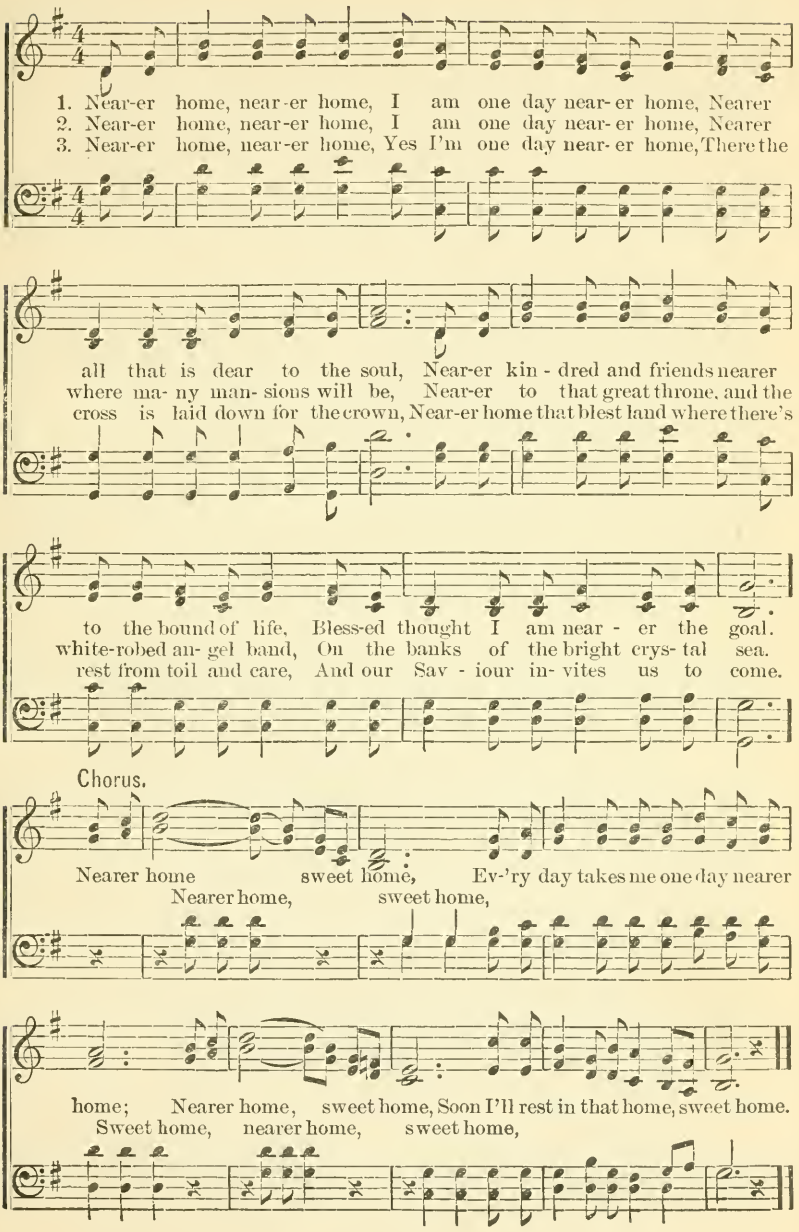
No. 122. HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D.D. I. S. FIELD.



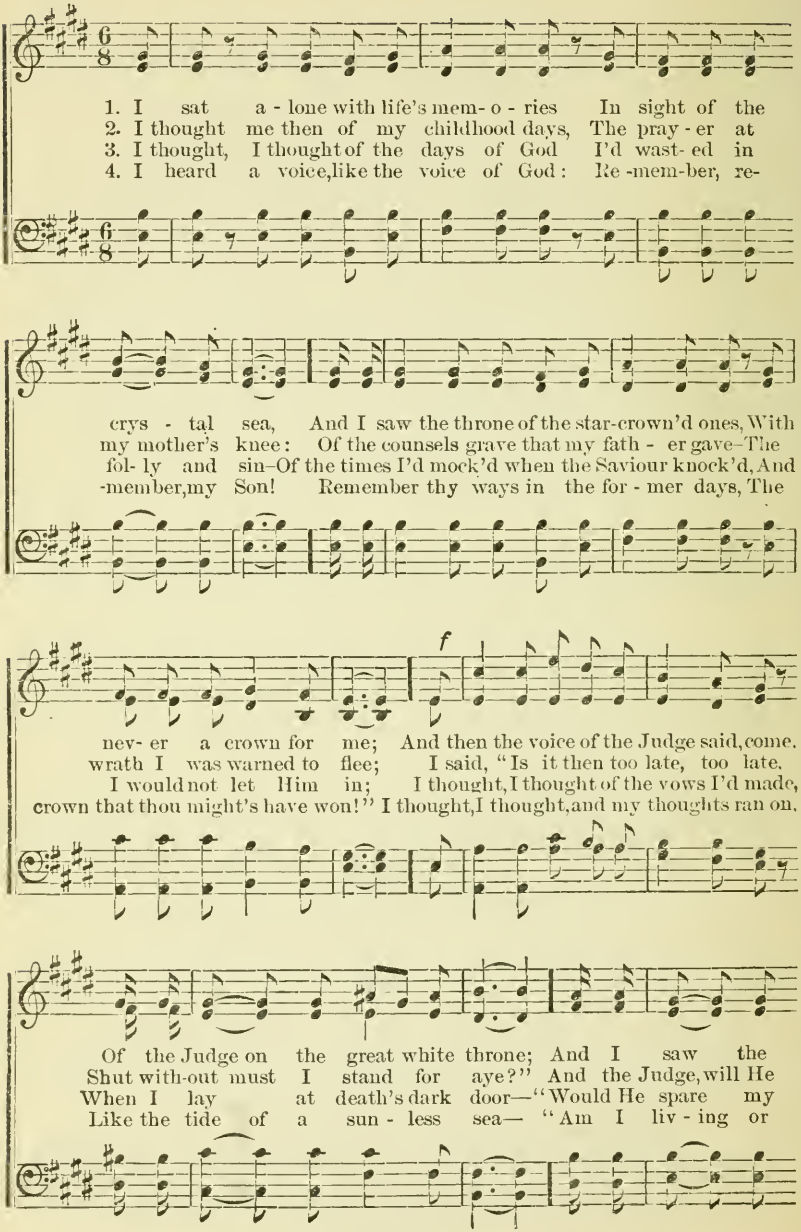
No. 123. ONE DAY NEARER.

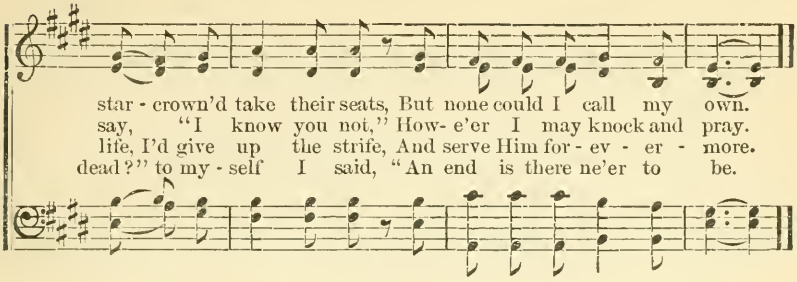
C. A. F. C. A. FYKE.



No. 124. IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. W. Bischoff.



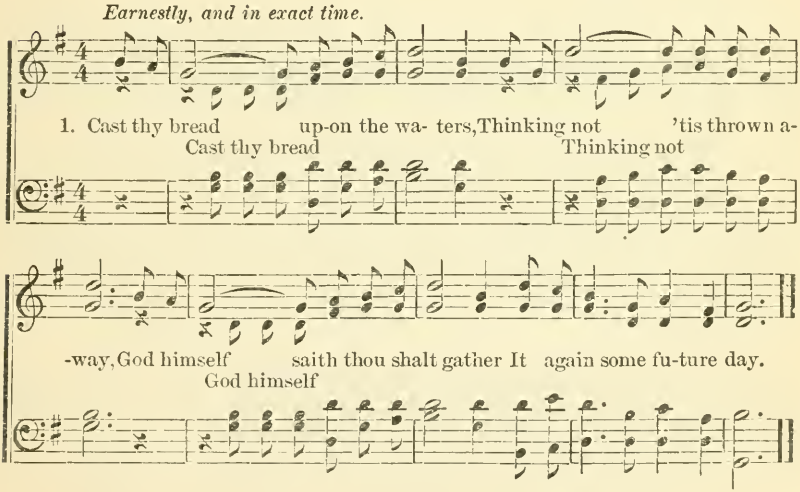


5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away,
I then became as a child,
And I wept and wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea; [ones,
And I see the thrones of the star-crown'd
I know there's a crown for me; [come,
And when the voice of the Judge says,
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
I know mid the thrones of the star-crown'd
There's one I shall call my own. [ones.

No. 125. CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

R. G. STAPLES.



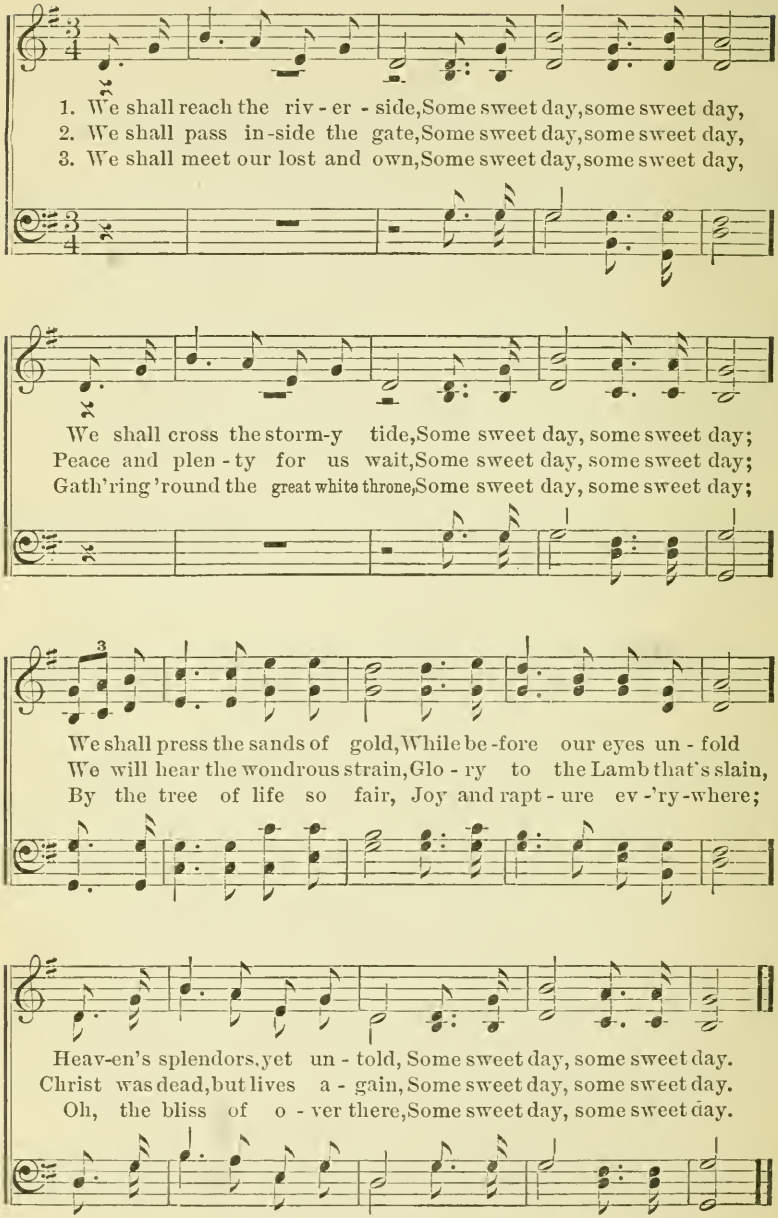
2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly through the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest,
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

4 Give, then, freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign:
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

No. 126. SOME SWEET DAY.

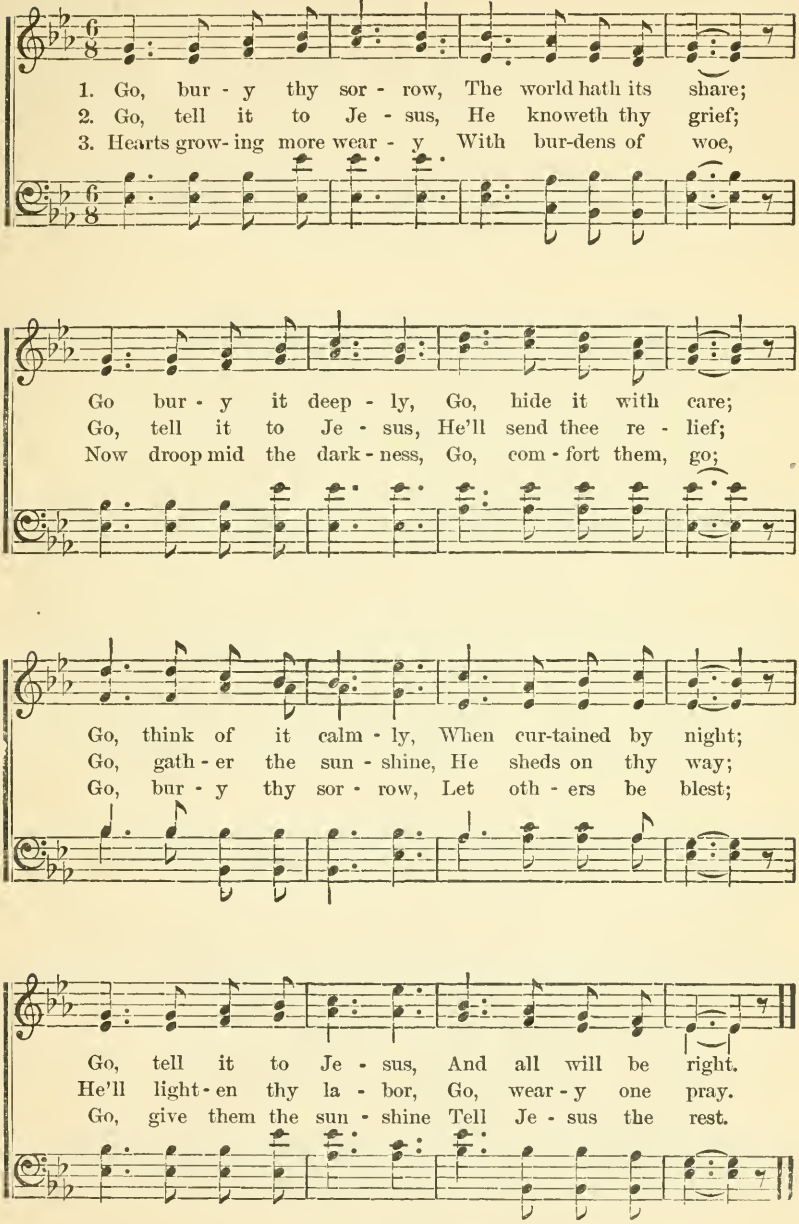
ARTHUR W. FRENCH. J. F. KINSEY. By per.



No. 127. GO, BURY THY SORROW.

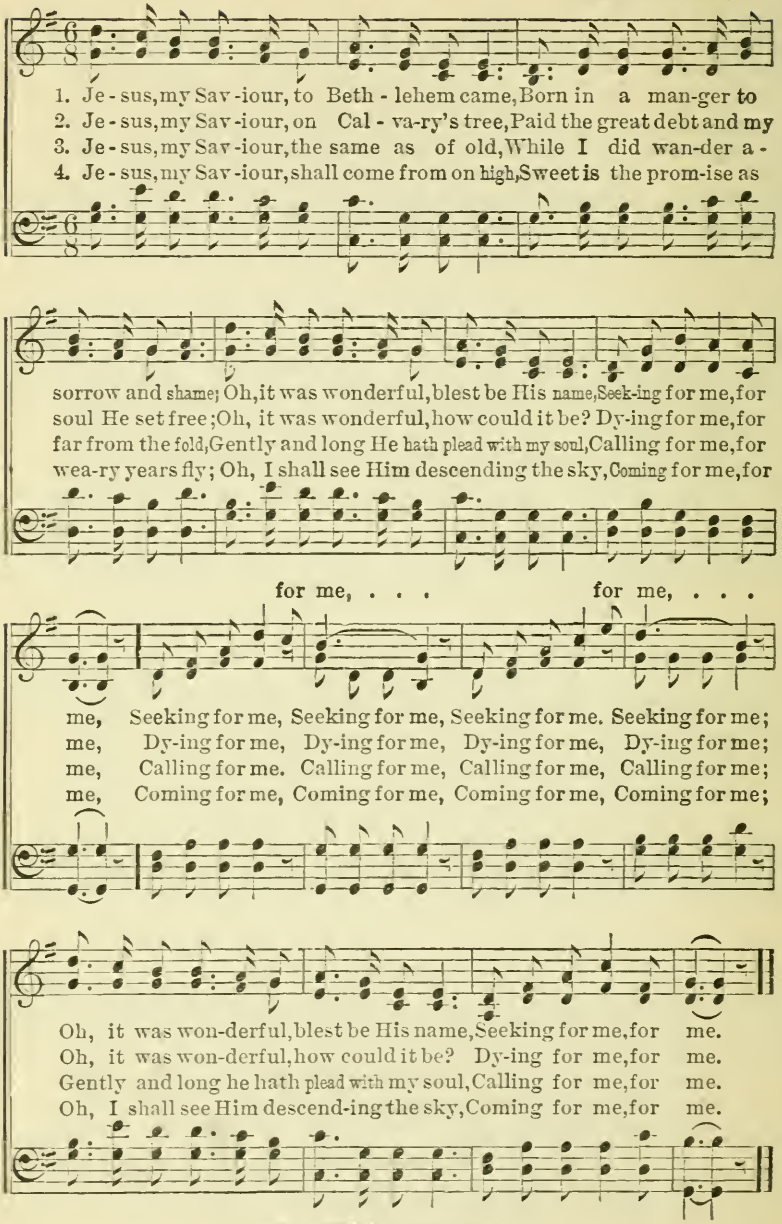
R. G. STAPLES.

Slow and with feeling.



No. 128. SEEKING FOR ME.

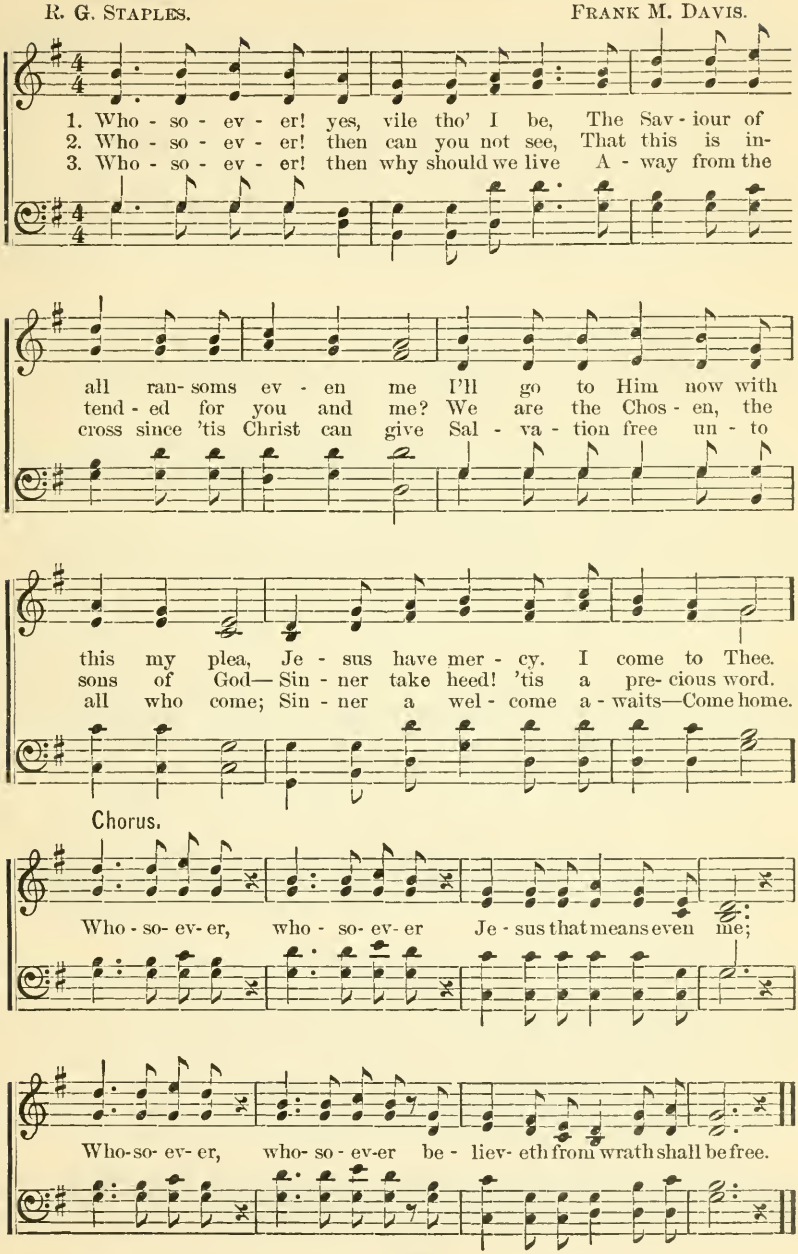
E. E. HASTY.



From "GOOD WILL," by permission.

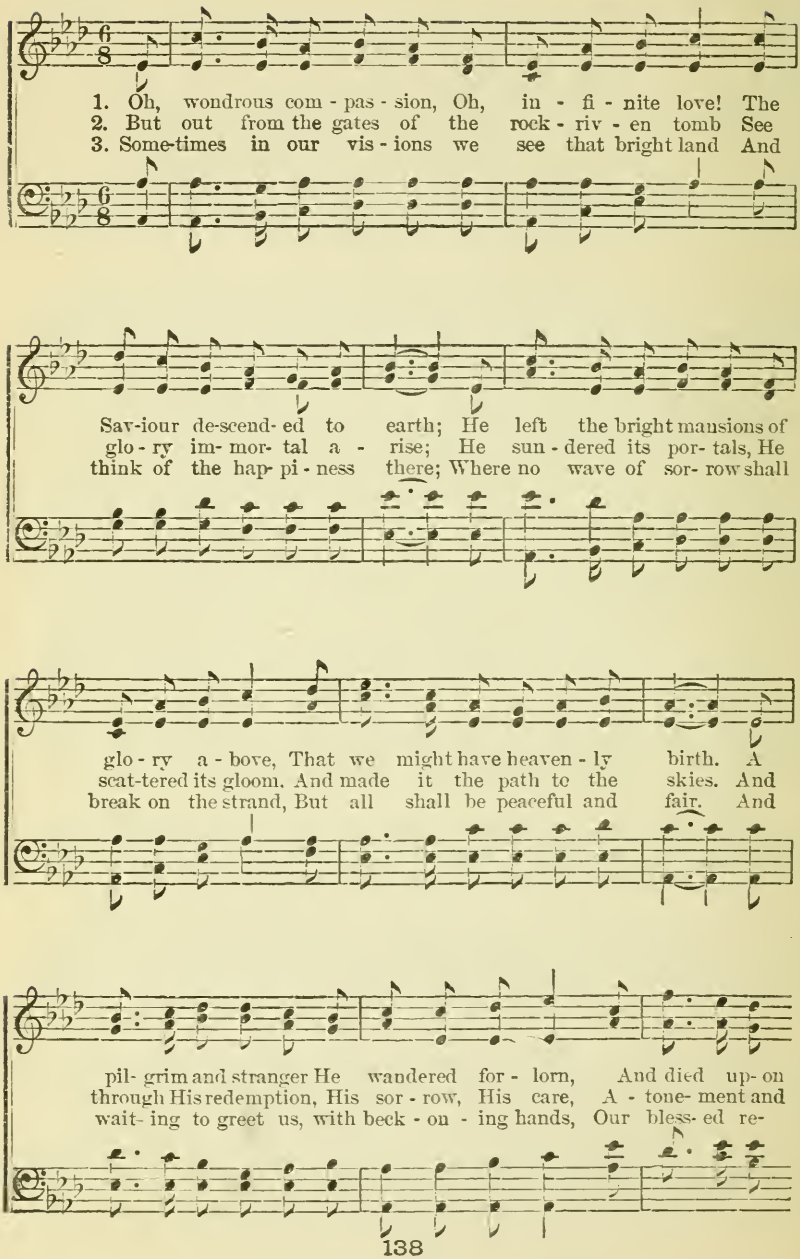
No. 129. WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH.

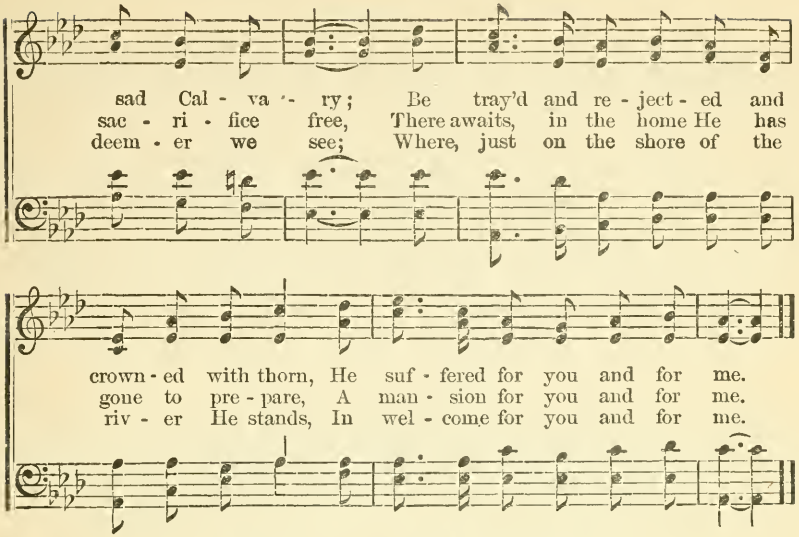
R. G. STAPLES. FRANK M. DAVIS.



No. 130. FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

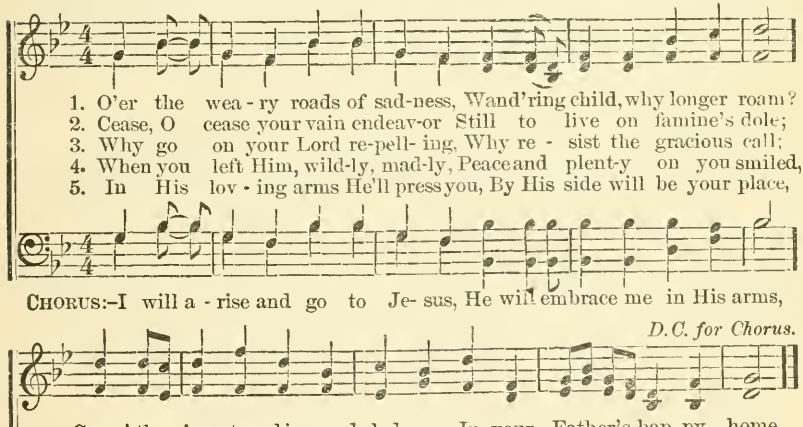
A. B. B. A. B. BRAGDON.





No. 131. I WILL ARISE.

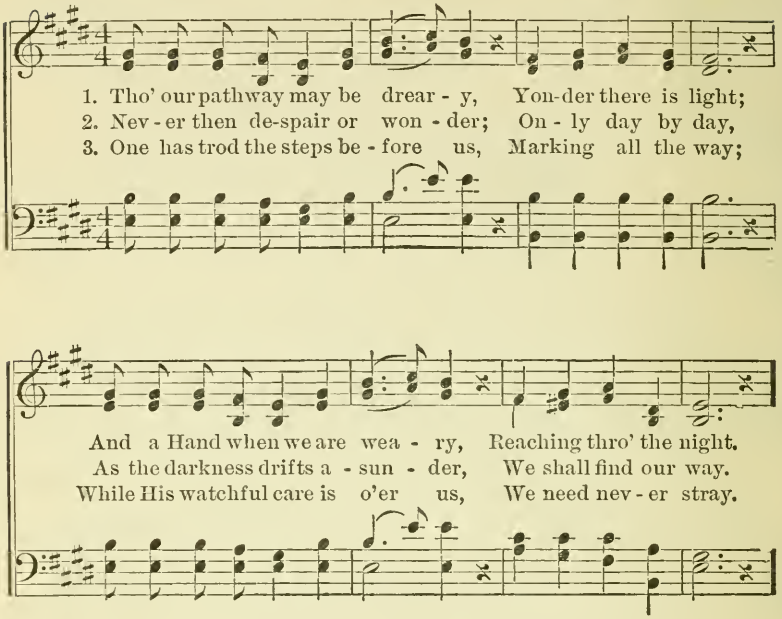
M. B. Wharton, D.D. Arr. by R. G. Staples.



No. 132. UP YONDER.

"In Thy light shall we see light."—Psa. 36: 9.

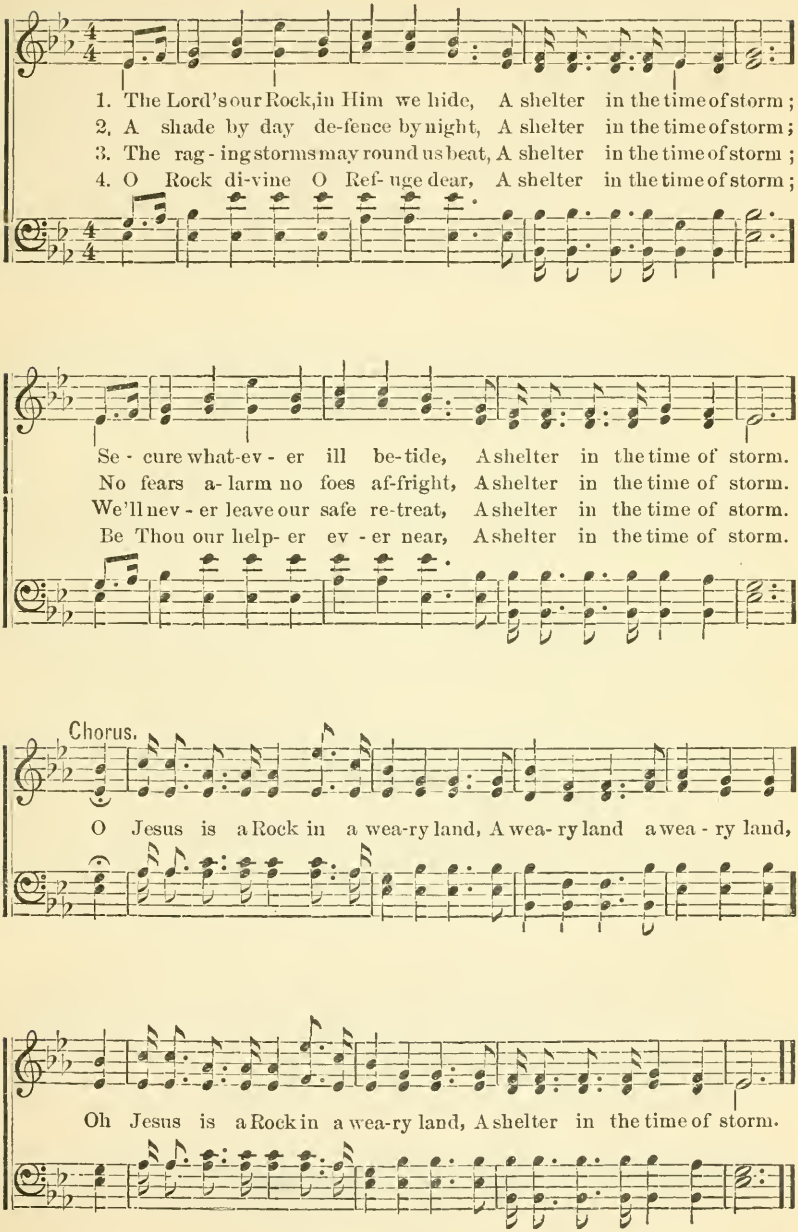
MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. T. MARTIN TOWNE.



From "Good Will," by per.

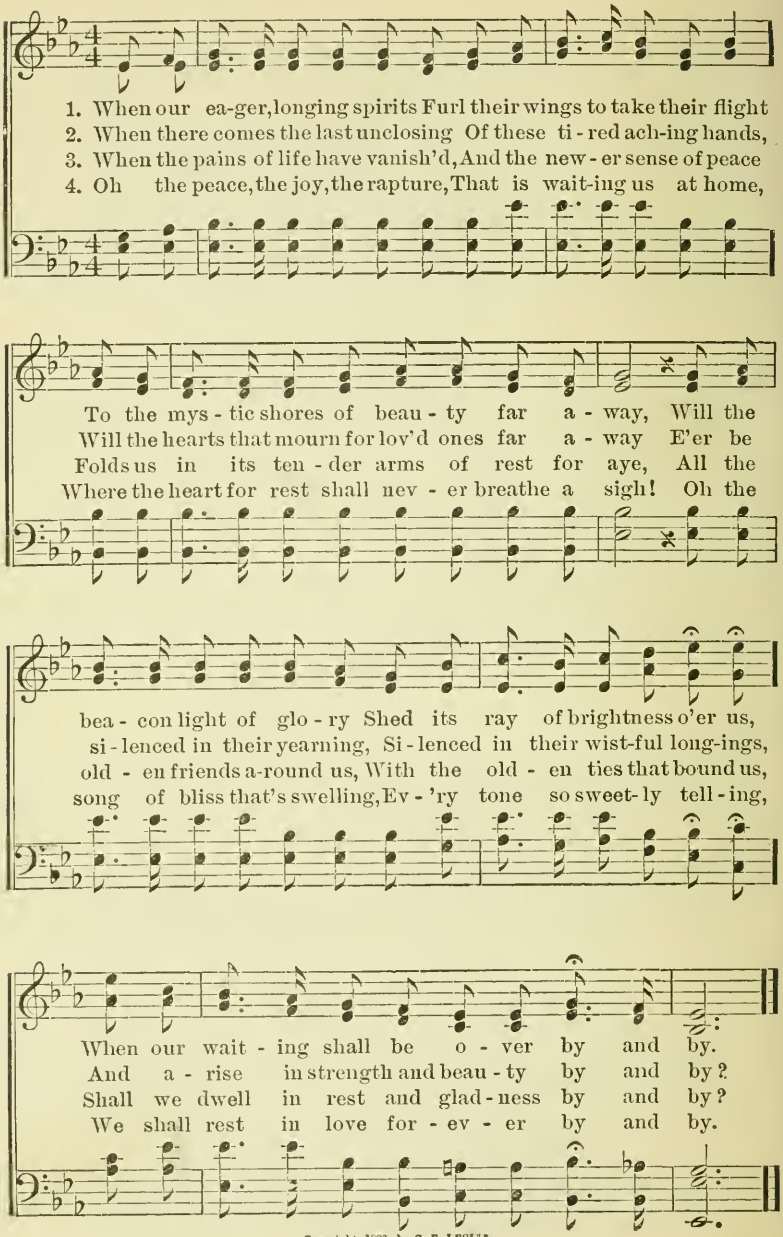
No. 133. THE LORD'S OUR ROCK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

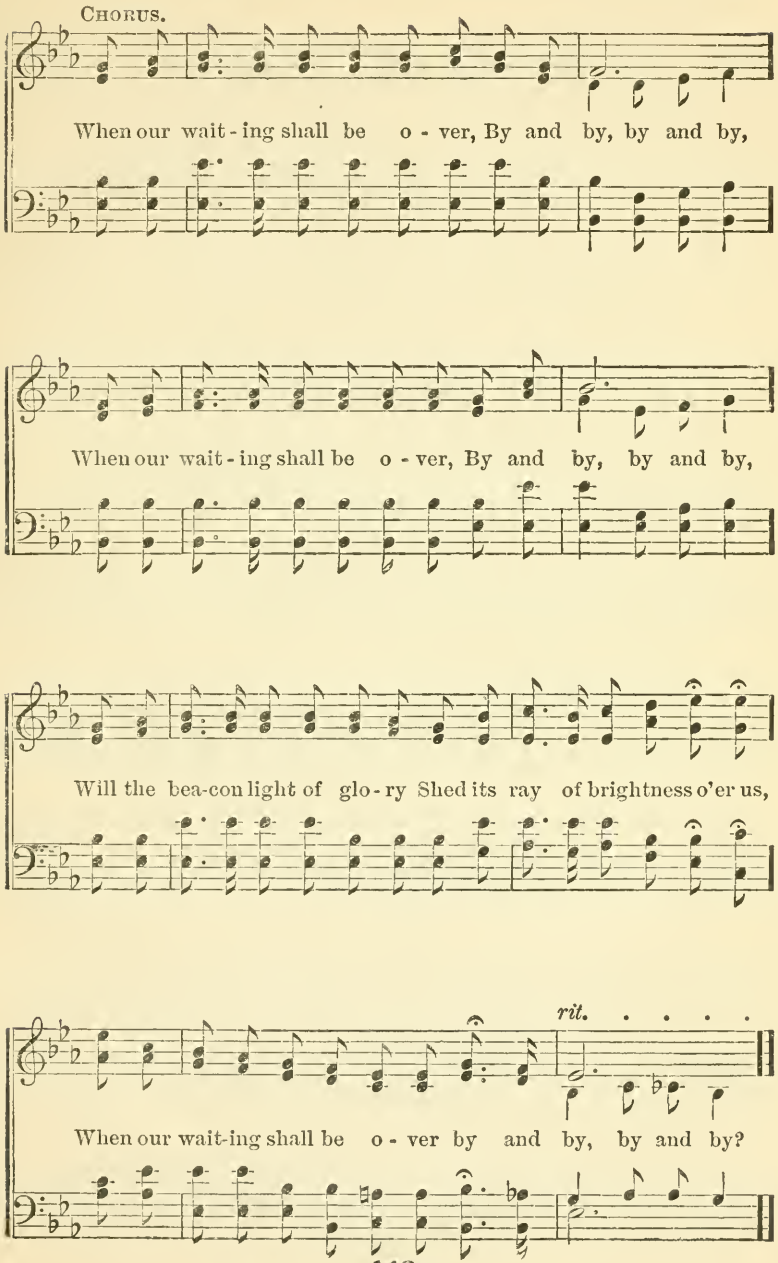


No. 134. WHEN OUR WAITING.

NEVA E. PARKHILL. G. R. STURGIS.

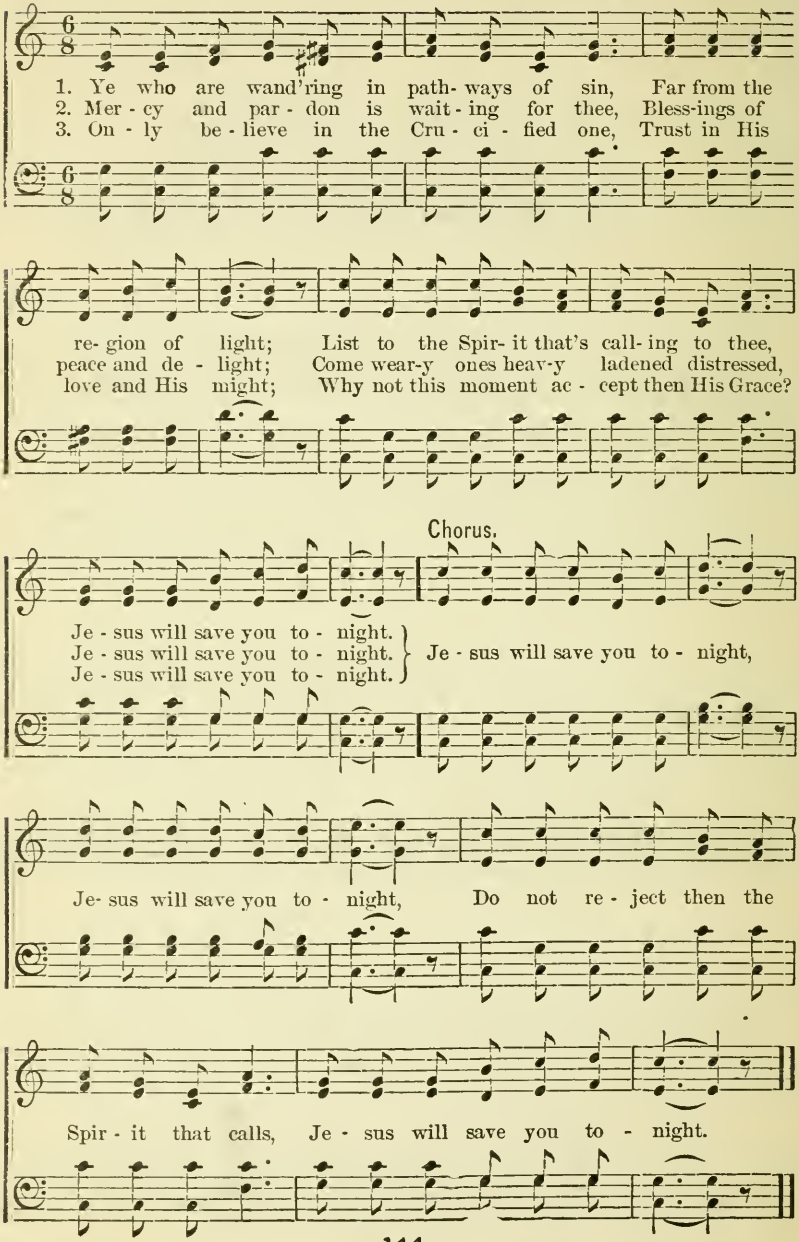


Copyright, 1886, by C. E. LESLIE


Chorus.
When our wait-ing shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by,
When our wait-ing shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by,
Will the bea-con light of glo-ry Shed its ray of brightness o'er us,
rit.
When our wait-ing shall be o-ver by and by, by and by?

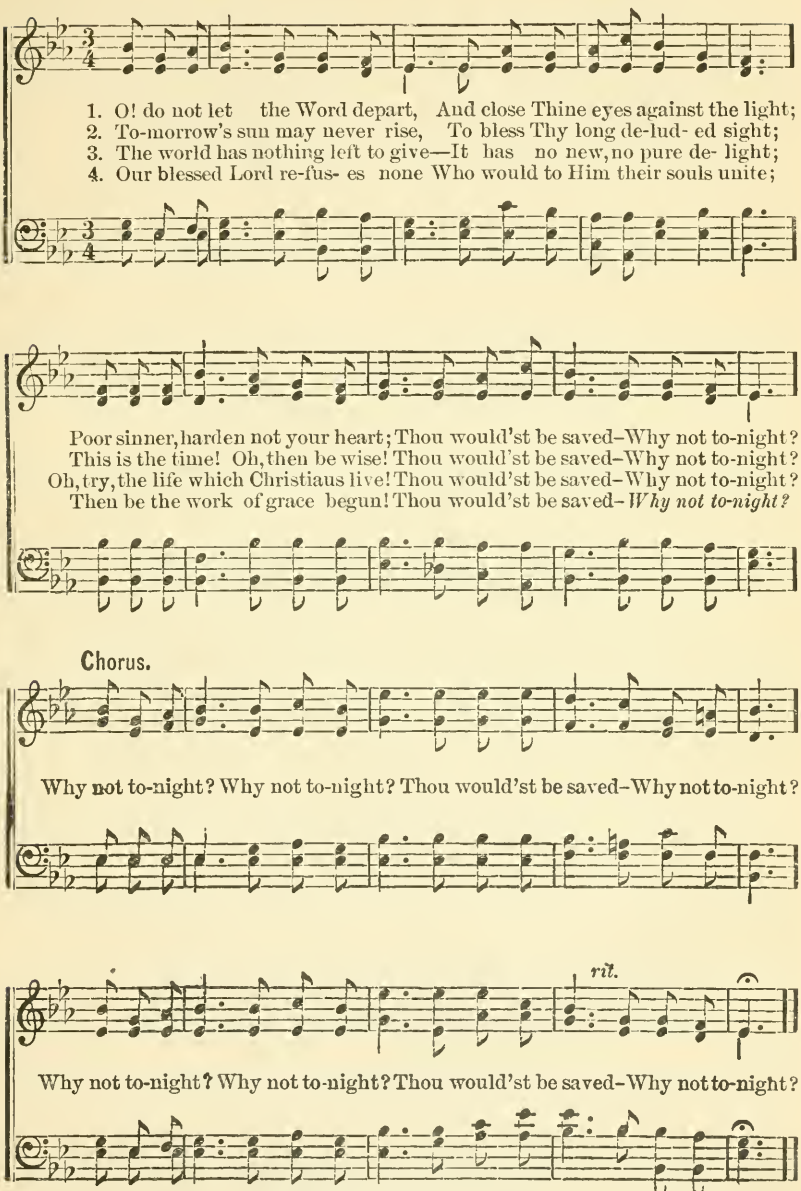
No. 135. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU TO-NIGHT.

FRANK M. DAVIS. THOMAS F. SIMMS.



No. 136. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

Dr. Horatius Bonar. Ira D. Sankey.



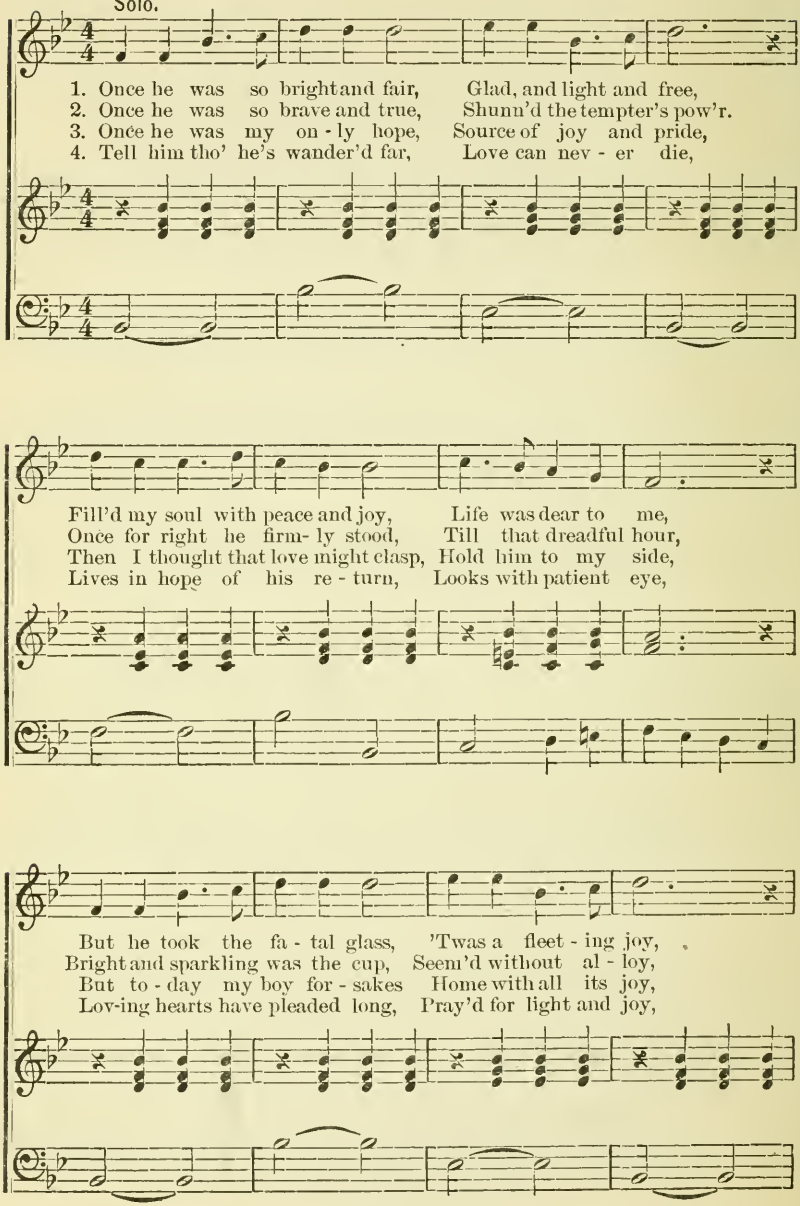
Copyright, 1878, by BIGLOW & MAIN.
From "Gospel Hymns," No. 2, by per.

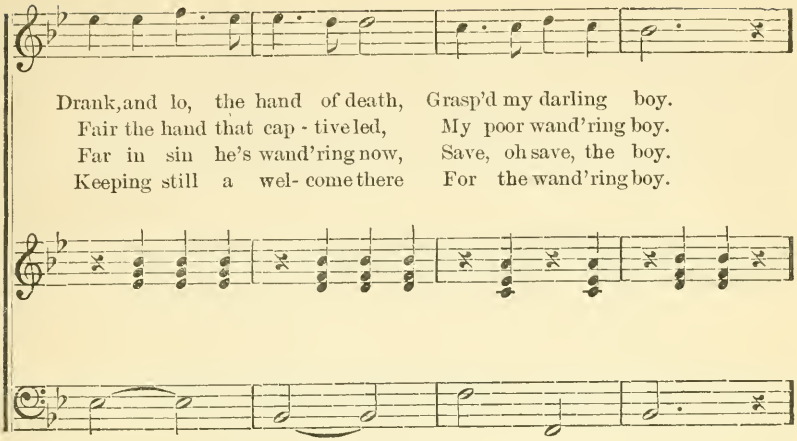
No. 137. SAVE THE BOY.

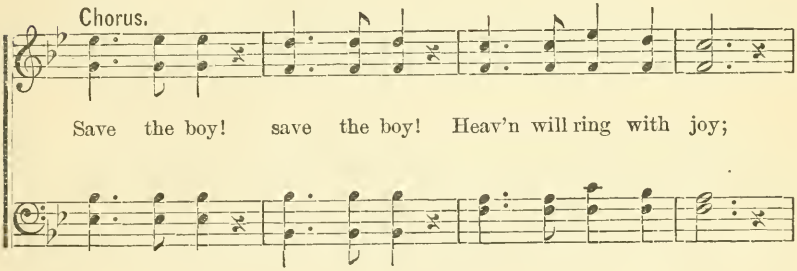
(TEMPERANCE SONG.)

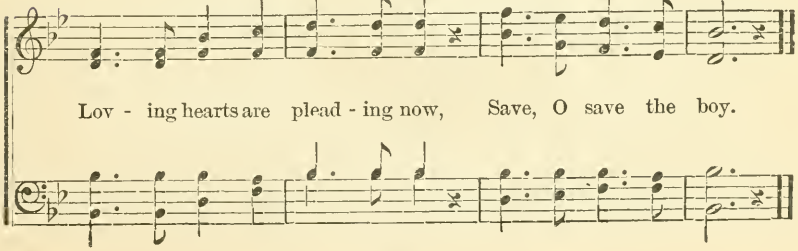
Mrs. S. C. Ellsworth. W. Warren Bentley, by per.

Solo.




Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasp'd my darling boy.
Fair the hand that cap - tive led, My poor wand'ring boy.
Far in sin he's wand'ring now, Save, oh save, the boy.
Keeping still a wel- come there For the wand'ring boy.

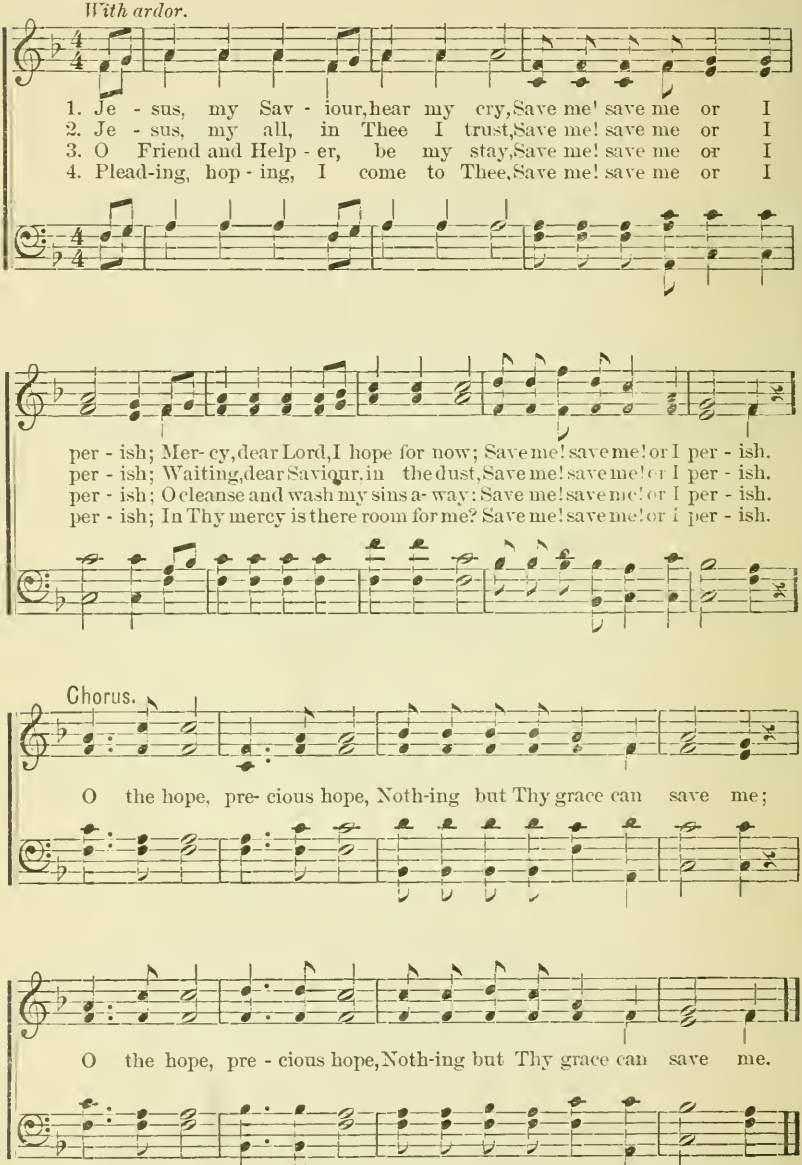

Chorus.
Save the boy! save the boy! Heav'n will ring with joy;


Lov - ing hearts are plead - ing now, Save, O save the boy.

No. 138. NOTHING BUT THY GRACE.

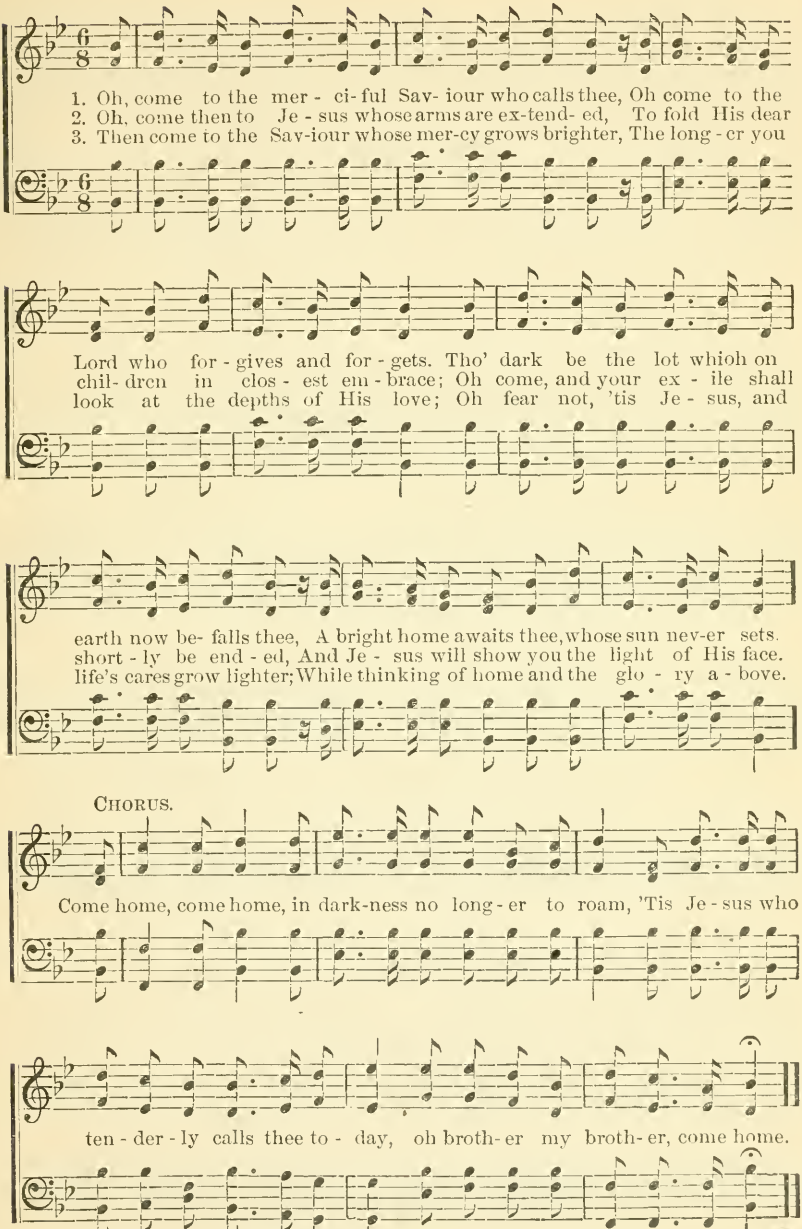
EMMA PITT. R. S. HARRINGTON.

With ardor.



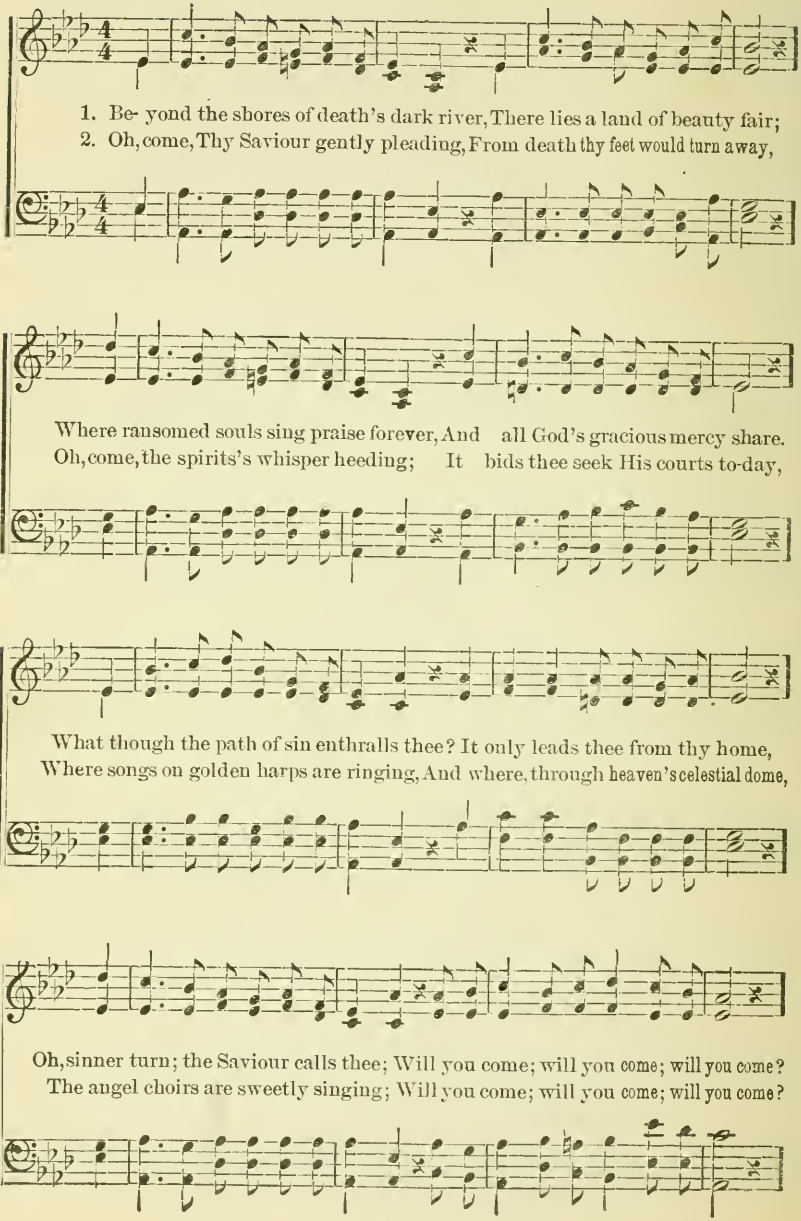
No. 139. COME TO THE MERCIFUL SAVIOUR.

I. S. FIELD.

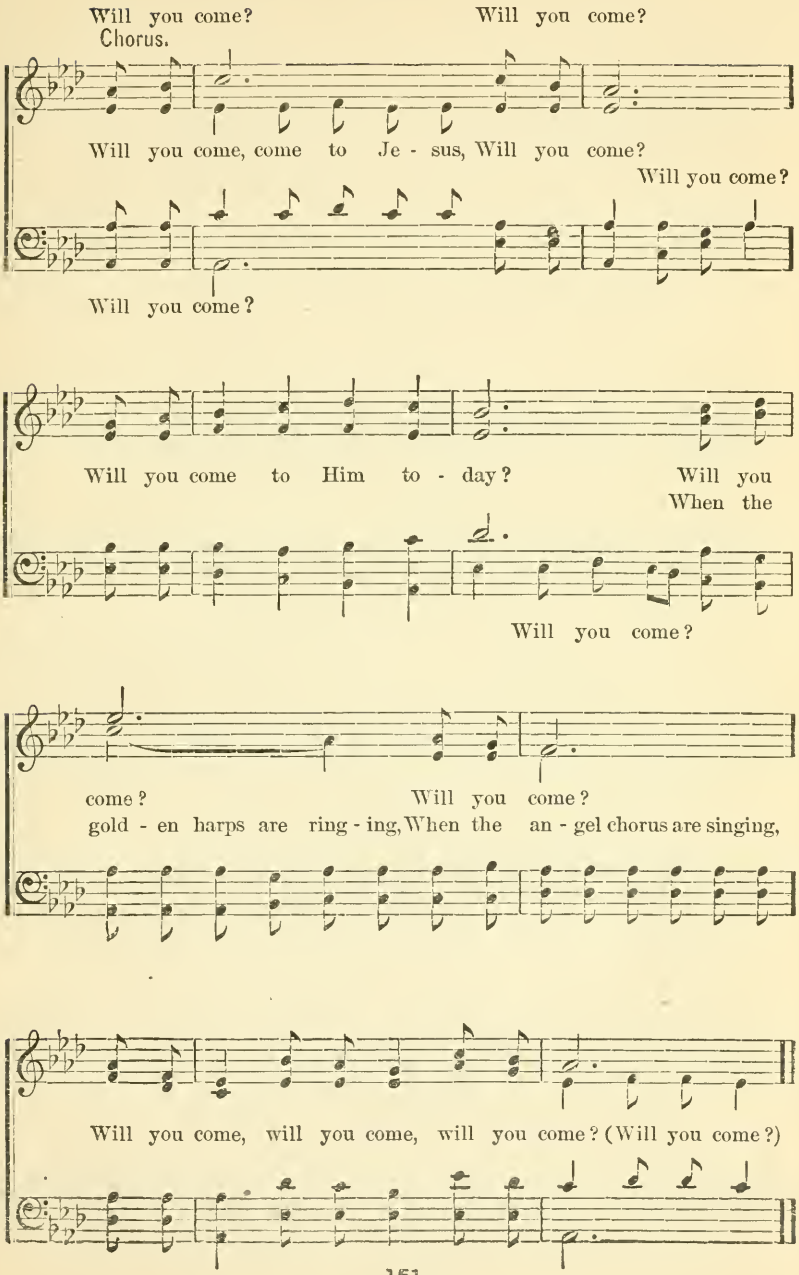


No. 140. WILL YOU COME?

A. B. B. A. B. BRAGDON.

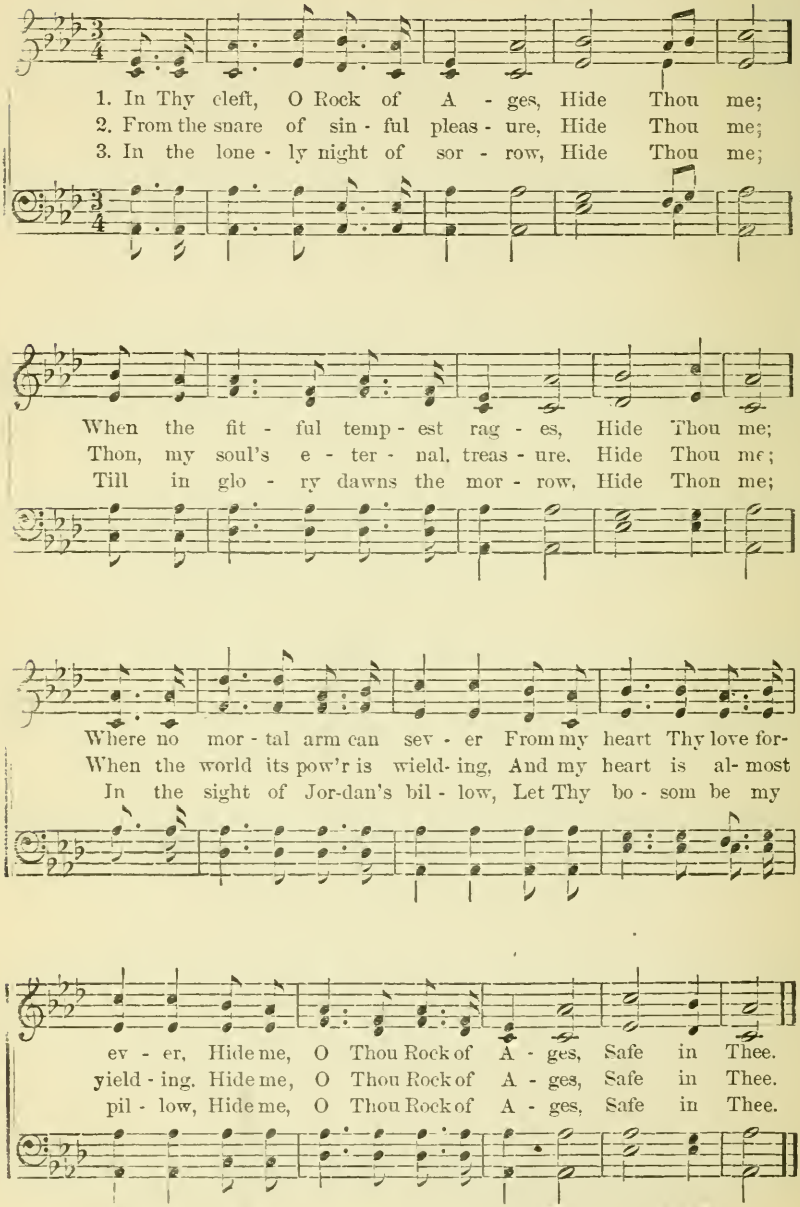


WILL YOU COME.—Concluded.



No. 141. HIDE THOU ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, D.D.



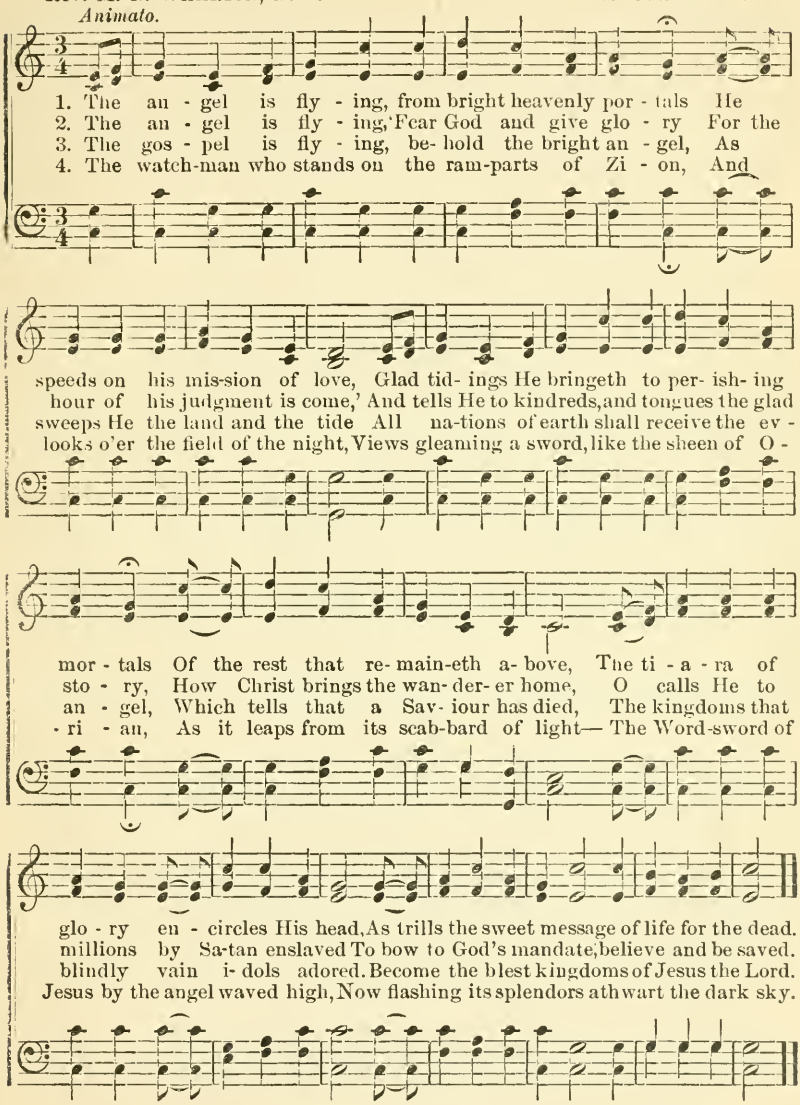
From "Good as Gold," by per. Copyright, 1880, by BIGLOW & MAIN.

No. 142. THE MISSIONARY ANGEL.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.—Rev. 14: 6, 7.

Rev. M. B. WHARTON, D. D. R. G. STAPLES.

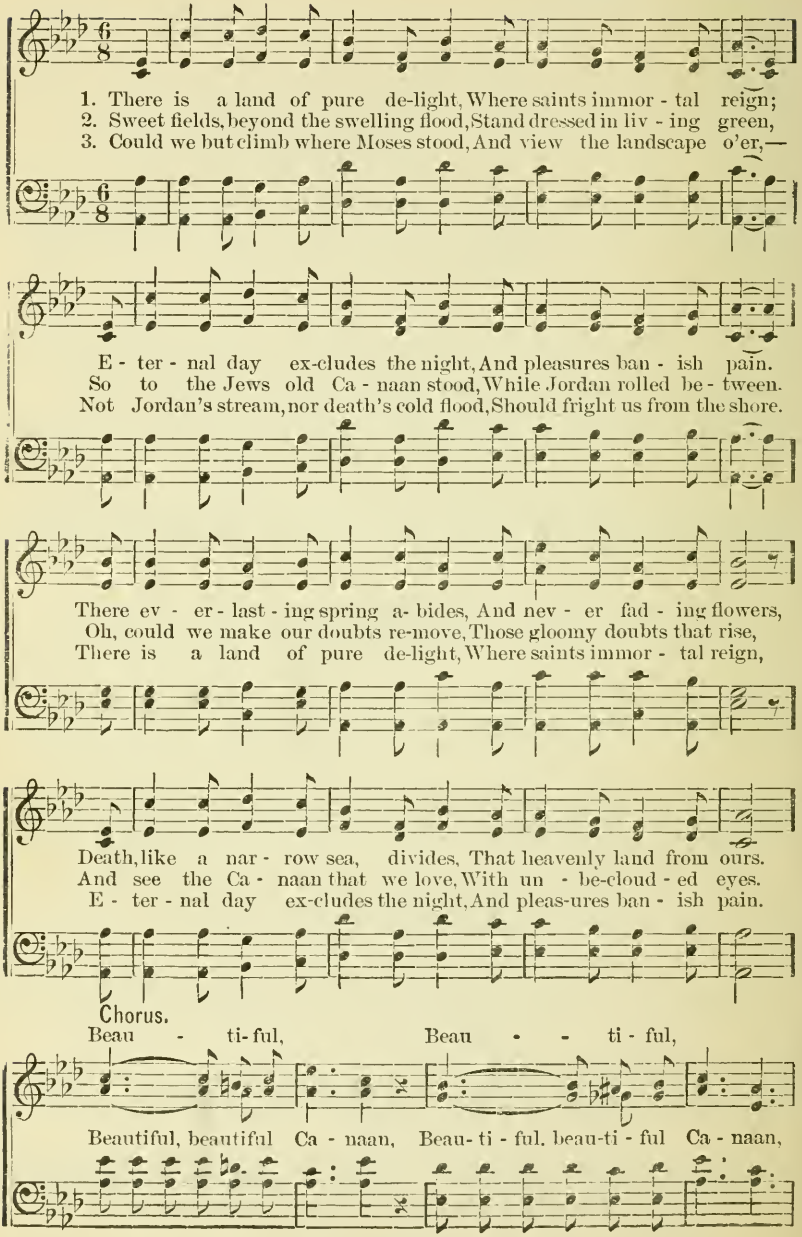
Animato.

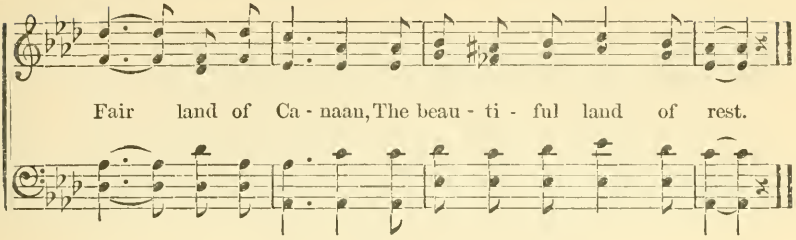


5 O, privilege glorious to us is given,
To herald the angel's blest flight,
To win the poor wanderers of earth back to heaven,
To scatter the truth and the light,
Till the day of probation forever is o'er,
And the angel returns to the echoless shore.

No. 143. BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.

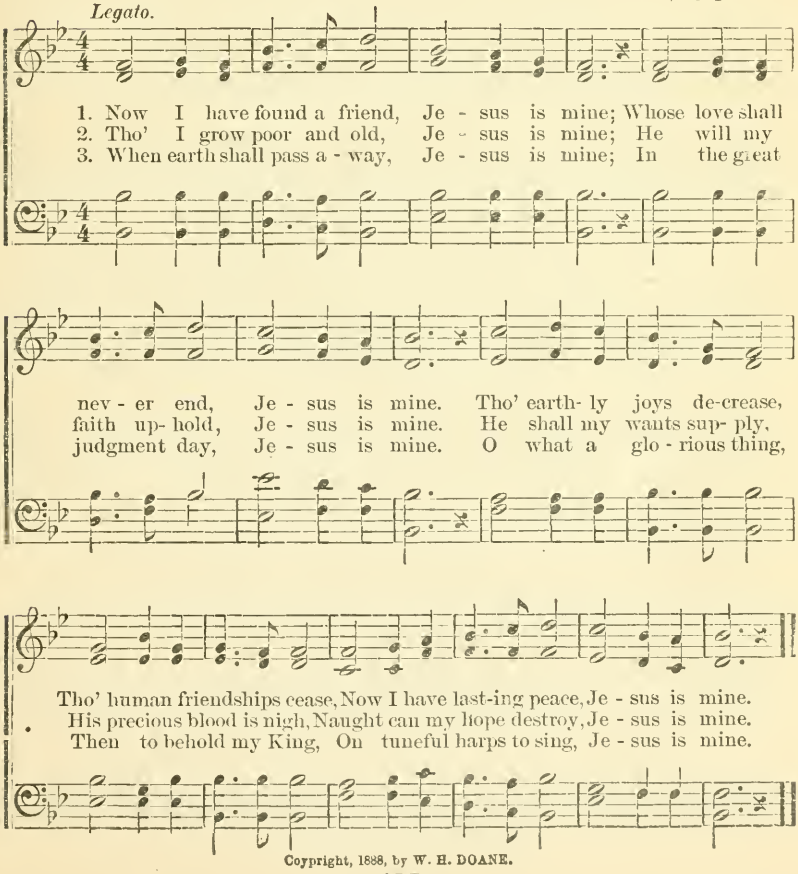
CHARLES B. HOLMES.





No. 144. JESUS IS MINE.

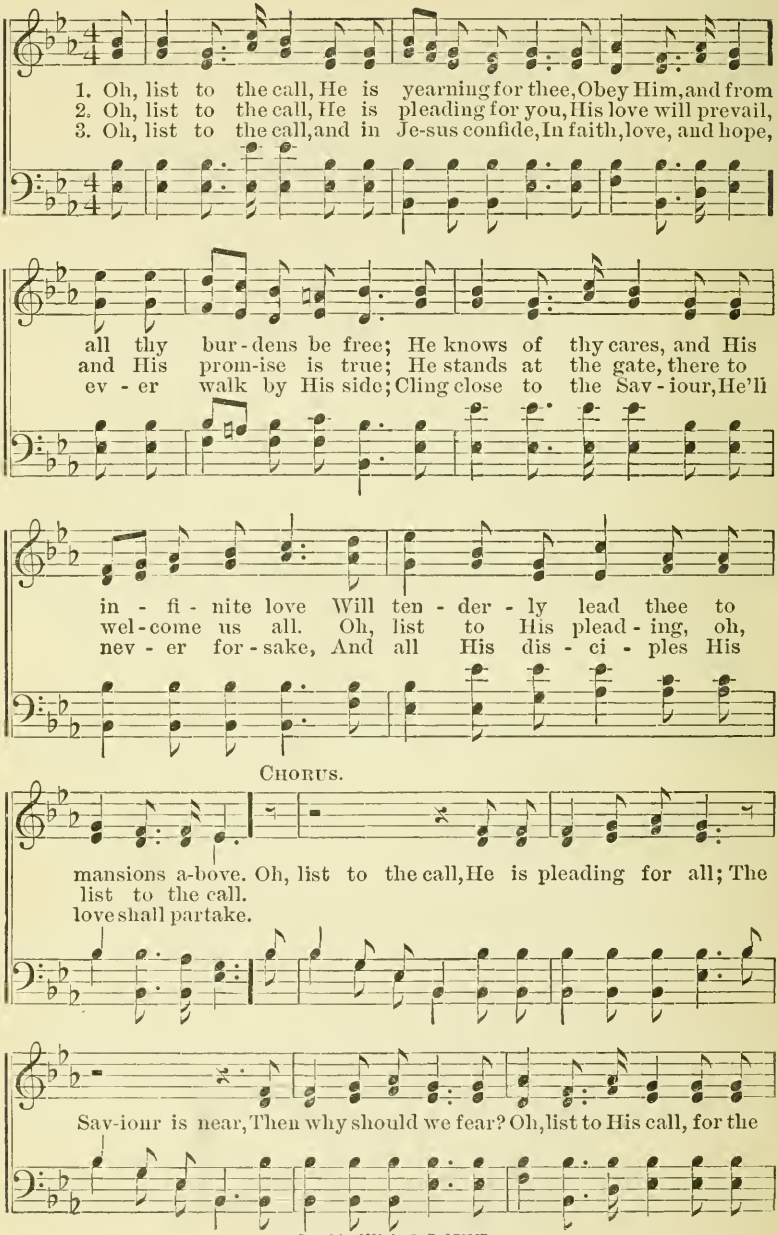
W. H. DOANE, by per.



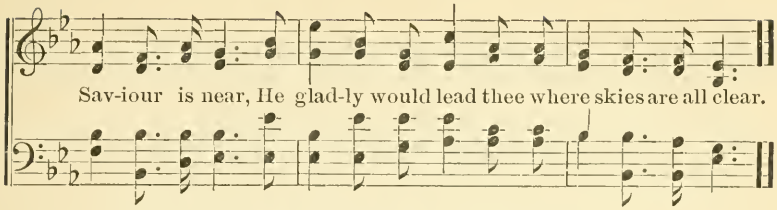
Copyright, 1888, by W. H. DOANE.

No. 145. OH, LIST TO THE CALL.

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. E. LESLIE.

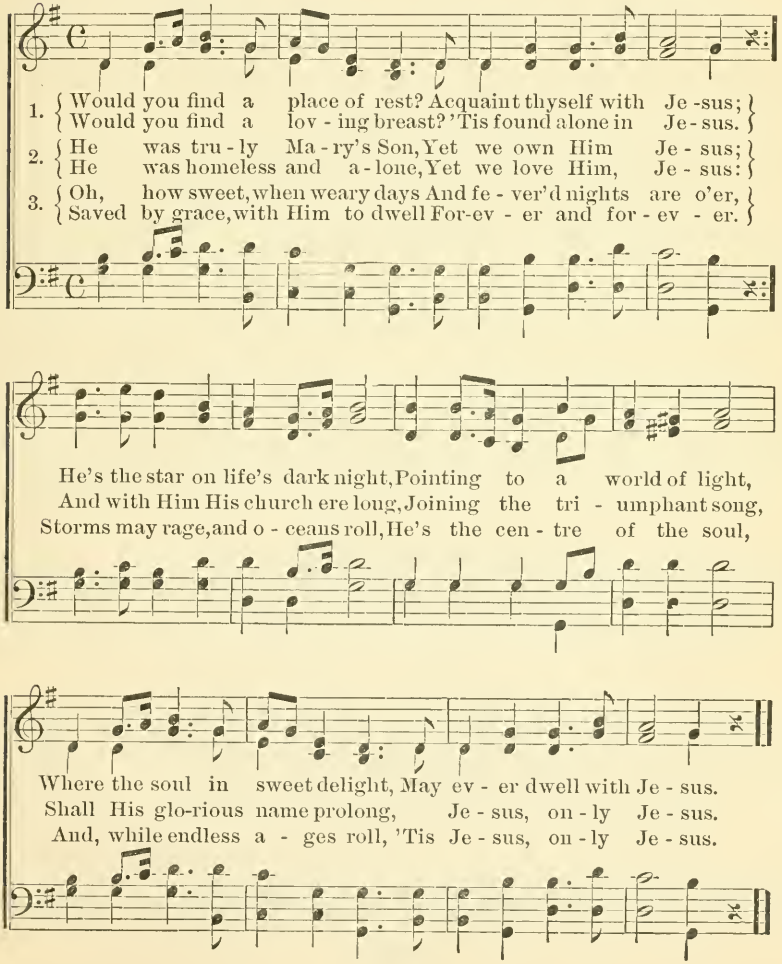


Copyright, 1886, by C. E. LESLIE.



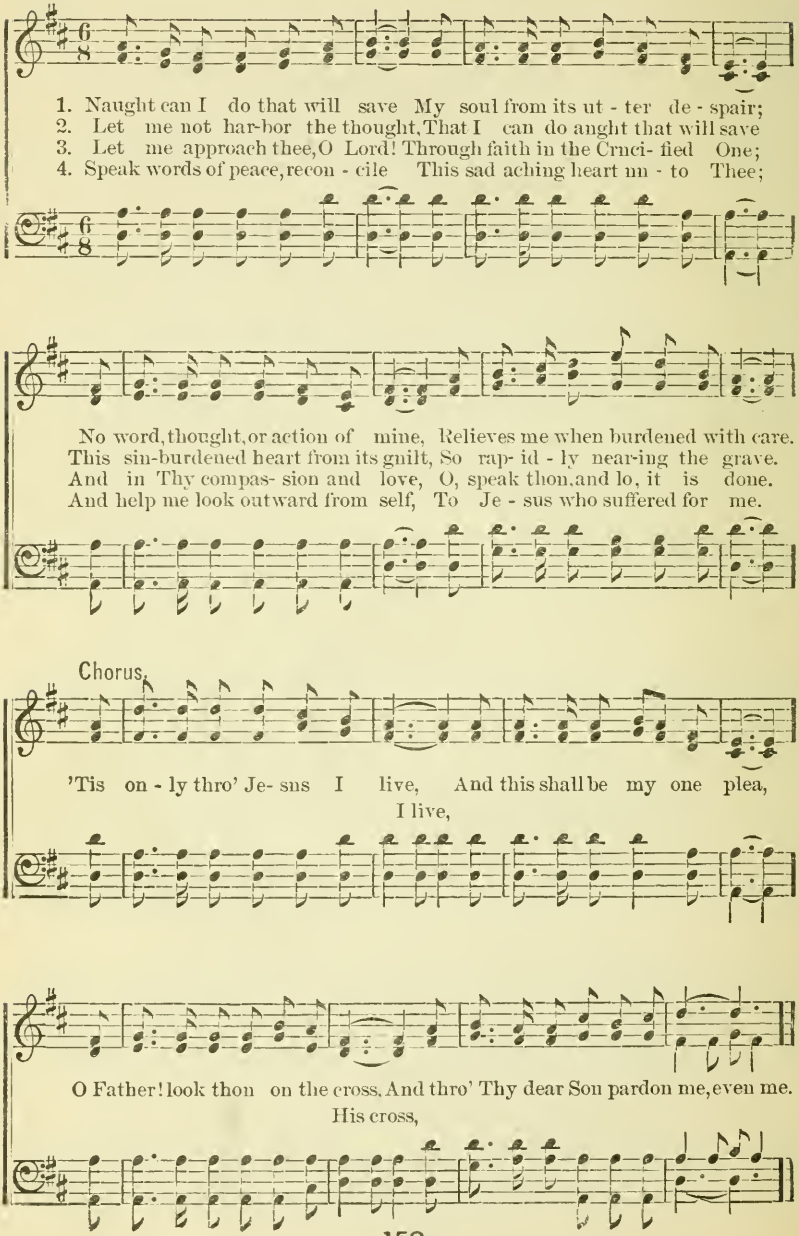
No. 146. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. J. T. Grape.



No. 147. 'TIS ONLY THRO' JESUS I LIVE.

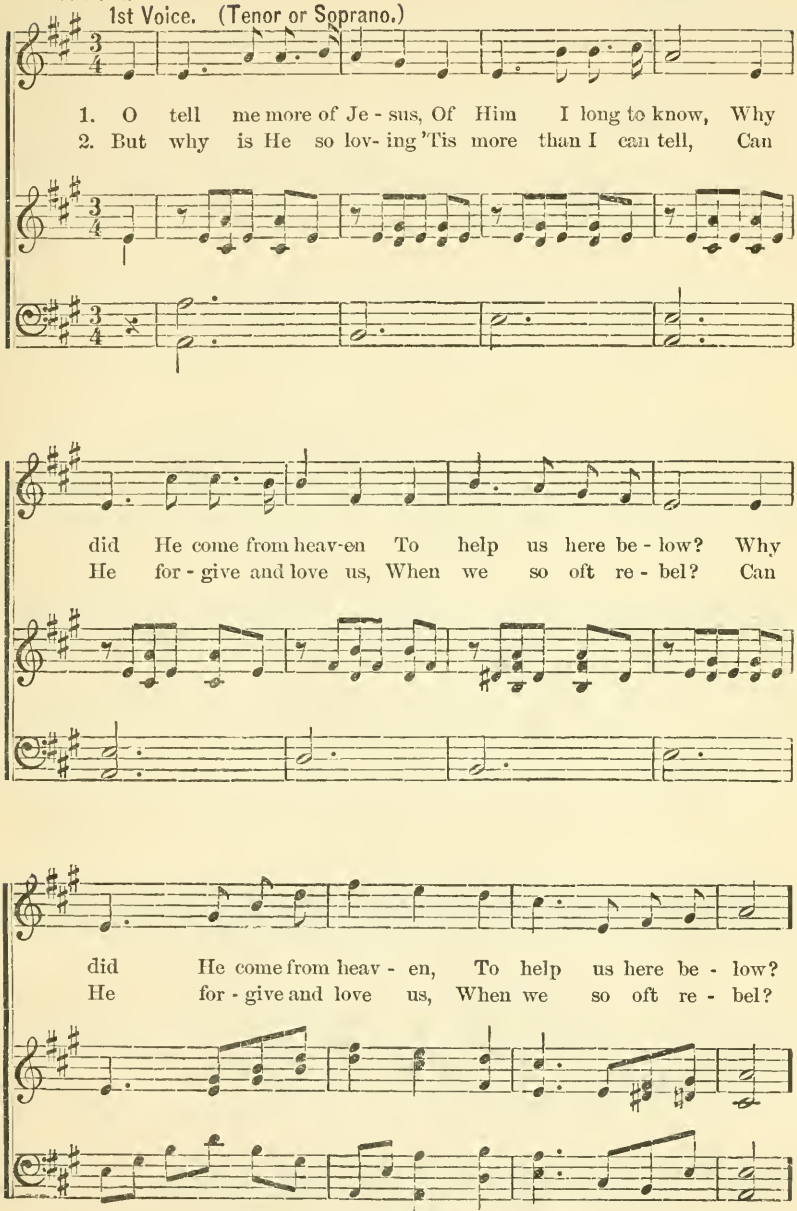
R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.



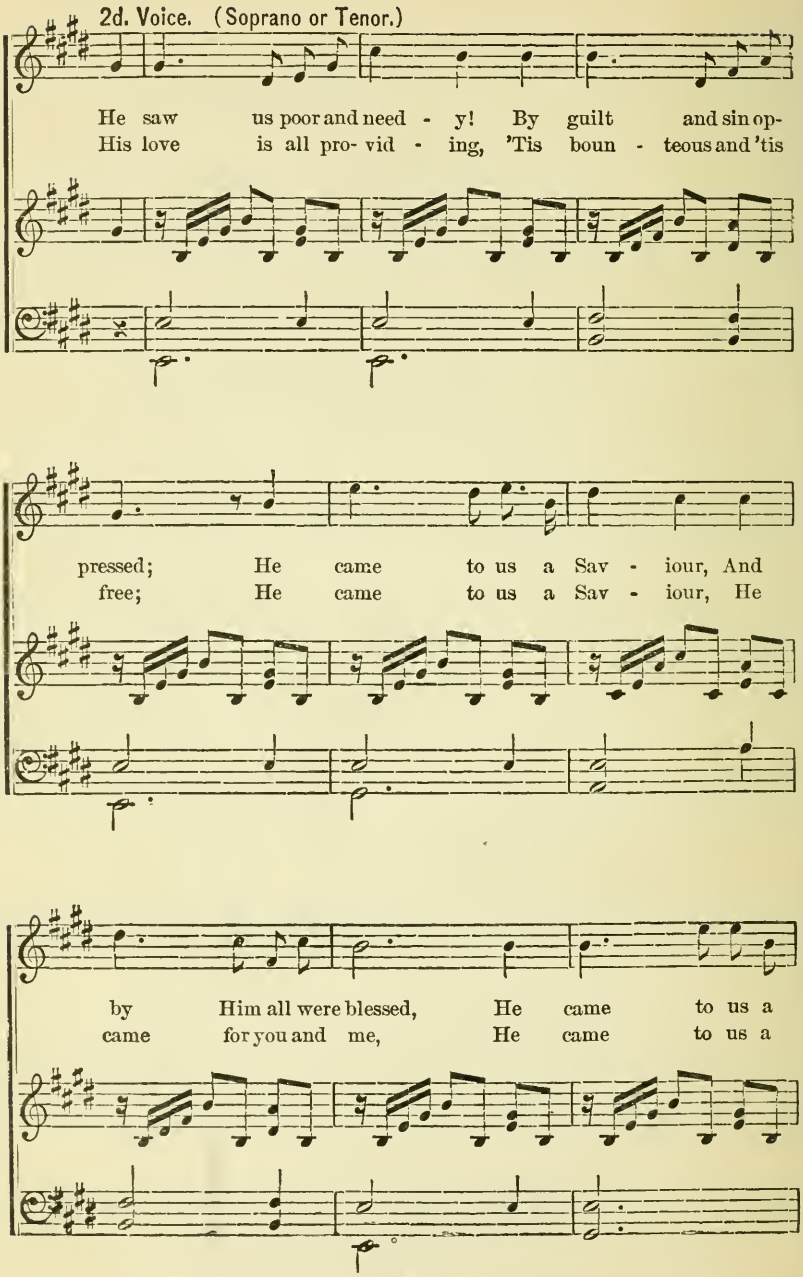
No. 148. TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.

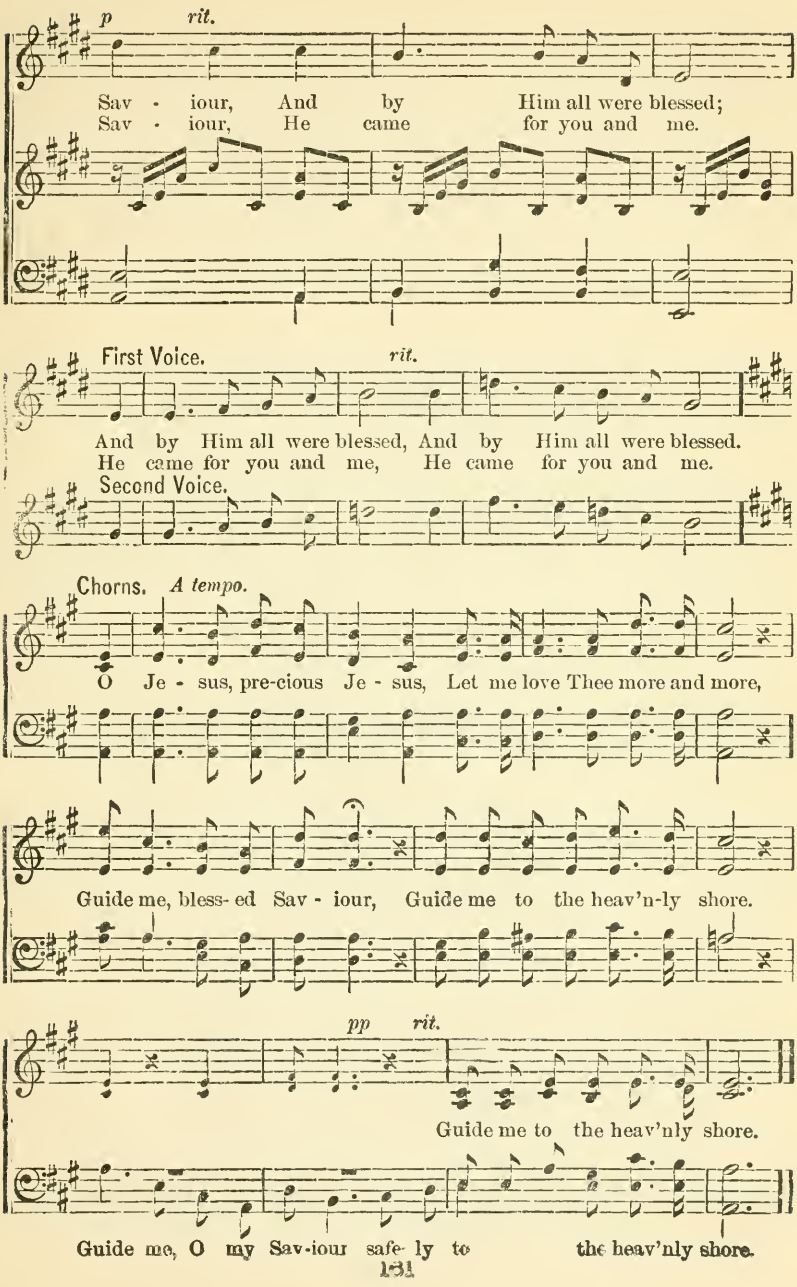
W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1st Voice. (Tenor or Soprano.)



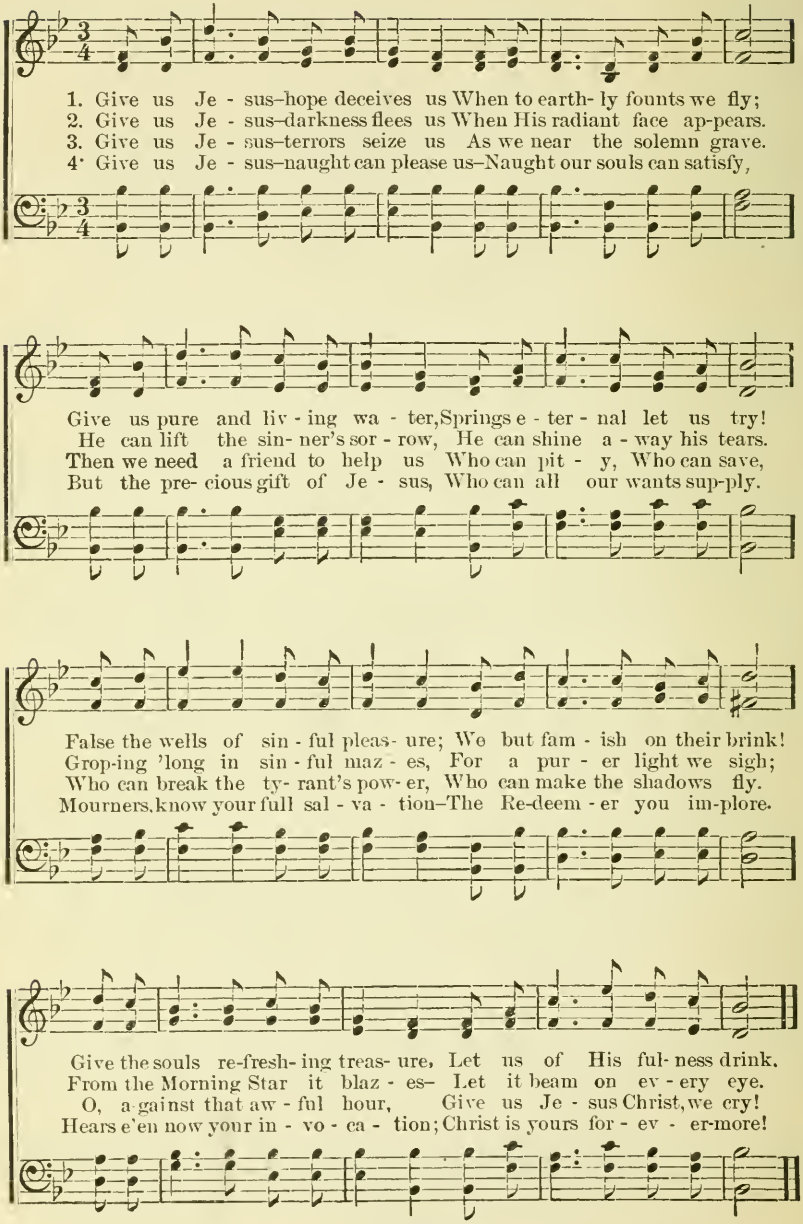
By per. W. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, Ohio.


2d. Voice. (Soprano or Tenor.)
He saw us poor and need - y! By guilt and sin op-
His love is all pro- vid - ing, 'Tis boun - teous and 'tis
pressed; He came to us a Sav - iour, And
free; He came to us a Sav - iour, He
by Him all were blessed, He came to us a
came for you and me, He came to us a


p
rit.
Sav - iour, And by Him all were blessed;
Sav - iour, He came for you and me.
First Voice.
rit.
And by Him all were blessed, And by Him all were blessed.
He came for you and me, He came for you and me.
Second Voice.
Chorns.
A tempo.
O Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, Let me love Thee more and more,
Guide me, bless-ed Sav - iour, Guide me to the heav'n-ly shore.
pp
rit.
Guide me to the heav'nly shore.
Guide me, O my Sav-iour safe- ly to the heav'nly shore.

No. 149. GIVE US JESUS.

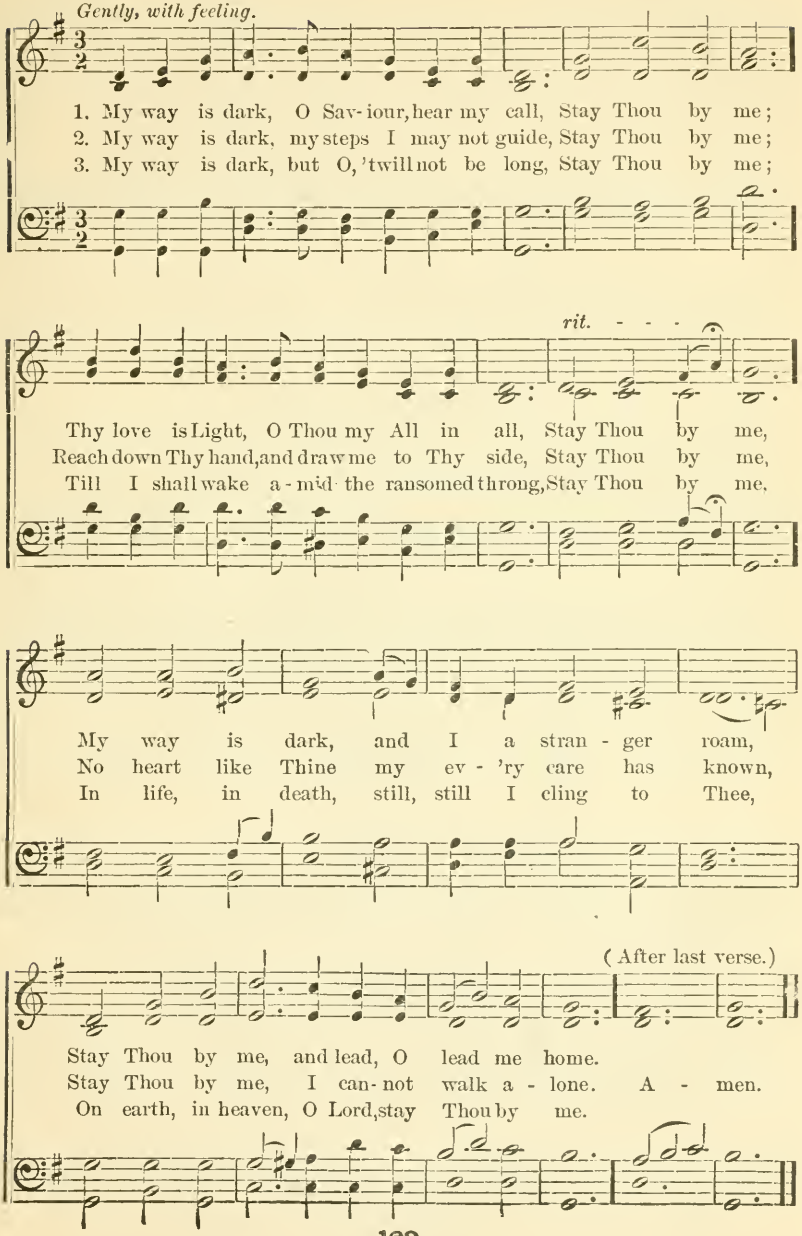
Rev. M. B. Wharton, D. D. R. G. Staples.



No. 150. STAY THOU BY ME.

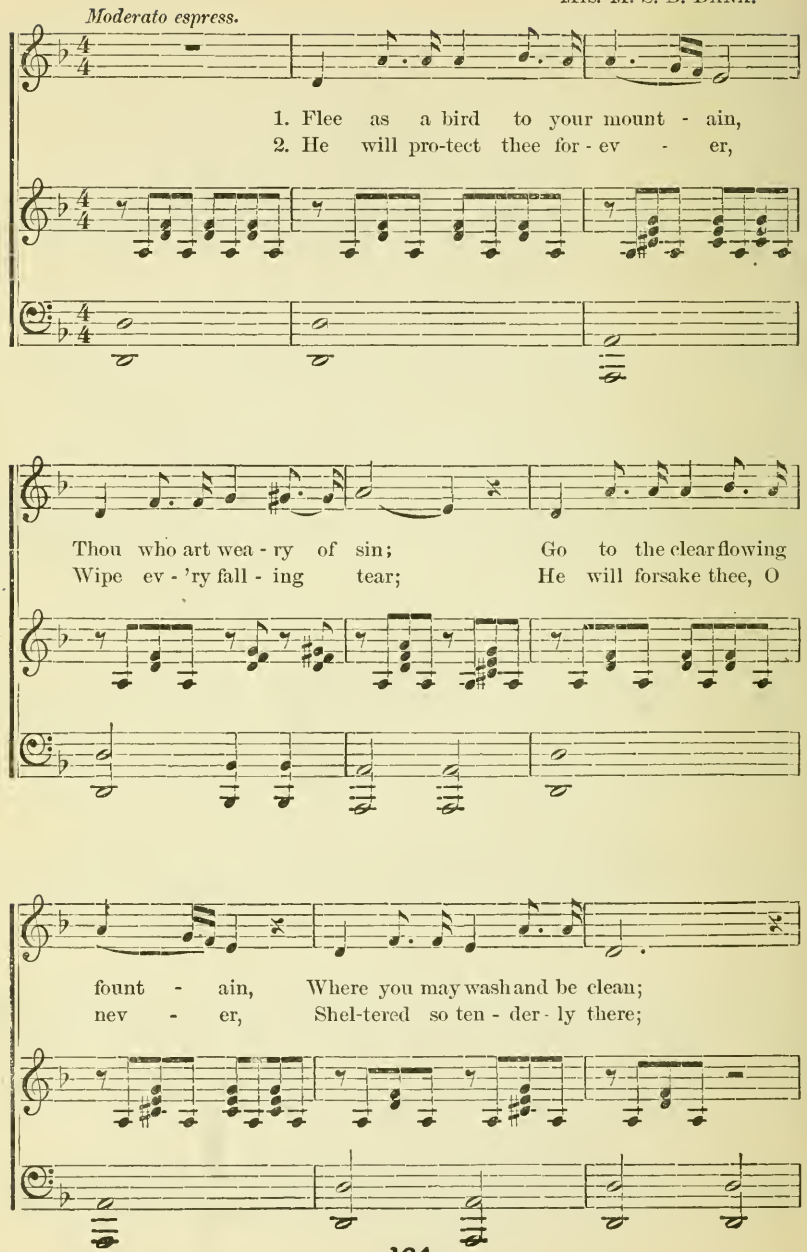
FANNIE J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

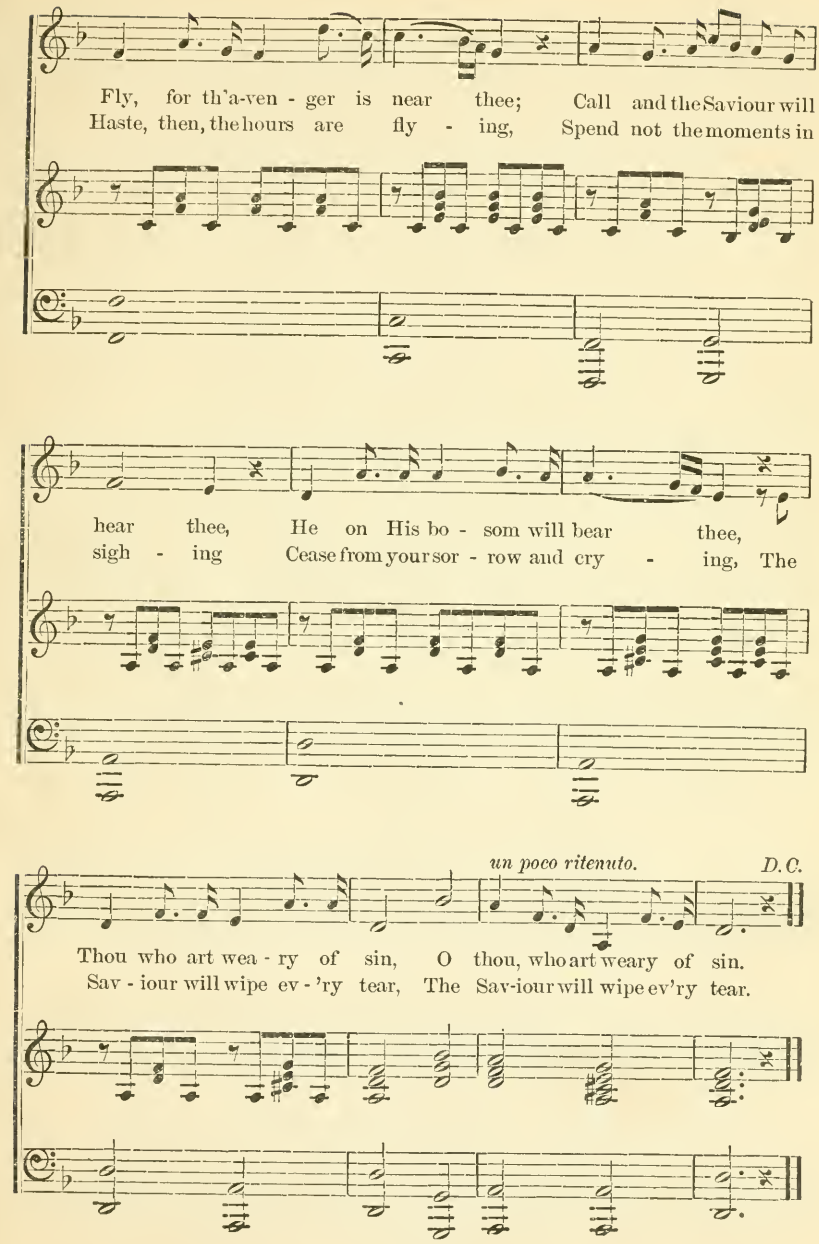
Gently, with feeling.



No. 151. FLEE AS A BIRD.

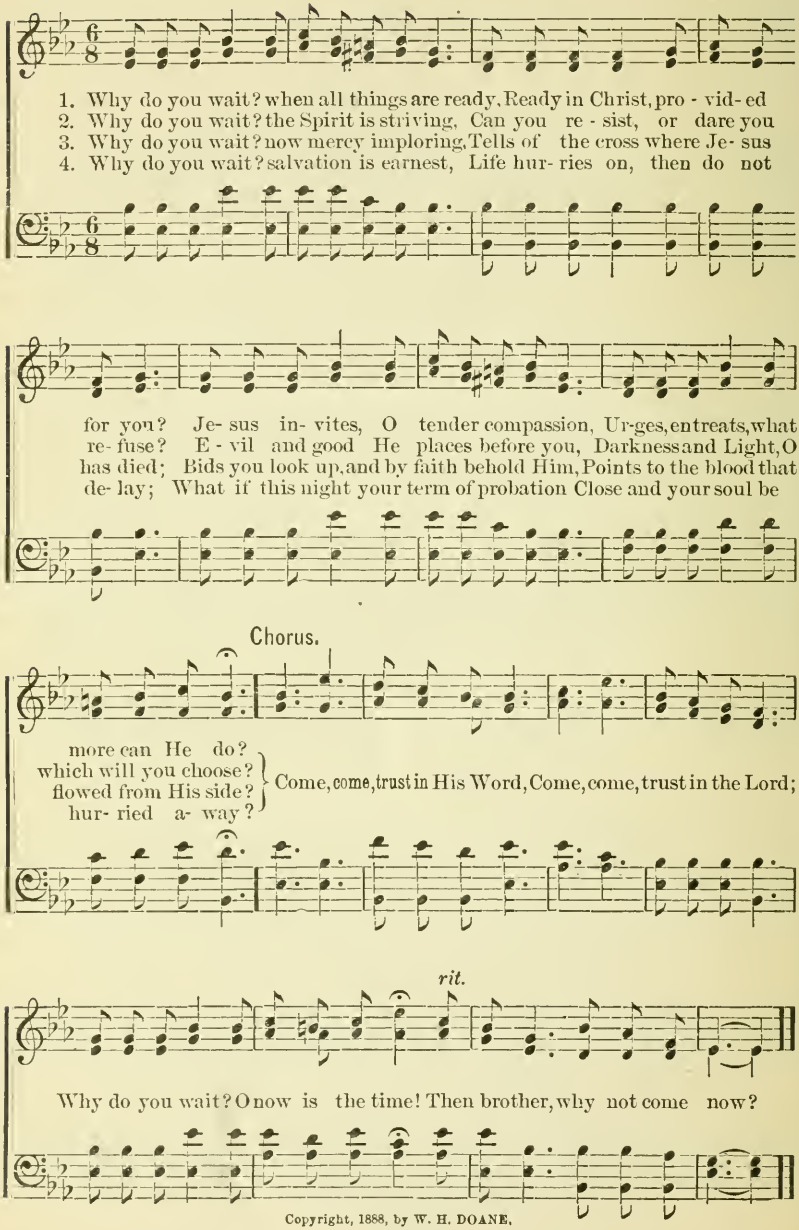
Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.




Fly, for th'a-ven - ger is near thee; Call and the Saviour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in
hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee,
sigh - ing Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The
un poco ritenuto.
D.C.
Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou, who art weary of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev'ry tear.

No. 152. WHY DO YOU WAIT.

C. J. F. W. H. DOANE, by per.



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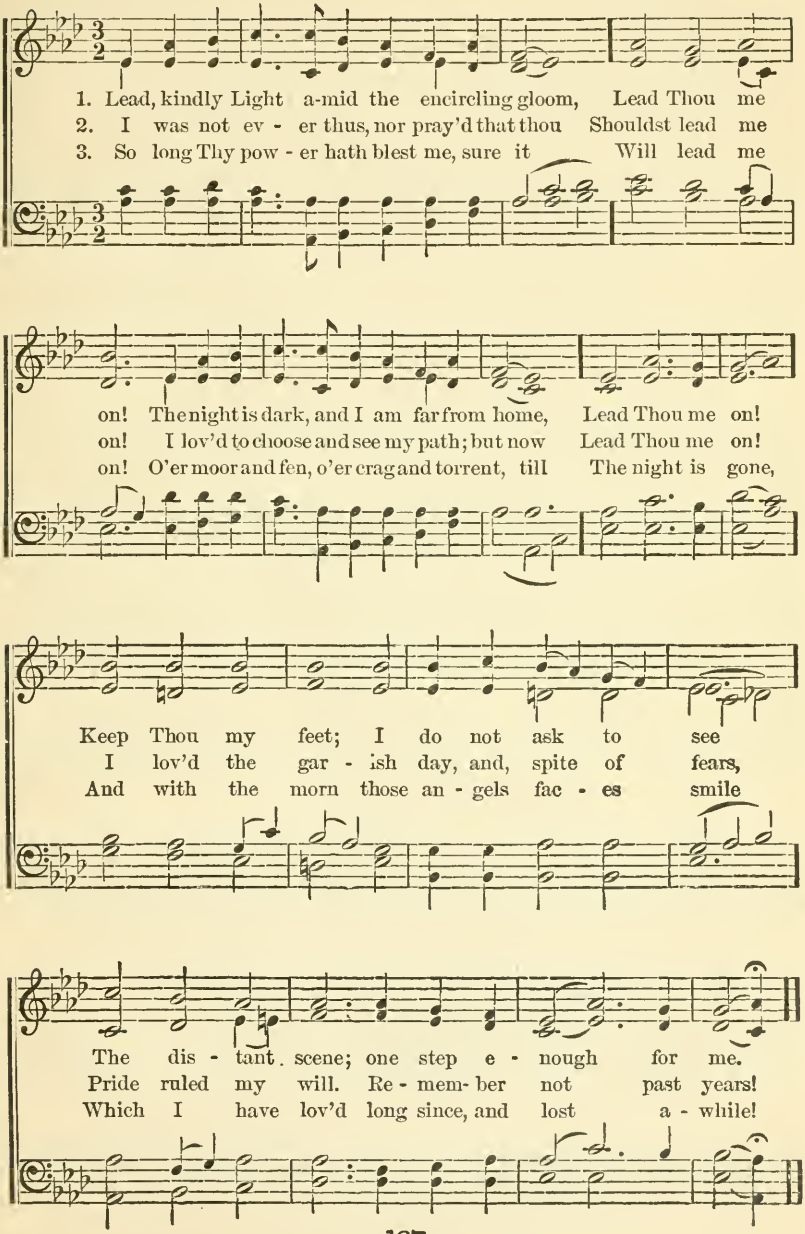
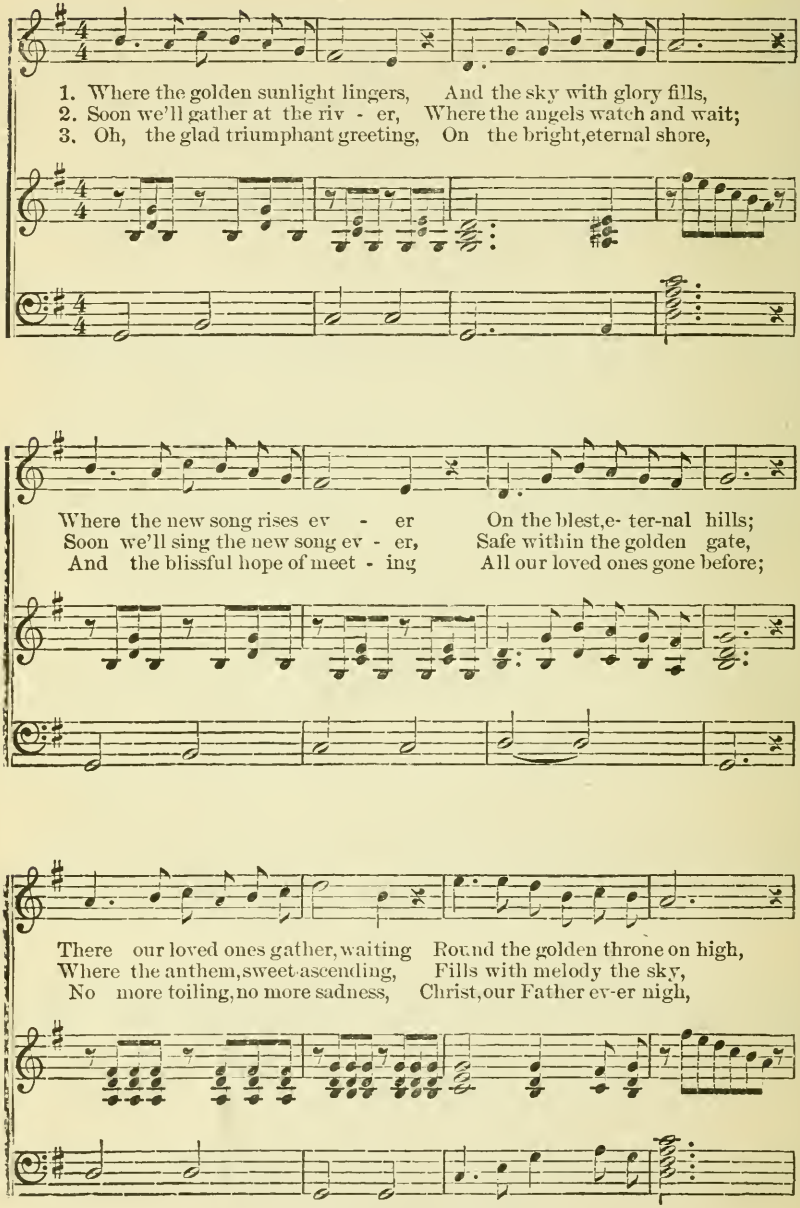
No. 153. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.



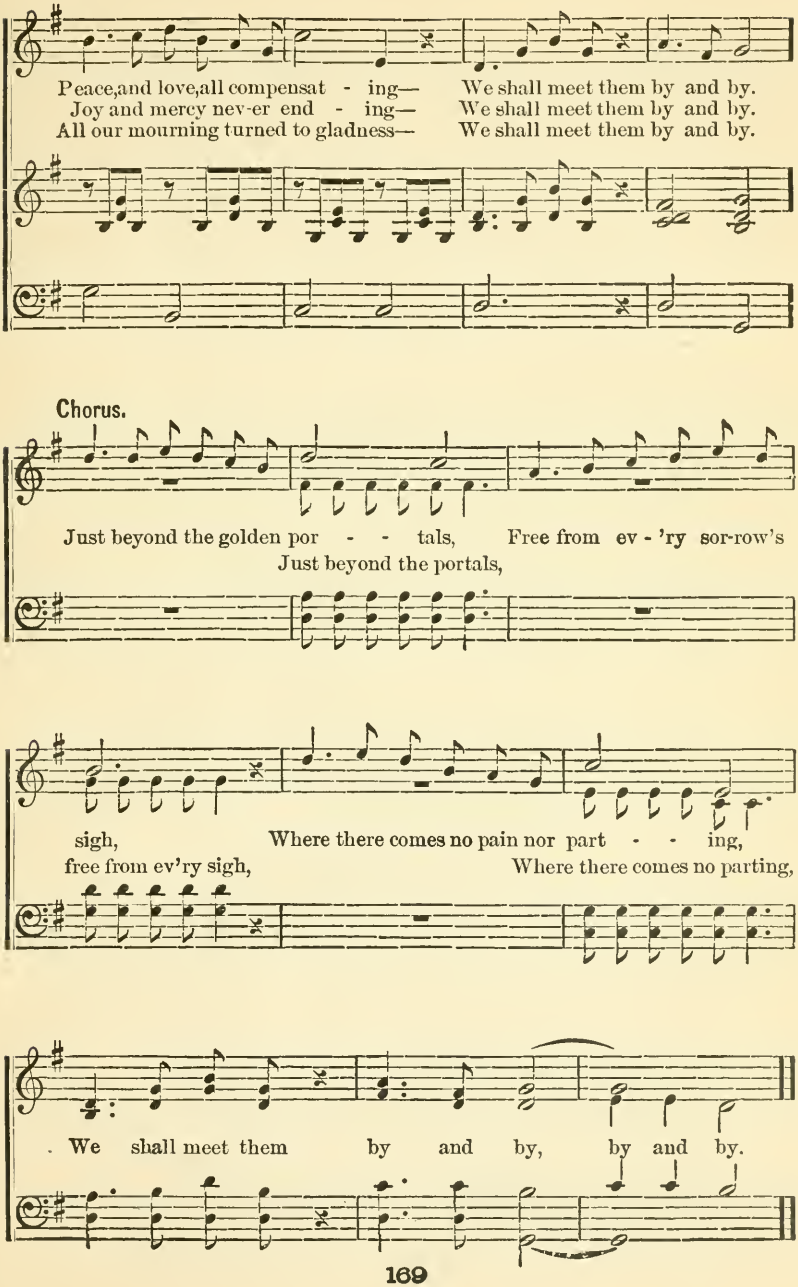
No. 154. WE SHALL MEET THEM BY AND BY.

CHARLES B. HOLMES.



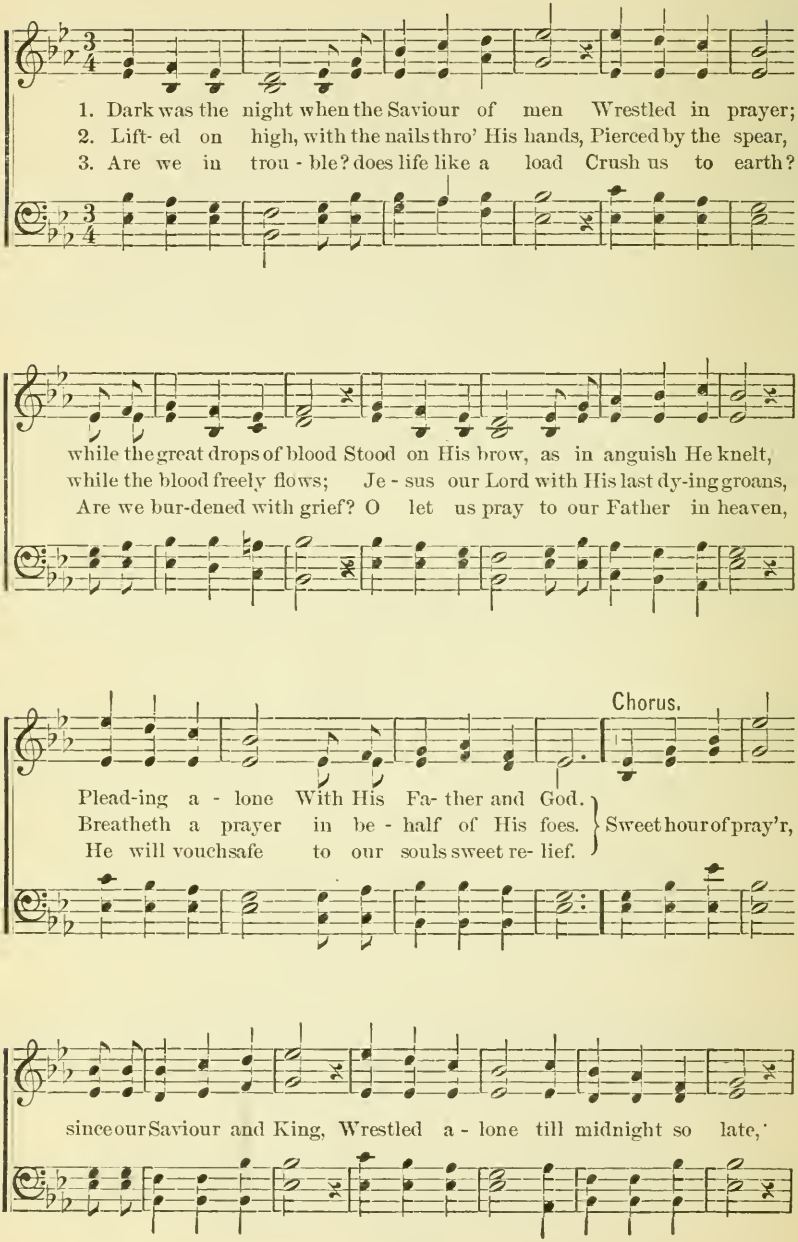
Copyright, 1881, by CHARLES B. HOLMES.

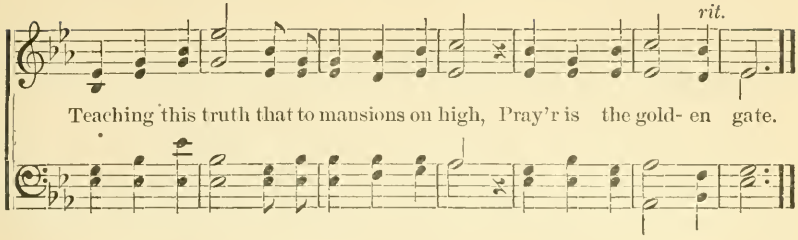
We Shall Meet Them By and By.—Concluded.



No. 155. DARK WAS THE NIGHT.

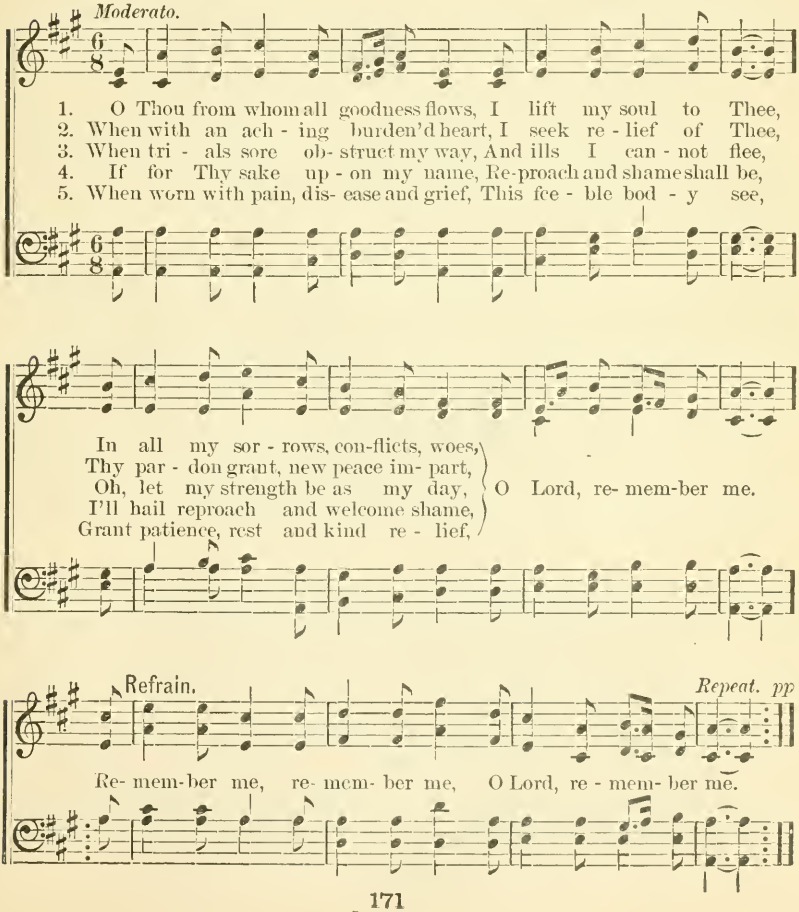
R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.





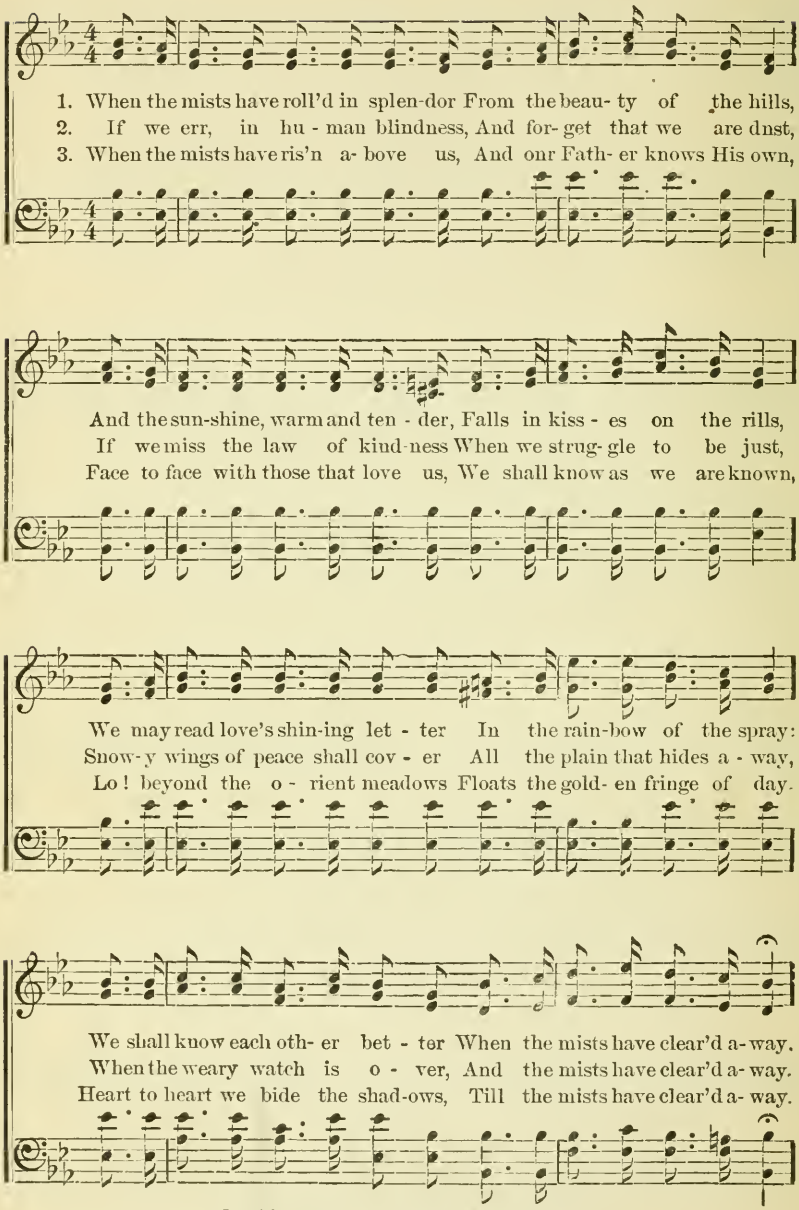
No. 156. REMEMBER ME.

R. G. STAPLES.

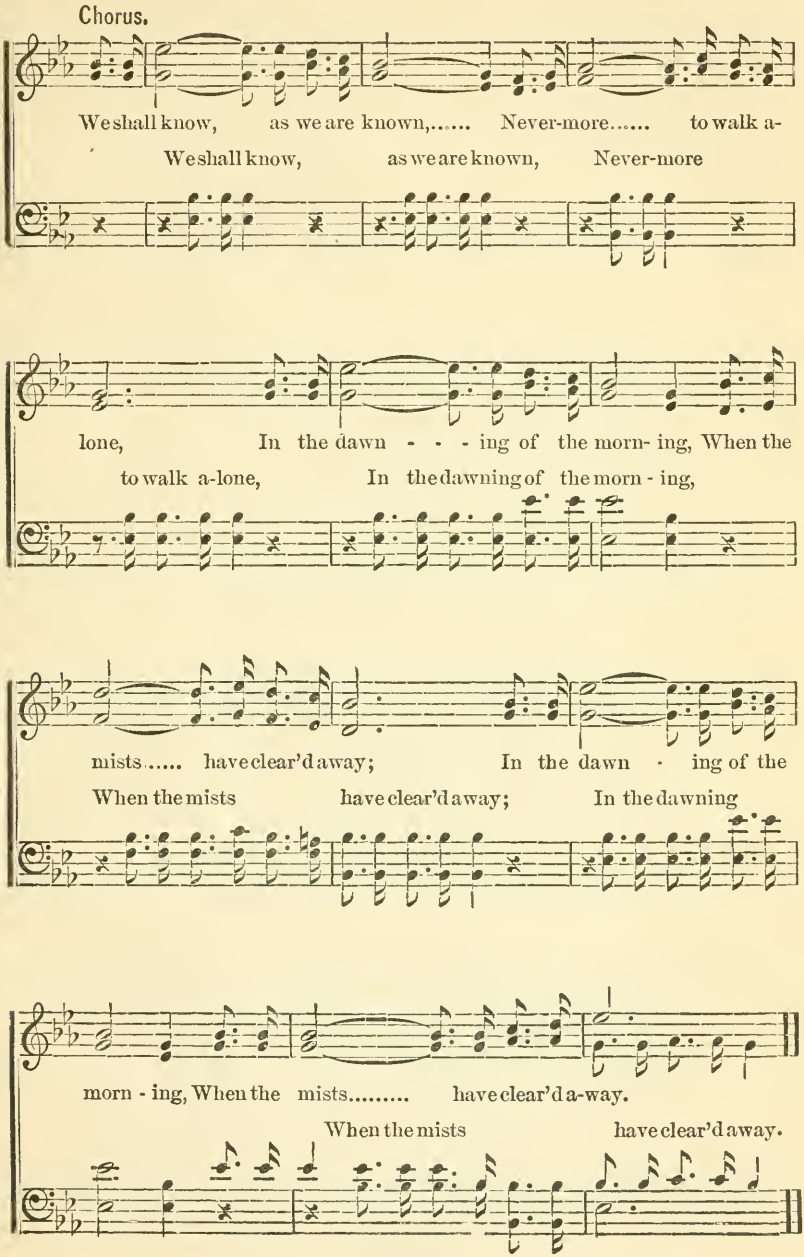


No. 157. When the Mists have cleared away.

ANNE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

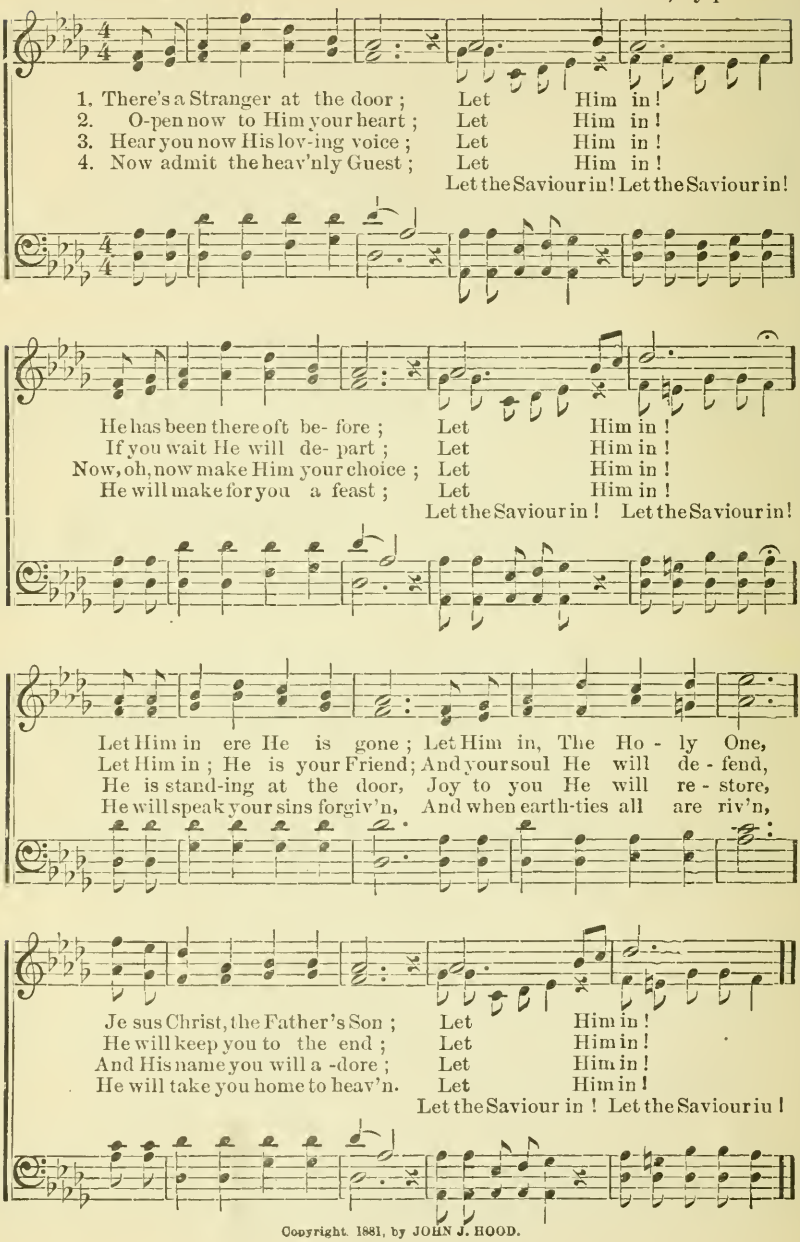


Copyrighted and used by per. S. BRAINARD S SONS.


Chorus.
We shall know, as we are known,..... Never-more..... to walk a-
We shall know, as we are known, Never-more
lone, In the dawn - - - ing of the morn- ing, When the
to walk a-lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing,
mists..... have clear'd away; In the dawn - ing of the
When the mists have clear'd away; In the dawning
morn - ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a-way.
When the mists have clear'd away.

No. 158. LET THE SAVIOUR IN!

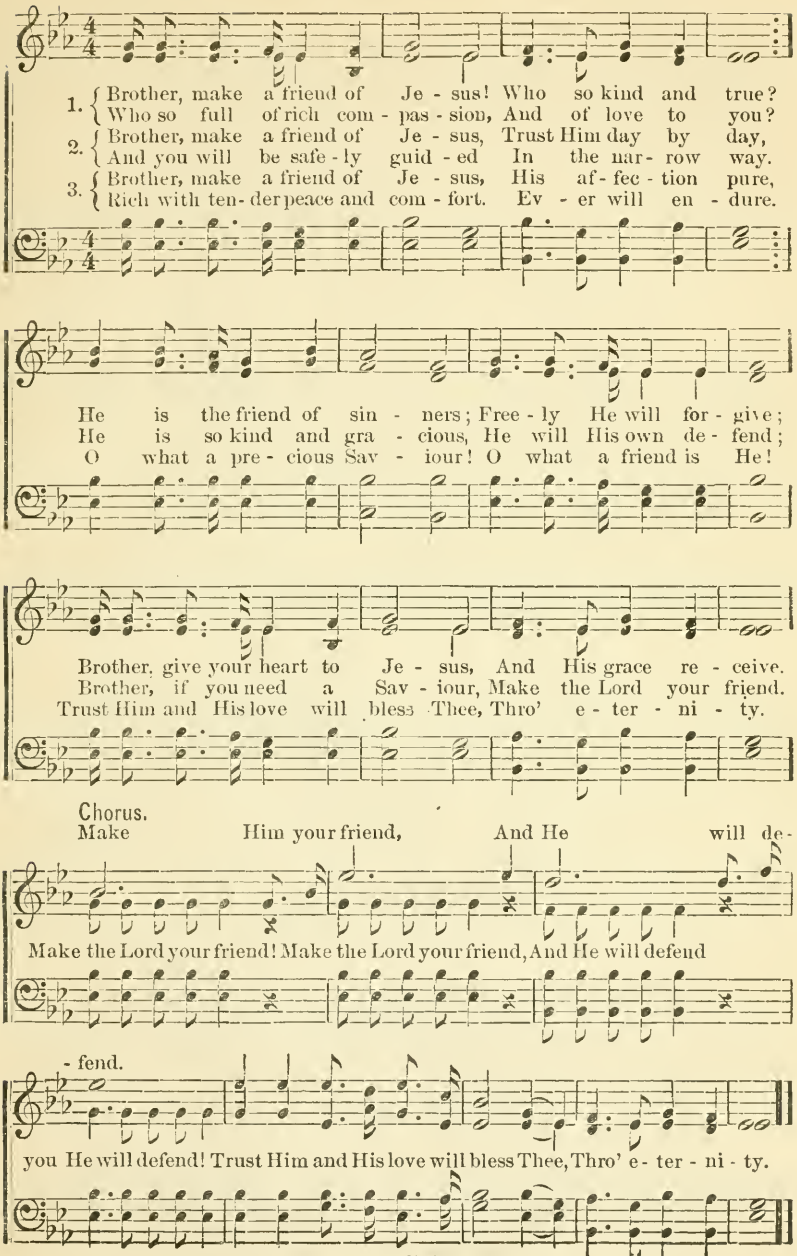
J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL, by per.



Copyright 1881, by JOHN J. HOOD.

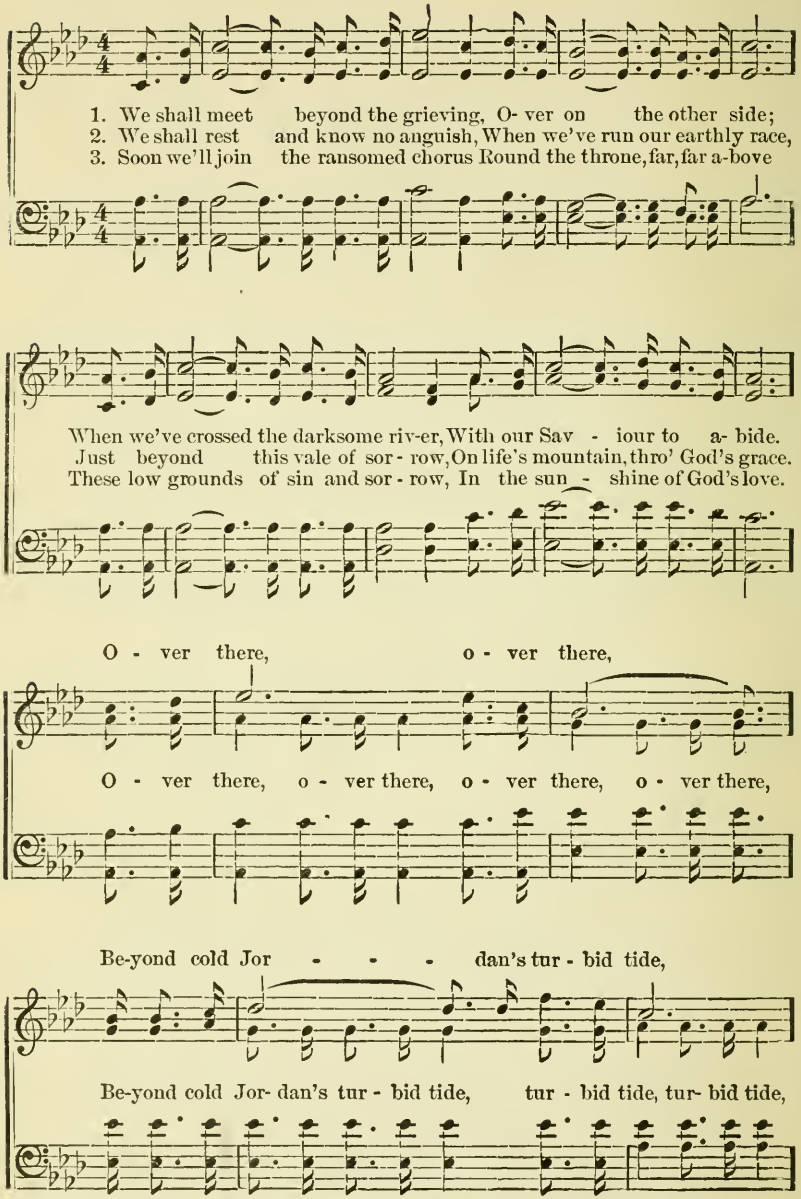
No. 159. MAKE A FRIEND OF JESUS.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, Arr.

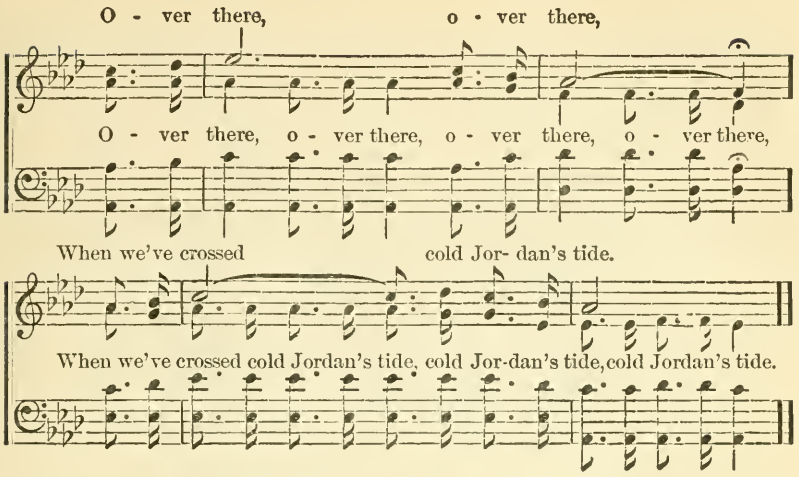


No. 160. BEYOND THE GRIEVING.

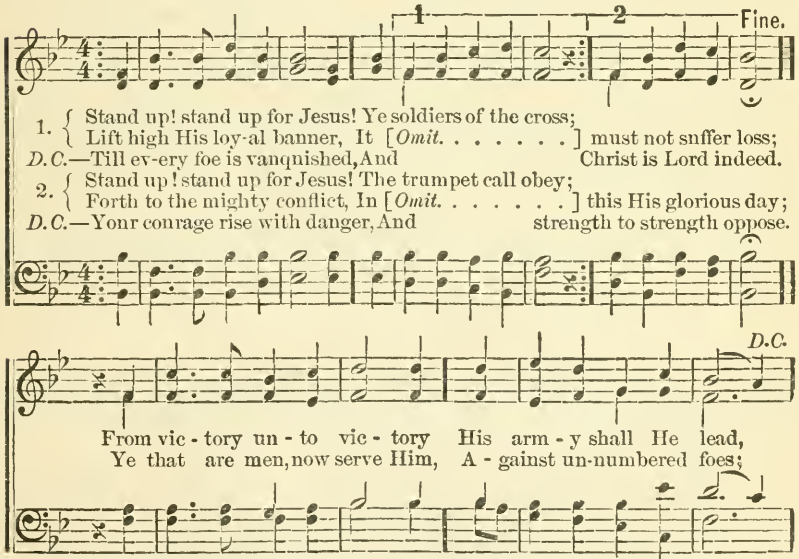
R. G. STAPLES. FRANK M. DAVIS.



From "Pearls of Song," by per.



No. 161. WEBB. 7s, 6s.



1. { Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
   { Lift high His loy-al banner, It [*Omit.* . . . . .] must not suffer loss;
D. C.—Till ev-ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

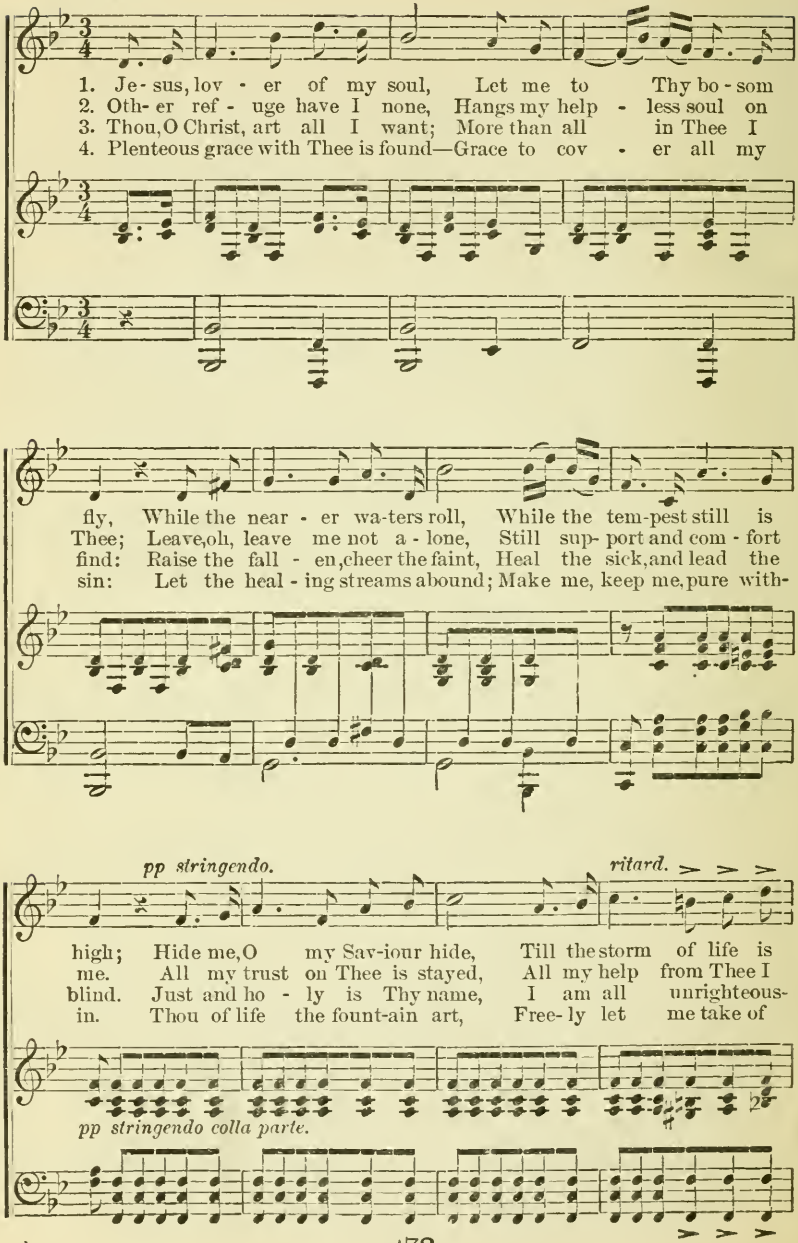
2. { Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey;
   { Forth to the mighty conflict, In [*Omit.* . . . . .] this His glorious day;
D. C.—Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

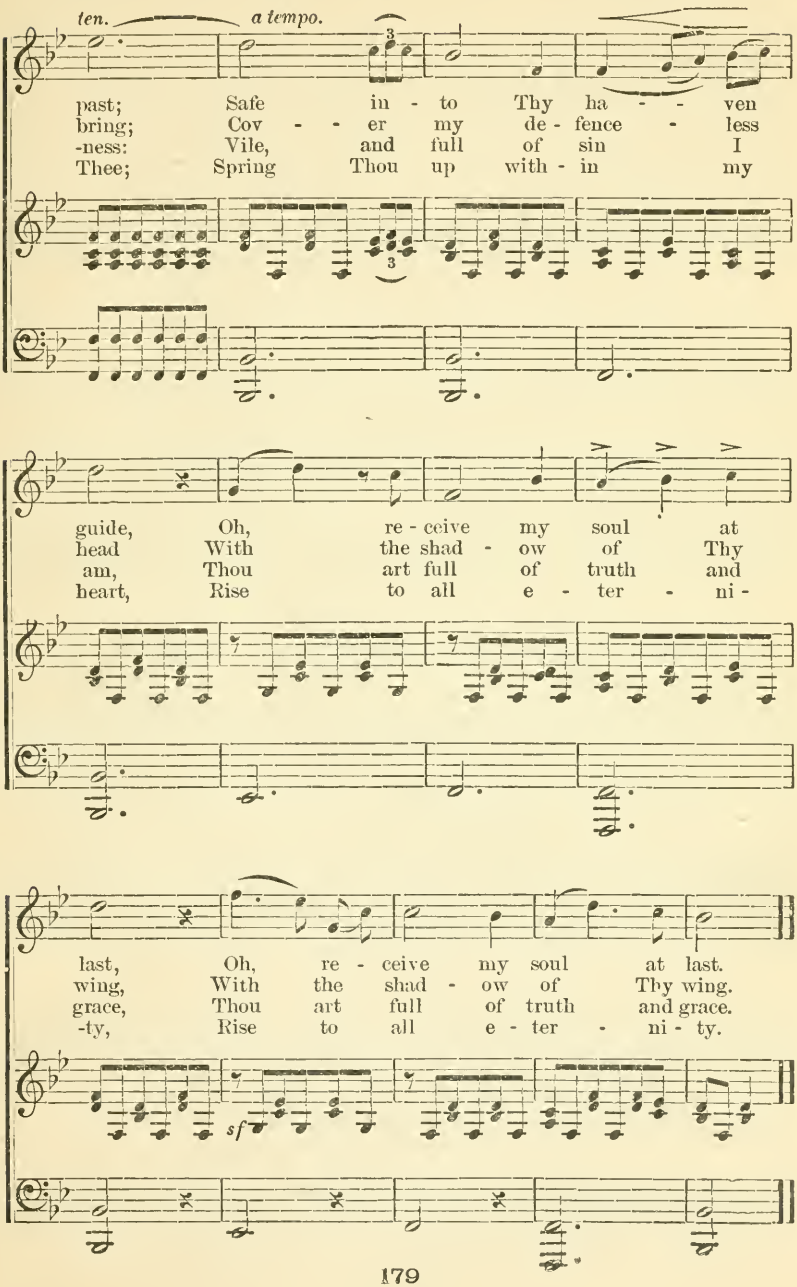
3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

No. 162. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

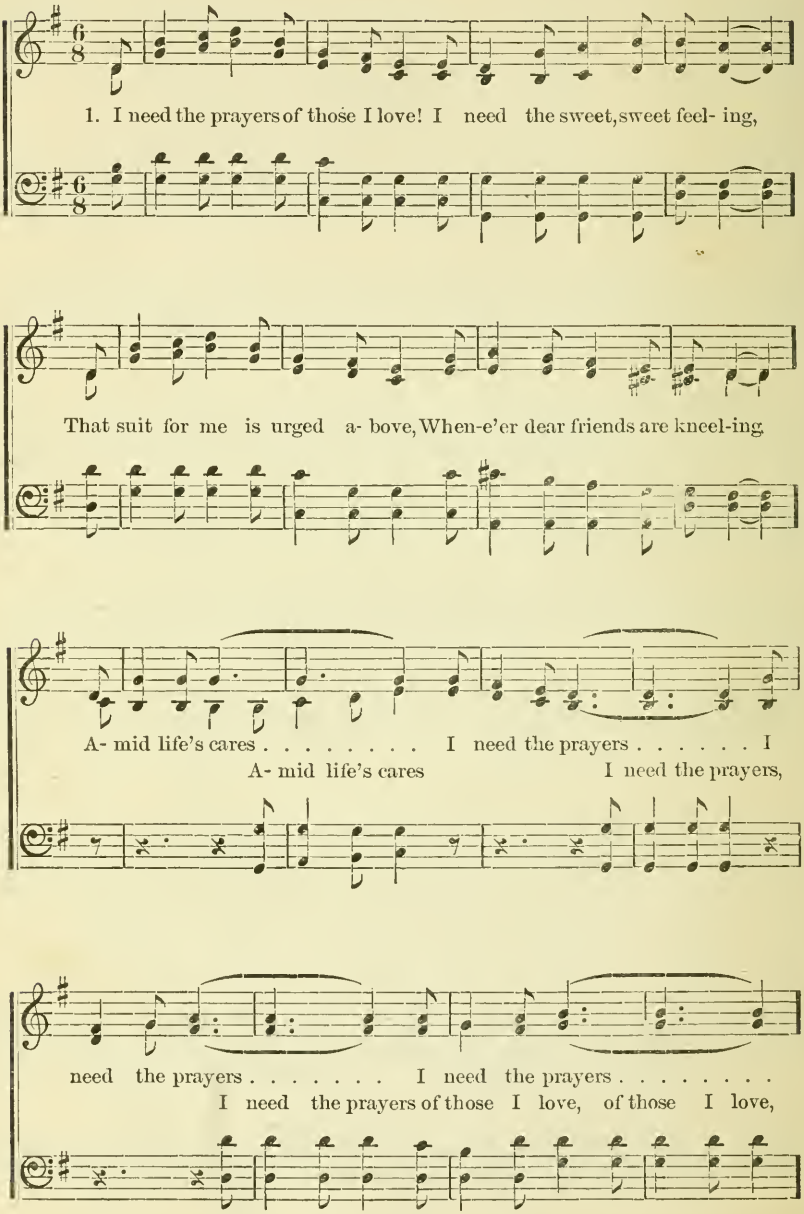
Adapted. FRANZ ABT.

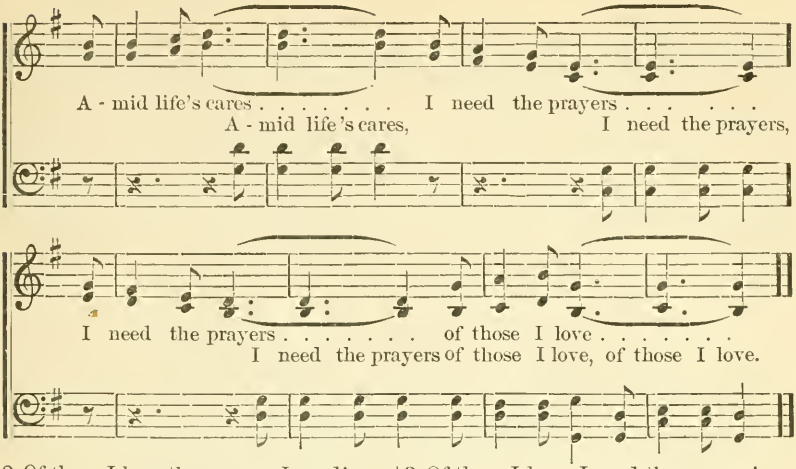



ten.
a tempo.
3
past; Safe in - to Thy ha - - ven
bring; Cov - - er my de - fence - less
-ness: Vile, and full of sin I
Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my
3
guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at
head With the shad - ow of Thy
am, Thou art full of truth and
heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni -
last, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
wing, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
grace, Thou art full of truth and grace.
-ty, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.
sf

No. 163. I NEED THE PRAYERS OF THOSE I LOVE.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. S. Lorenz, by per.



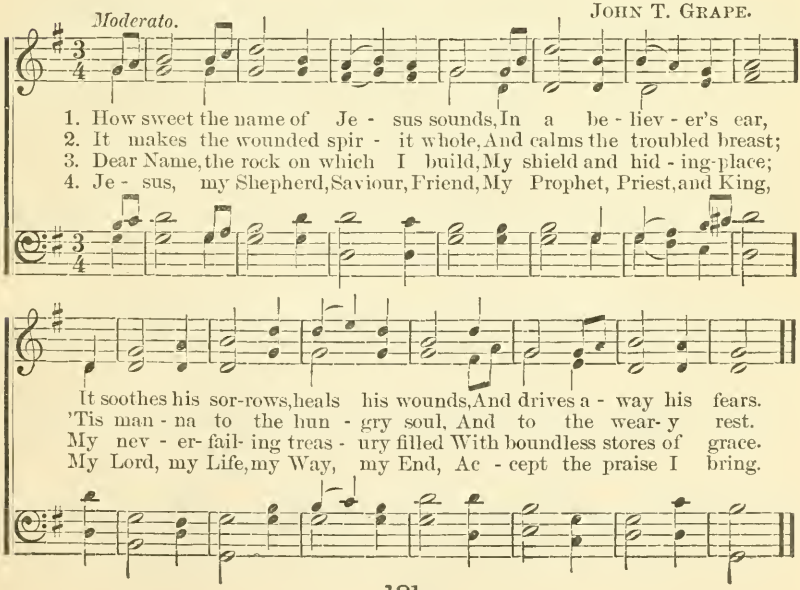


2 Of those I love the prayers I need!
They know my wants and ailings;
They know the way to intercede
For all my faults and failings.
On bended knee,
Remember me,
Of those I love the prayers I need!

3 Of those I love, I need the prayers!
Whene'er God's throne addressing:
'Twill keep my feet from sins and snares,
'Twill break in show'rs of blessing,
Who love me yet,
Oh, ne'er forget;
Of those I love, I need the prayers!

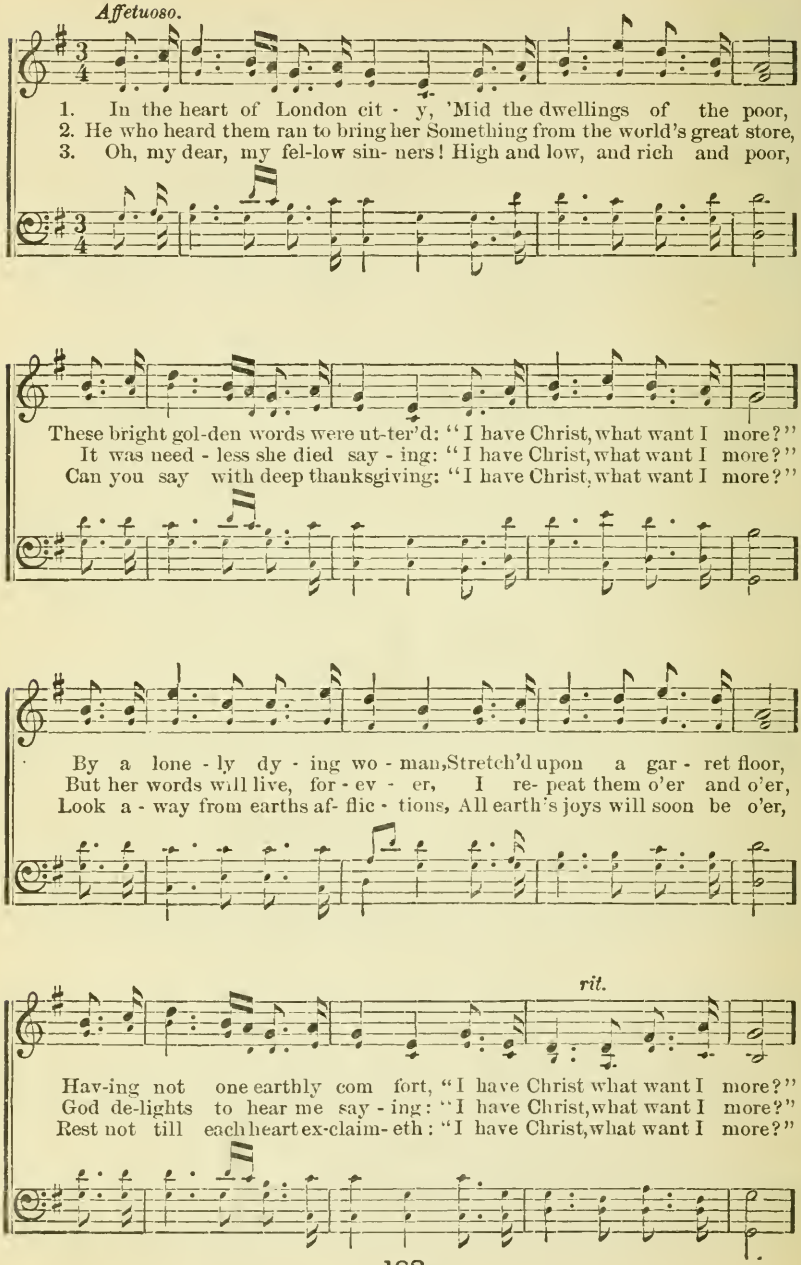
No. 164. HOW SWEET THE NAME.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

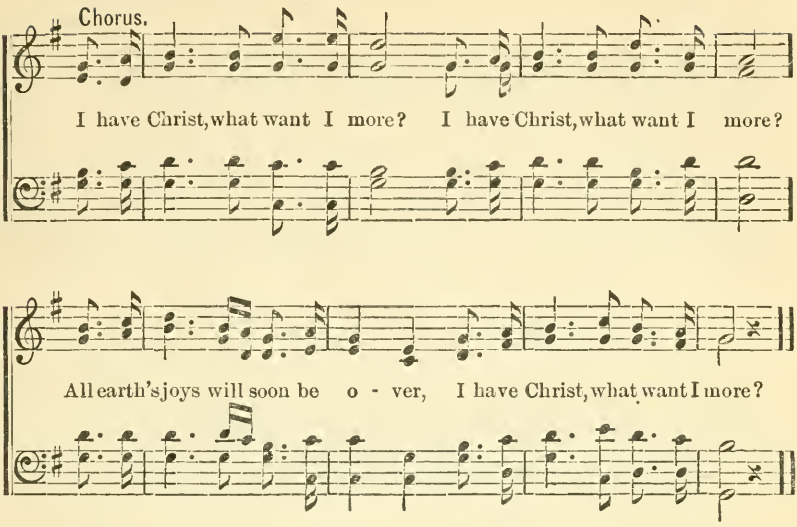


No. 165. I HAVE CHRIST, WHAT WANT I MORE?

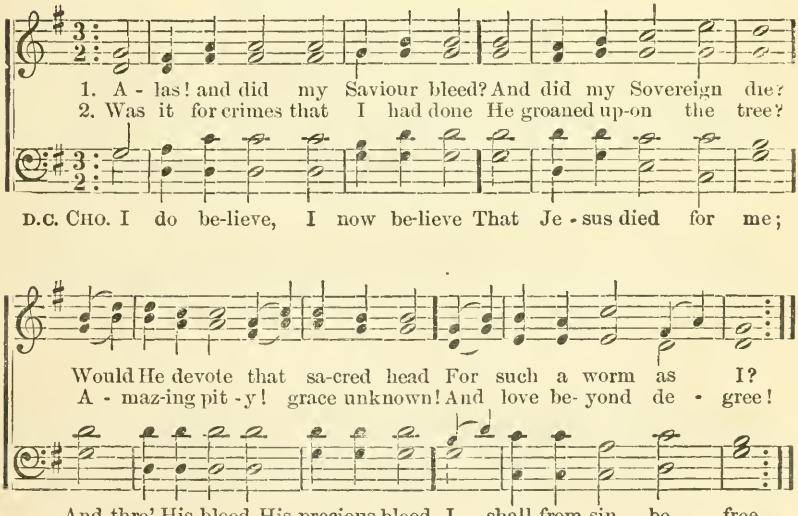
R. G. STAPLES.



I HAVE CHRIST, Etc.—Concluded.



No. 166. I DO BELIEVE.

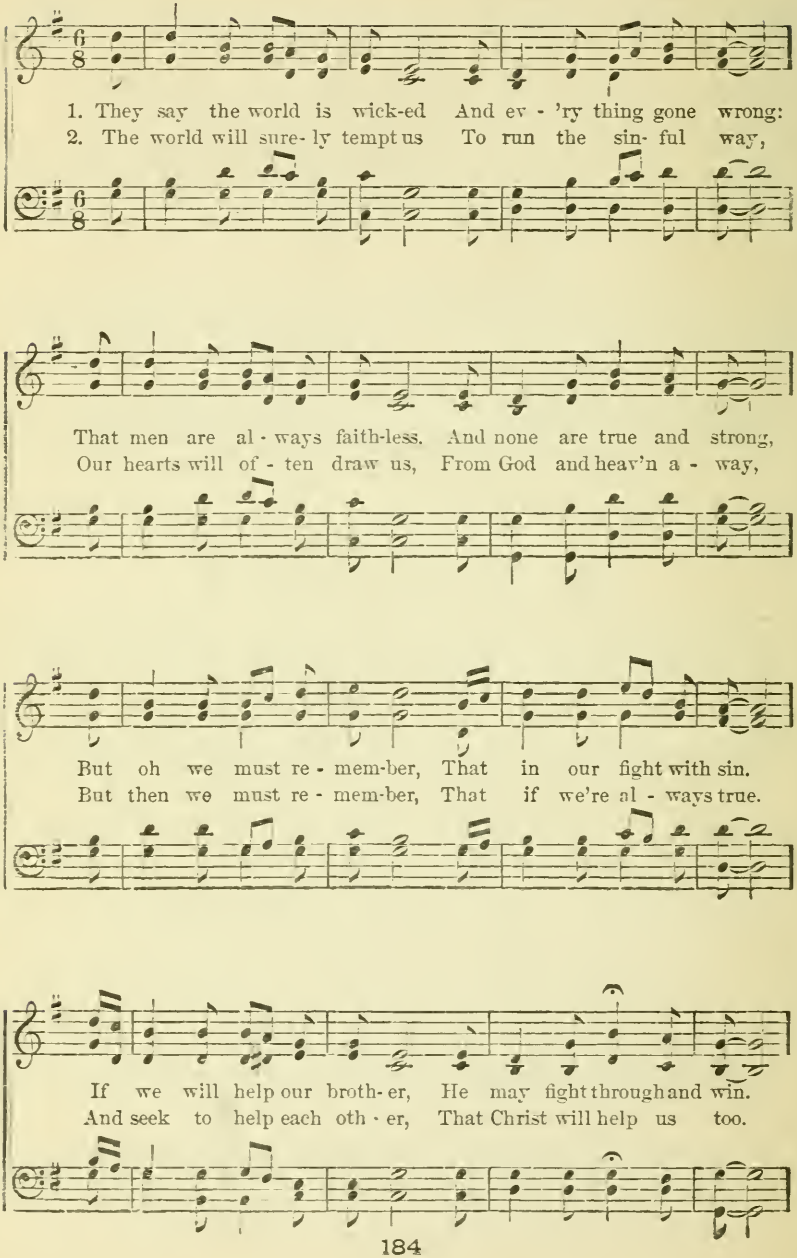


3 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

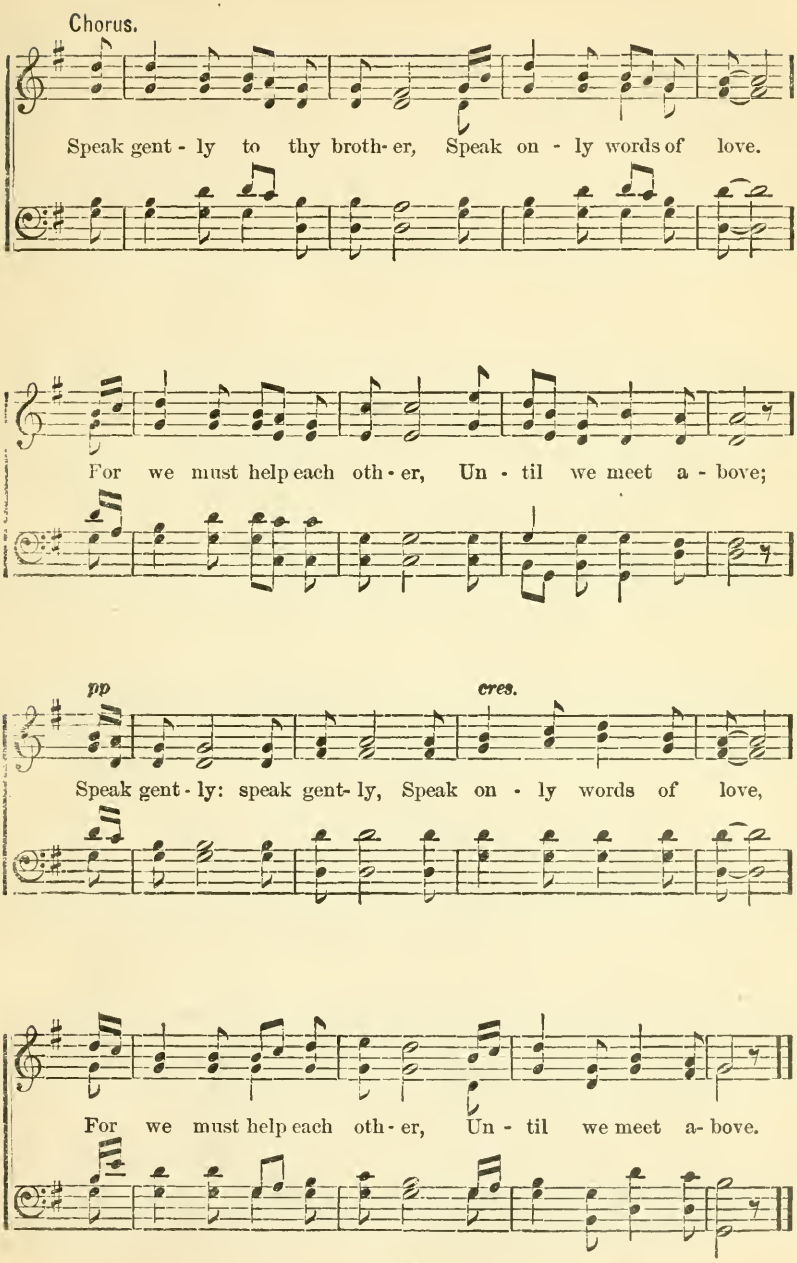
4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 167. Speak Gently to thy Brother.

W. E. H. Rev. Wm. E. Hatcher, D.D.



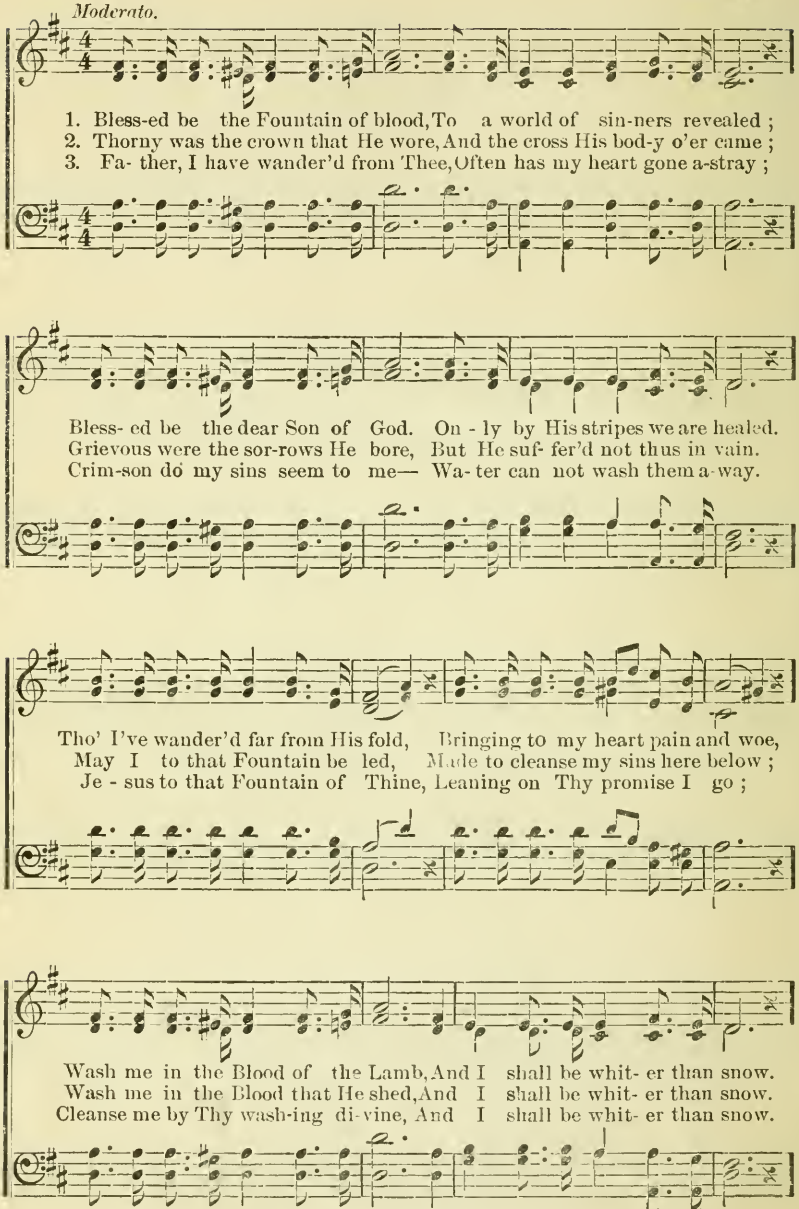
Speak Gently, &c.—Concluded.



No. 168. BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.



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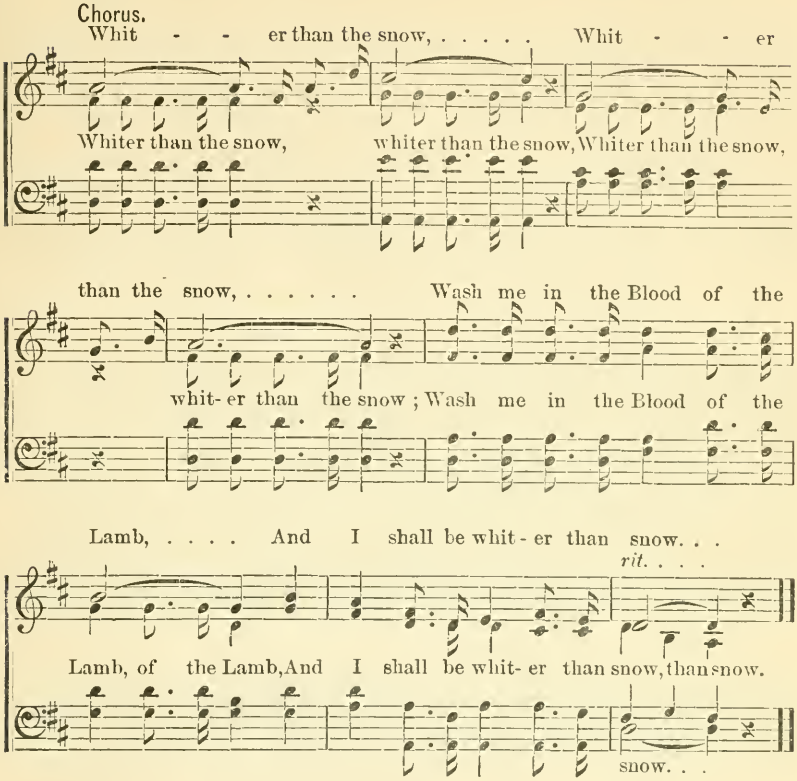
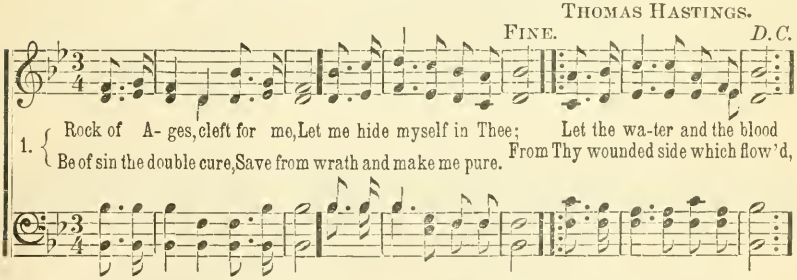


No. 169. ROCK OF AGES.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

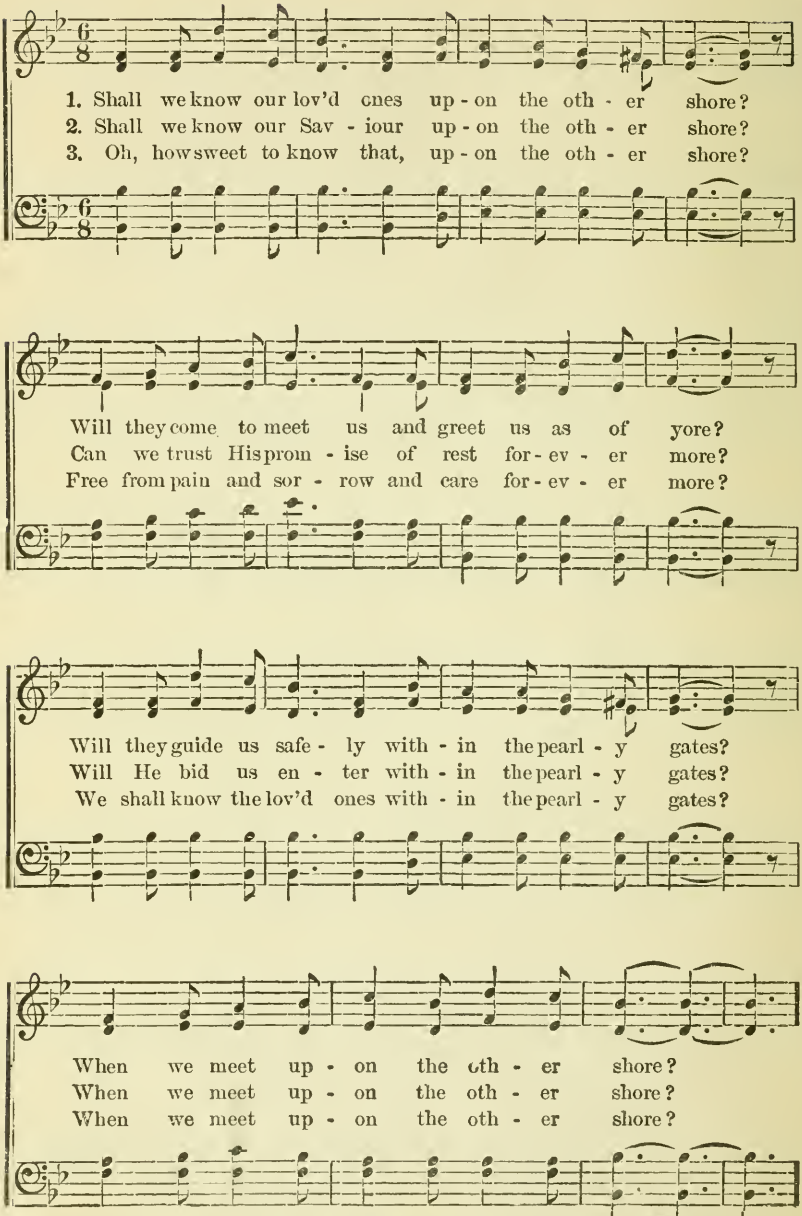


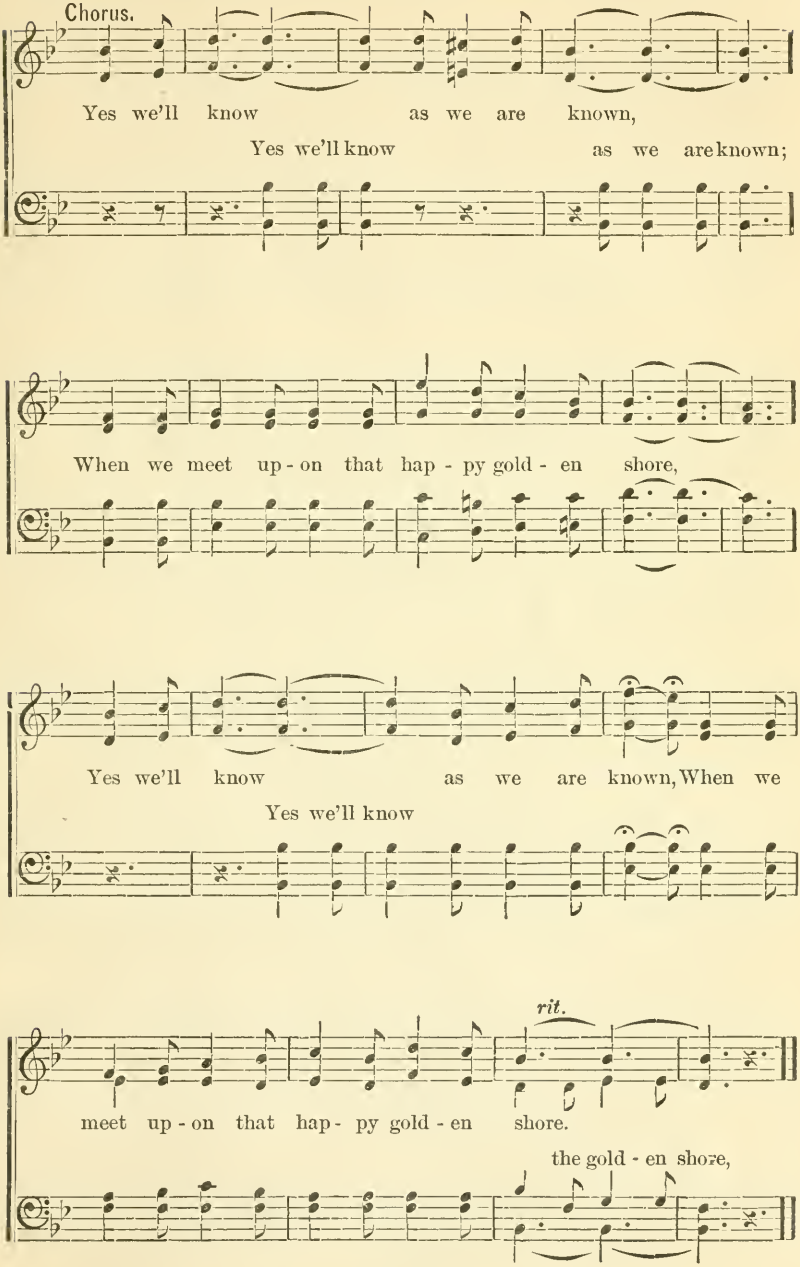
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know ;
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown.
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 170. We shall know Each other There.

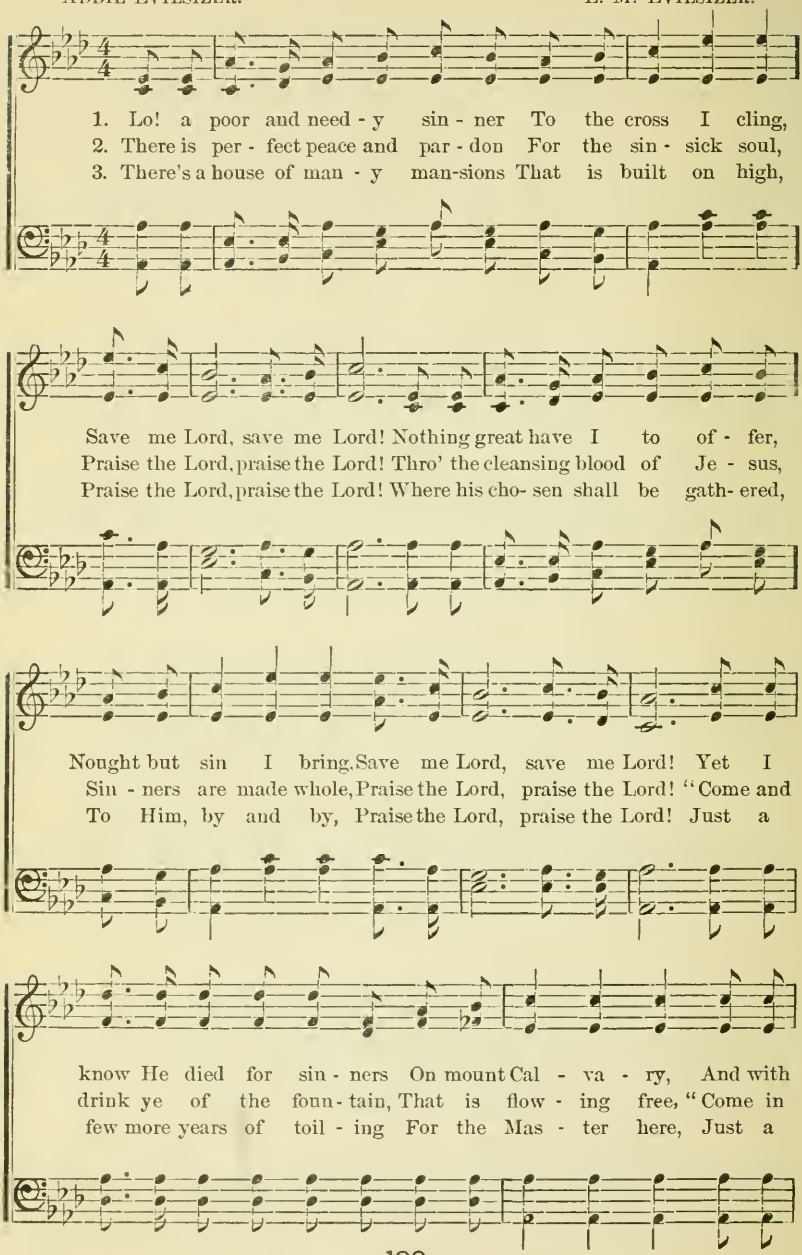
C. A. F. C. A. FYKE.

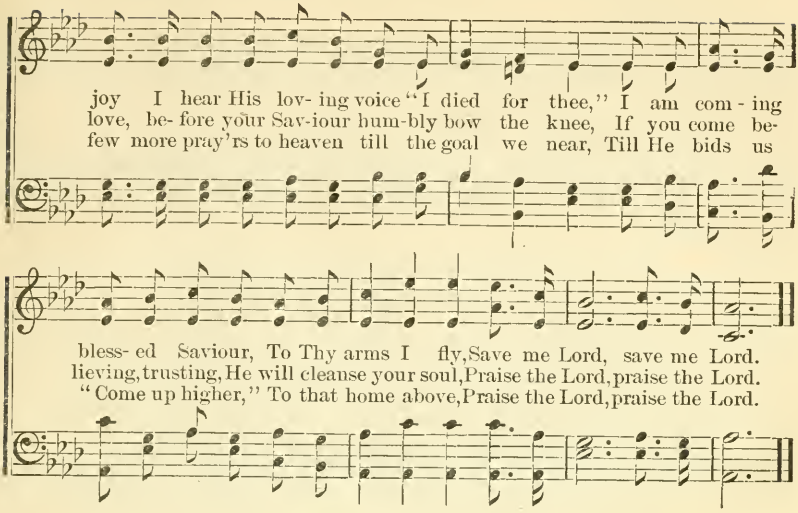



Chorus.
Yes we'll know as we are known,
Yes we'll know as we are known;
When we meet up - on that hap - py gold - en shore,
Yes we'll know as we are known, When we
Yes we'll know
rit.
meet up - on that hap - py gold - en shore.
the gold - en shore,

No. 171. SAVE ME LORD.

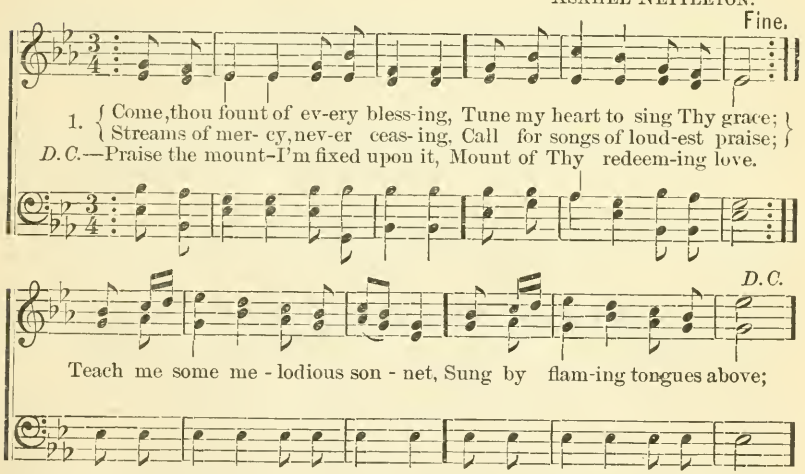
ADDIE EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER.





No. 172. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s, D.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.

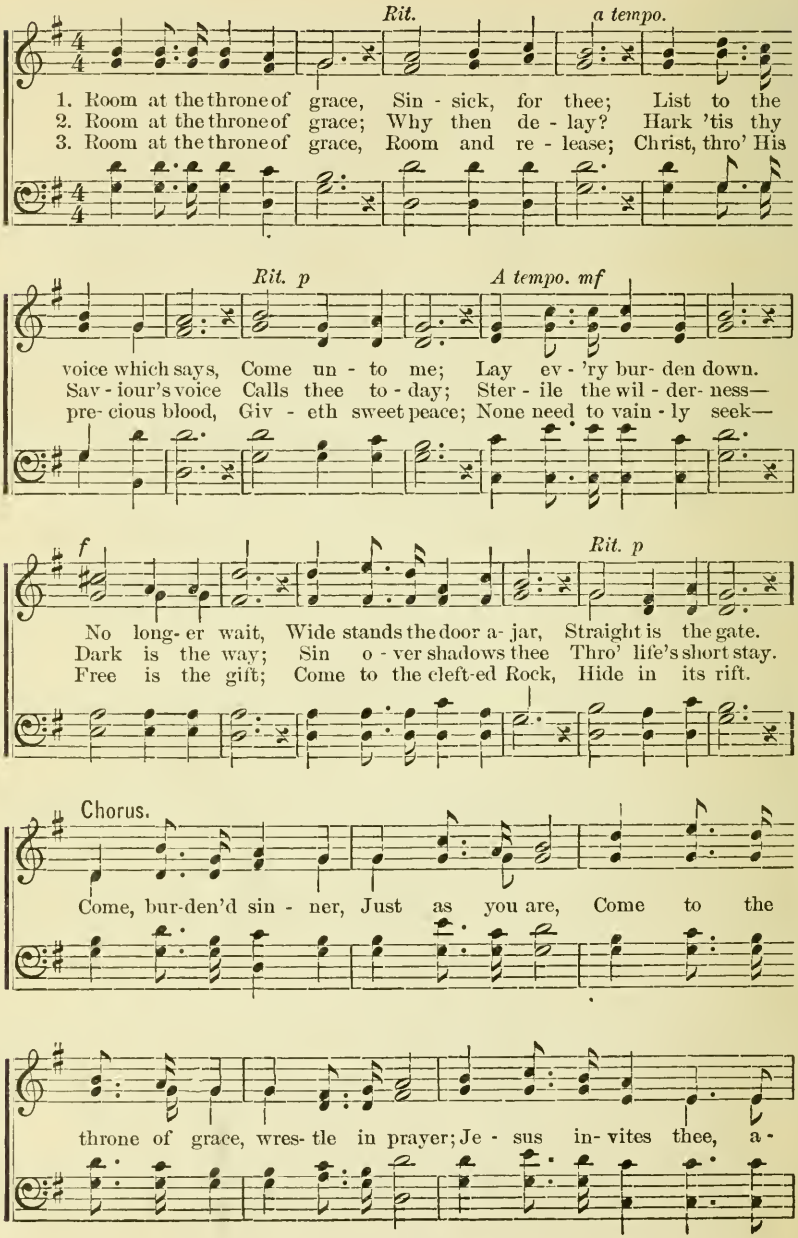


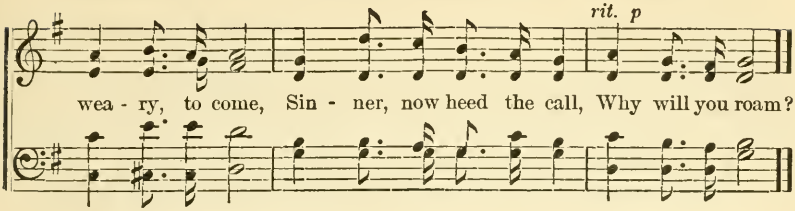
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 173. ROOM AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.

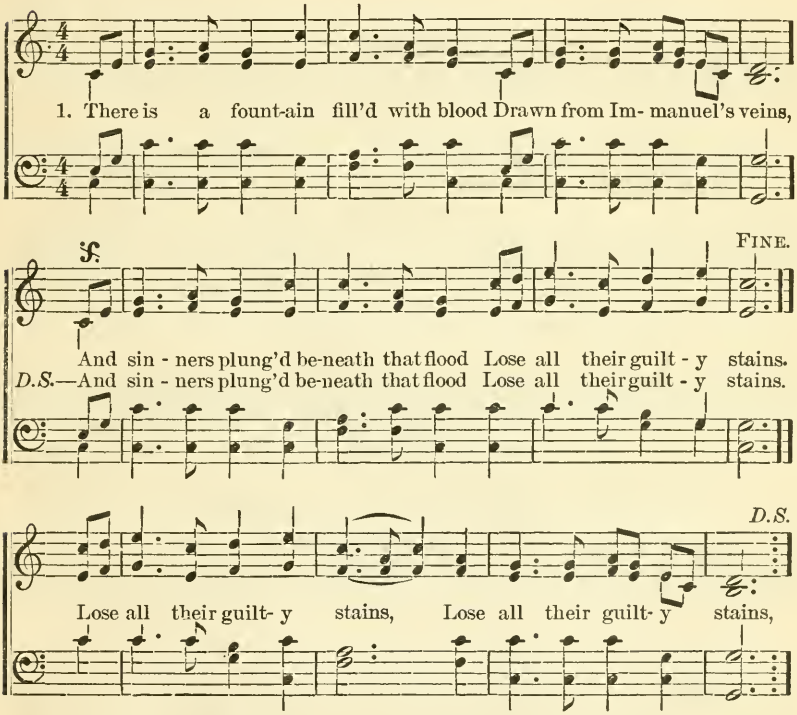
R. G. STAPLES. W. F. HEATH.





No. 174. CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

COWPER.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

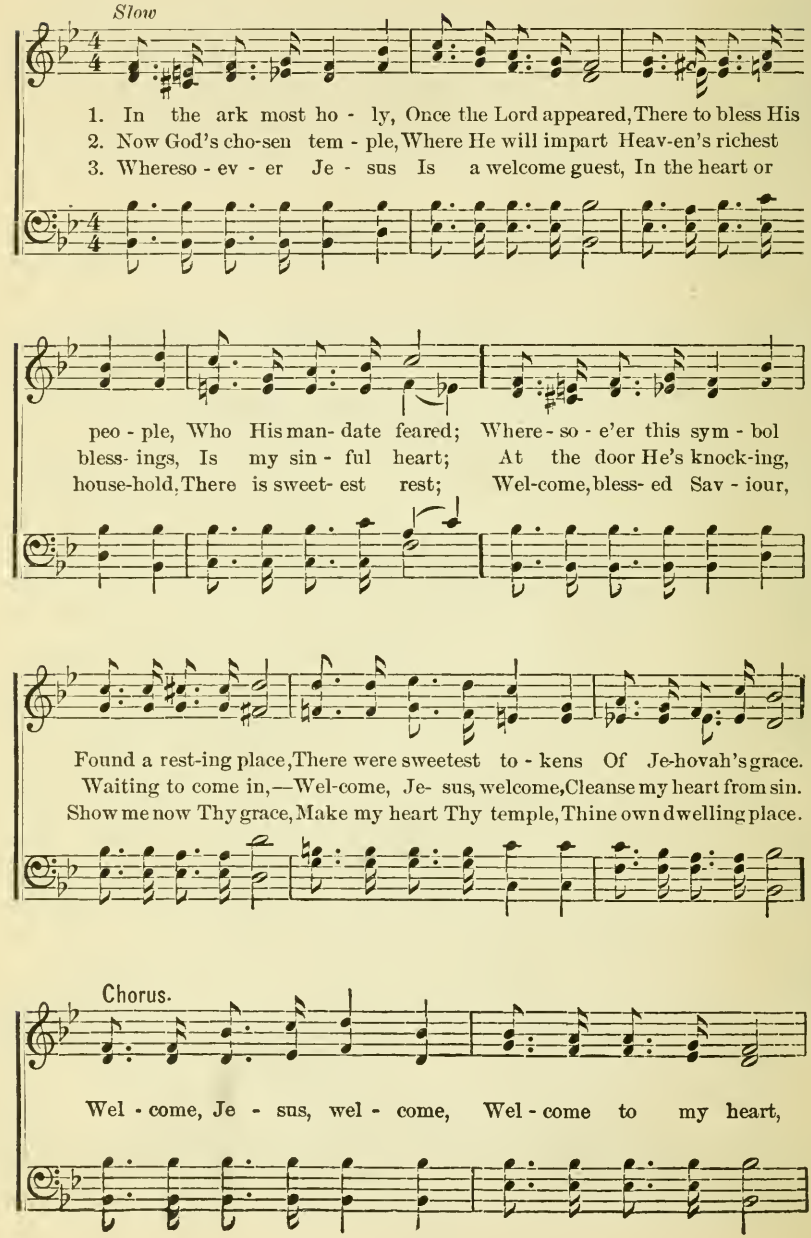
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

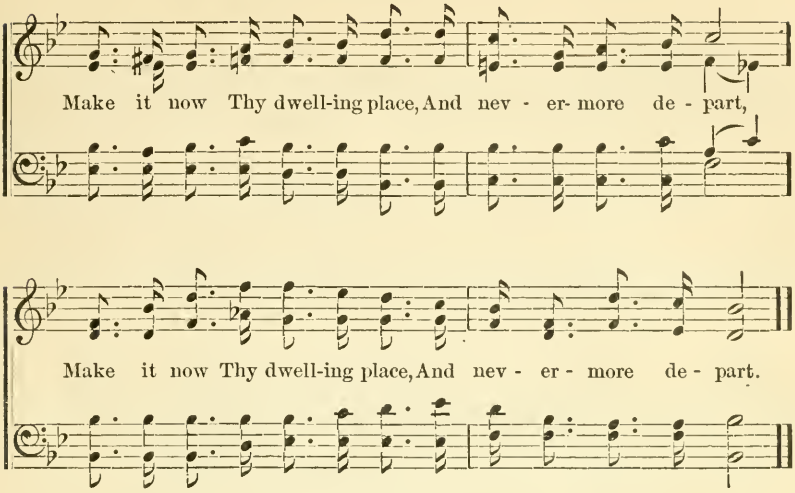
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 175. WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.

Rev. J. ATCHINSON. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

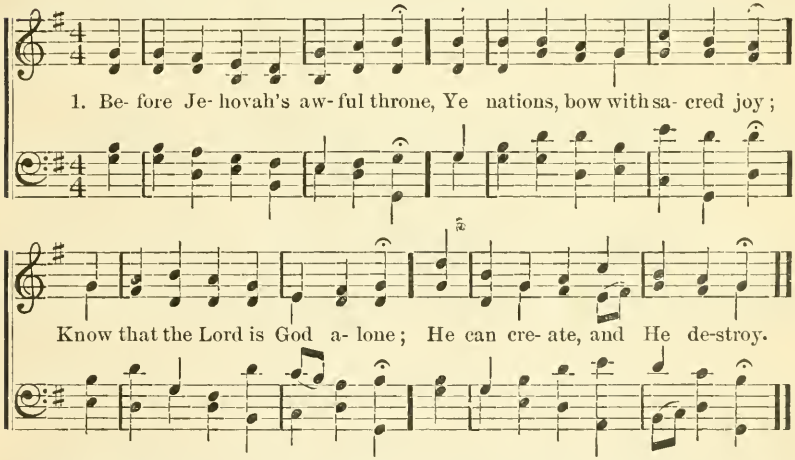
Slow





No. 176. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. L. BOURGEOIS.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

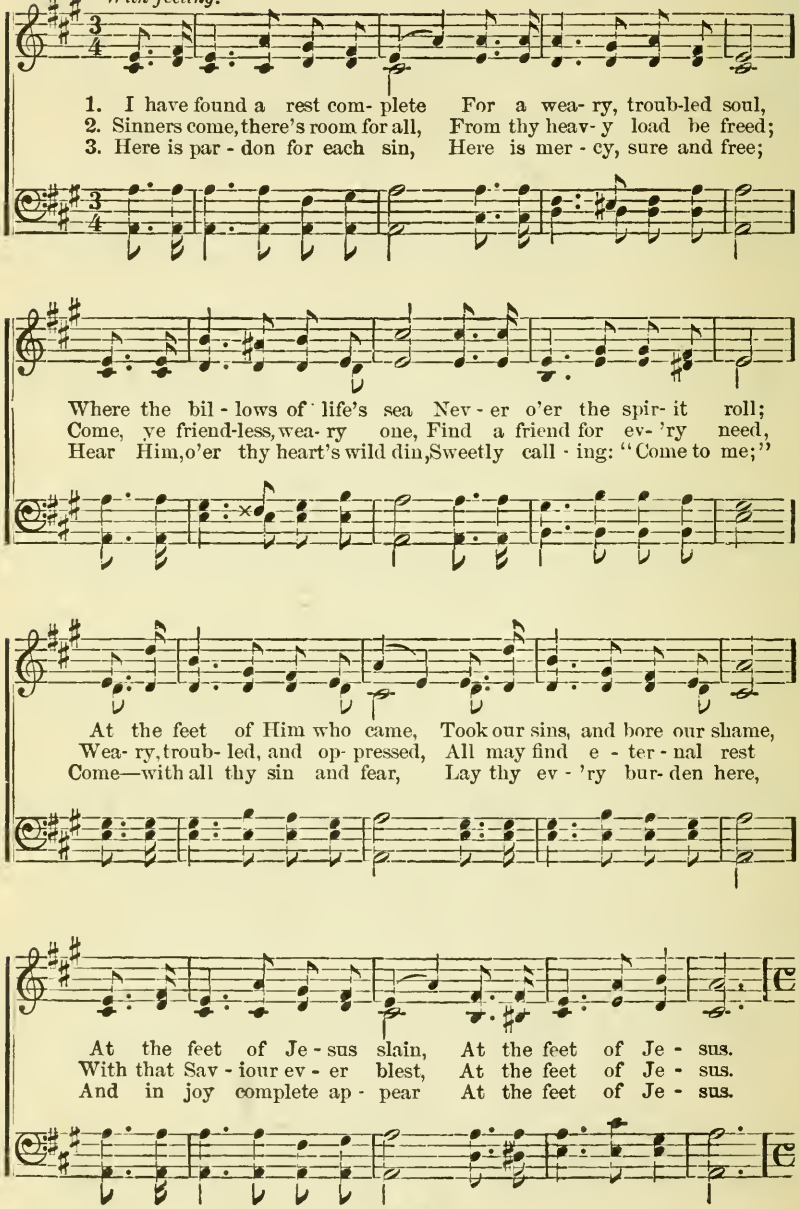
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

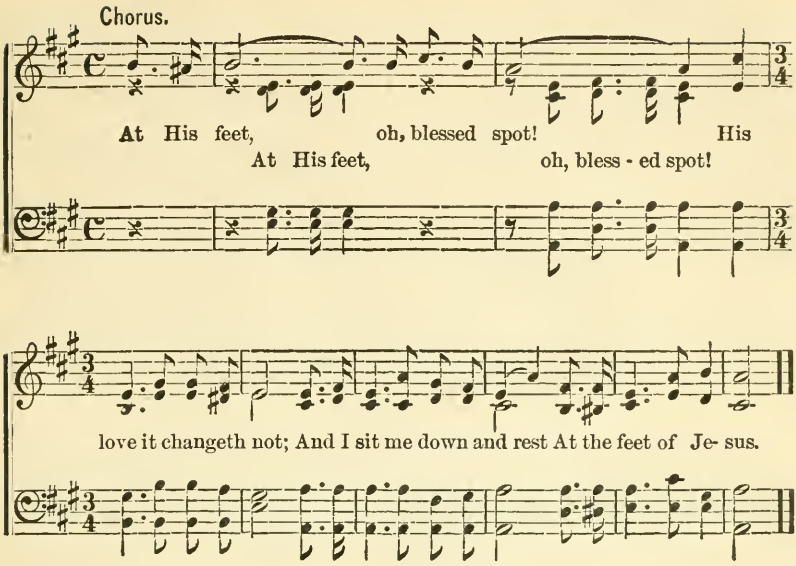
Bp THOS. KEN, 1697.

No. 177. AT JESUS' FEET.

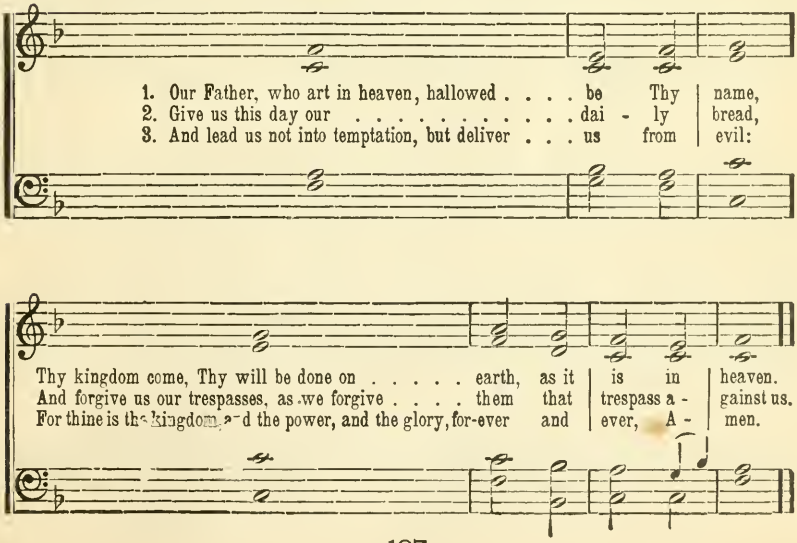
M. E. SERVOSS. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

With feeling.



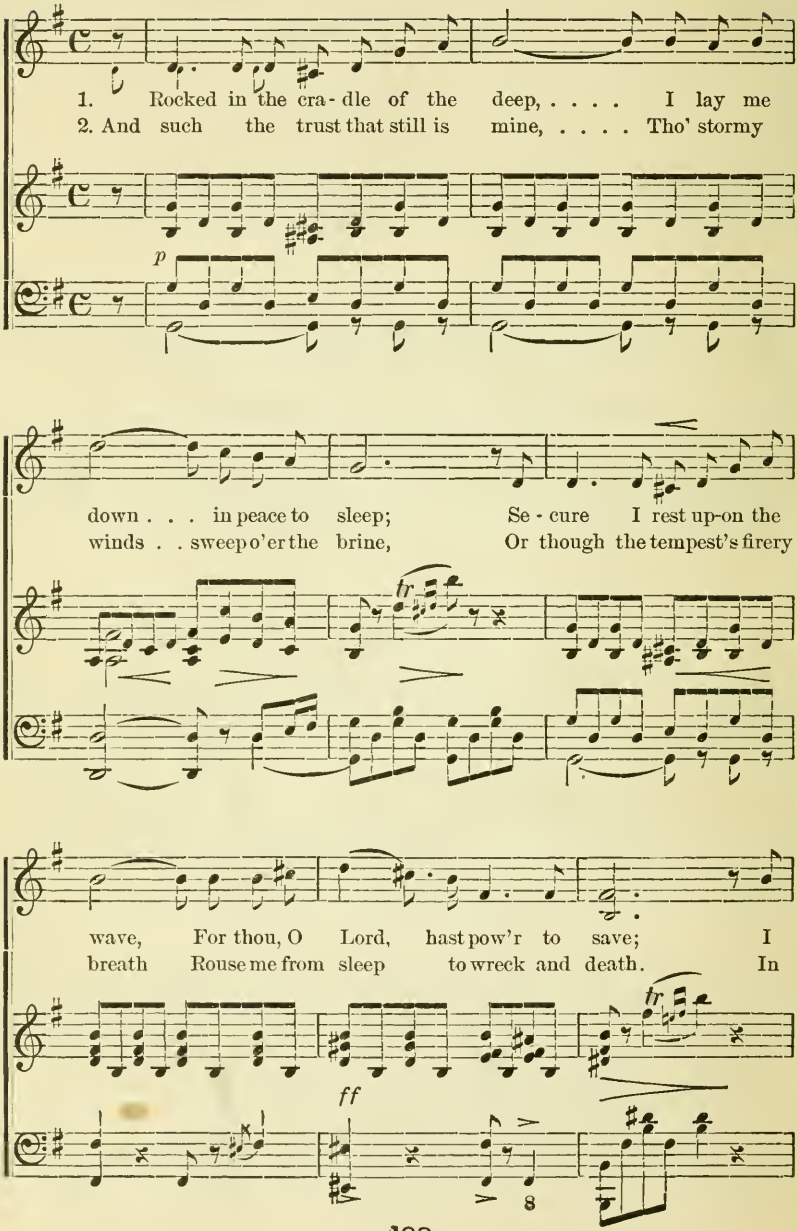


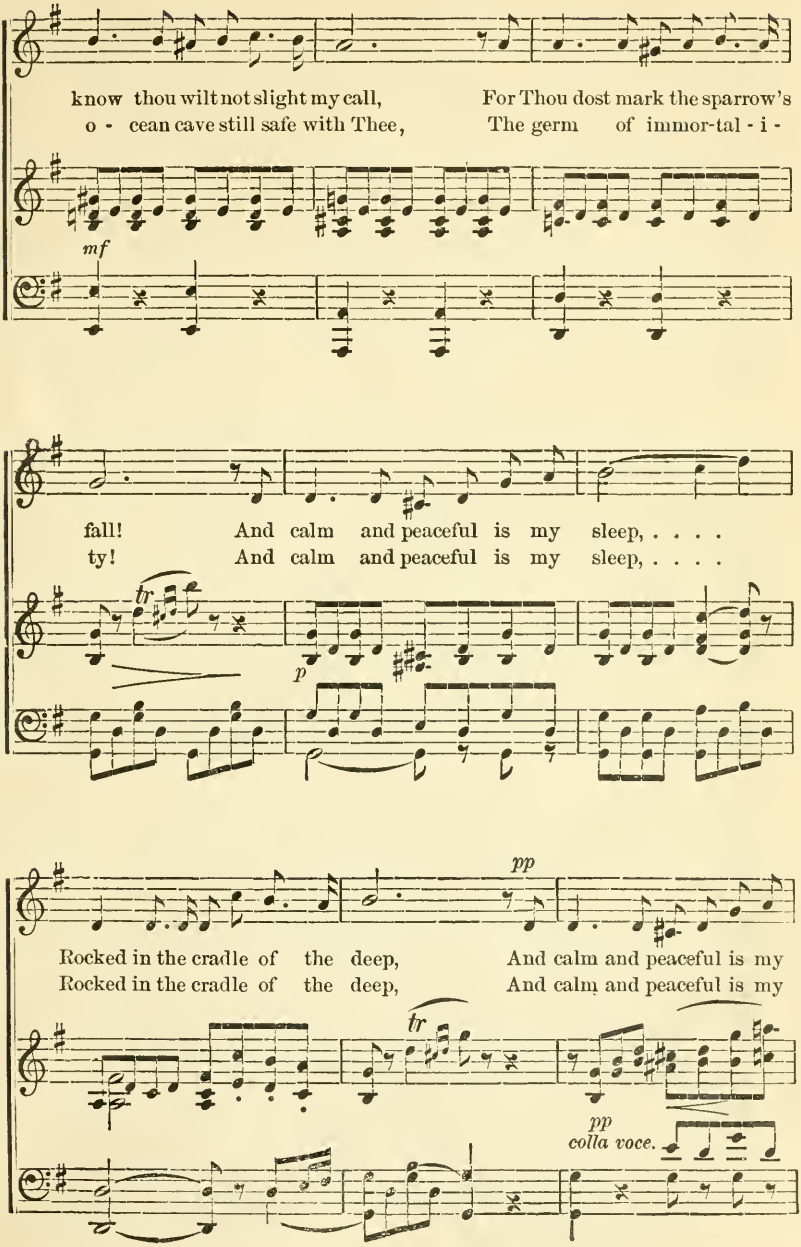
No. 178. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

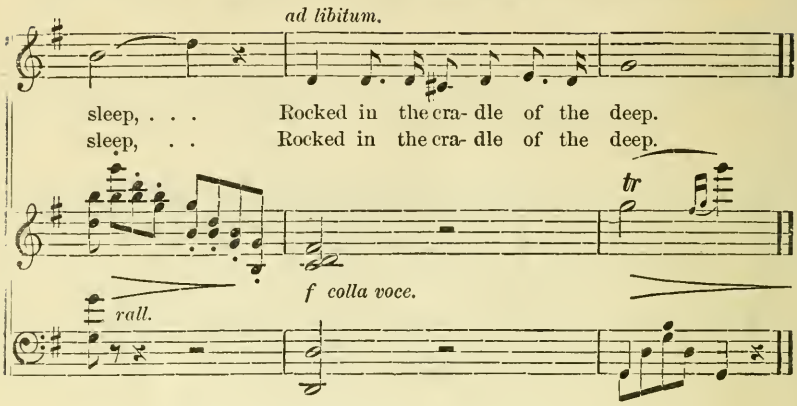


No. 179. Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

MRS. WILLARD. J. P. KNIGHT.

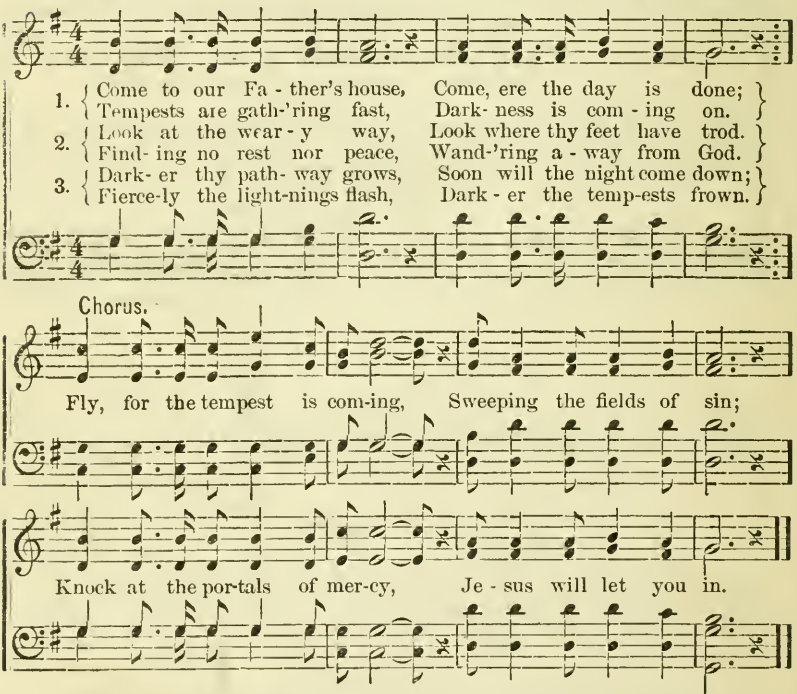



know thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's
o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of immor-tal - i -
mf
fall! And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ...
ty! And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ...
tr
p
pp
Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and peaceful is my
Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and peaceful is my
tr
pp
colla voce.



No. 180. JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.

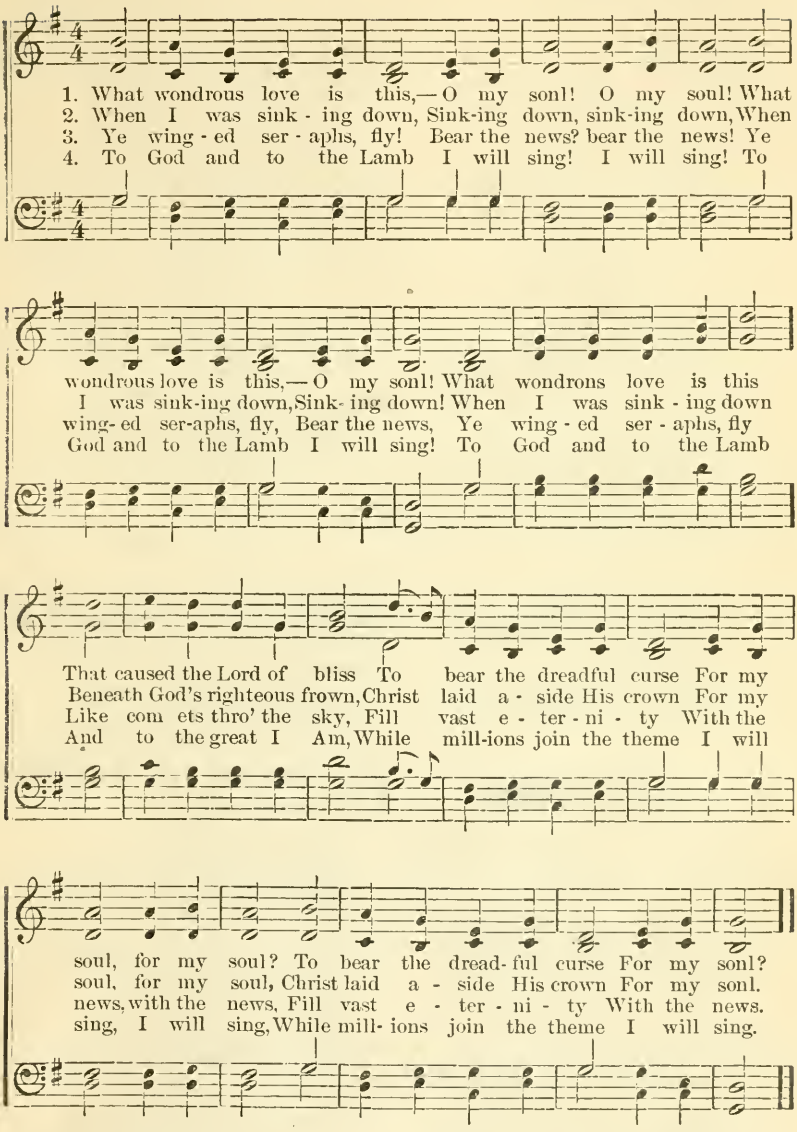


4 Fly from the fields of sin,
Fly for thy life, to-day;
Fly to our Father's house,
Enter the narrrow way.

5 Here will thy soul find rest.
Safe from each angry blast;
Here find a perfect peace—
Joys that forever last..

No. 181. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE.

Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



5 Come friends of Zion's King, join the praise!
Come friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in His praise!

6 Thus while from death we're free we'll sing on!
Thus while from death we're free,
We'll sing and joyful be
And in eternity we'll sing on!

No. 182. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

KEY of F♯.

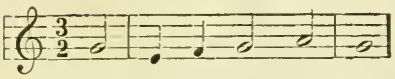
1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No 183. BOYLSTON.



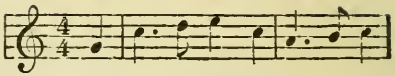
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Rev. B. BEDDOME.

No. 184. BROWN. C. M.



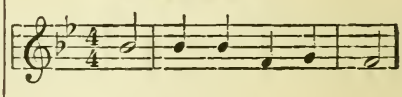
1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 185. LENOX.



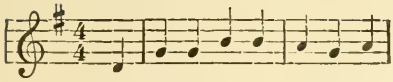
1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands. :‖

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace

3 Five bleeding wounds, He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry

No. 186. CORONATION.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

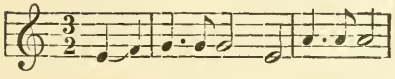
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. EDWARD PERRONET.

No. 187. HEBER. C. M.



1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts resolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

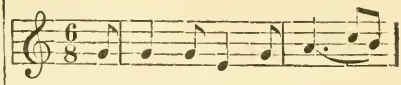
2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

No. 188. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE



1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light—
My glory-cirled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone:
I left, I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought for me?

No. 189. WORK FOR THE NIGHT.

KEY of B♭.

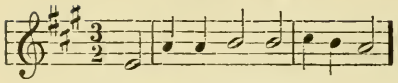
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

No. 190. AZMON. C. M.



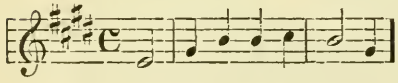
1 O for a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

No. 191. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.



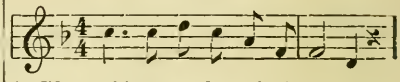
1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

No. 192. WHAT A FRIEND. 8, 7.

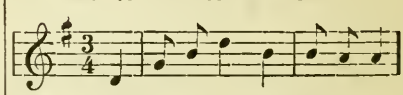


1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 193. THE SOLID ROCK.



1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE.

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